HEART SONGS

MELODIES OF DAYS GONE BY

Frank Cerny
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Chicago Ill

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EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

Heartily congratulating you upon having your favorite selection included in the splendid book of "HEART SONGS," I am pleased to announce that you have been awarded a prize for your contribution to this unrivalled collection of popular "melodies of today, and the days gone by."

Yours sincerely,

Joe Mitchell Chapple

We take pleasure in conferring the above award.

G. W. Chadwick
Victor Herbert

For the Committee.

Fac-simile of the letter sent out to those awarded prizes by the Committee, signed by Mr. George W Chadwick, Director of the New England Conservatory of Music, one of the foremost American musicians and composers, and by Mr. Victor Herbert, the eminent composer and conductor whose varied compositions so well combine musical art and popular melody.

FOREWORD

HEART SONGS is more than a collection of music—it is a book compiled directly by twenty thousand people, who not only sent in their favorite songs, but in accompanying letters told how these songs had been interwoven with the story of their own lives. All have been sent in by men and women who loved them; who cared little for the prizes, but desired to add a truly worthy contribution to the collection of Heart Songs. The personal associations of these melodies add to the familiar words a new thrill of heart interest. Each song recalls to the individual reader some tender, sad, joyous or martial association. It is a book which will be to American musical literature what "Heart Throbs" is to prose and verse.

For four years contributions have poured in from all parts of the republic—from neighboring Canada and Mexico; from distant isles of the sea and almost every continent on the globe—yet the harvest was erwhelmingly American, and although sectional features have added much to the variety of songs and to some extent represent days of strife and dissension, the mass of heart tributes shows how nearly and closely all true American hearts beat in unison, and how the bonds of music are strong and universal.

The original plan was to divide the contributions into ten classes as indicated in the announcements:—Patriotic and war songs; sea songs; lullabies and child songs; dancing songs, lilts and jigs; plantation and negro melodies; sacred songs and hymns; love songs; songs from operas and operettas; popular concert hall songs and ballads; college, school and fraternity songs. It was soon discovered that no balanced classification could be made—the tremendous preponderance of love songs, hymns, college songs, ballads, operatic and patriotic airs, any one of which might have been adjudged correctly to two or more classes, soon convinced the judges that to make the book a true reflection of the contributors' tastes and feelings—a Heart Song book in the true sense—some classes would

have to be abridged, and selections made with a view to securing those songs about which cluster personal and heartfelt associations.

In the mails came the yellow, ragged, timeworn music that had been on "mother's" piano when as a young man "father" timidly turned the music and with a glance silently responded to love's message. Old songs and hymns came in, betwixt covers that were familiar thirty, forty and fifty years ago. The old-time singing school was represented, and many a stirring strain that had made the crisp winter air ring, as the refrain was sung on a sleigh ride.

Contributors in the far West sent in songs that have the breezy "go" and dash of the intrepid pioneer. Eastern readers preserved for us songs that have been factors in history-making, and the consensus of opinion on patriotic songs reveals "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Dixie" and "America" as the standard all over the land.

The old-time sea songs, the chanteys and stirring airs, sung at capstan and halyard, were sent in by those whose memories of old days were kindled when a request came for music having in it the tang of salt air, the rush of sharp bows against crested seas, and the vikings of forgotten voyages and old wars. "A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew," "Blow, Boys, Blow," "A Life On The Ocean Wave" came in side by side with "Sailing," "Nancy Lee" and many others which suggest the scud of the white foam and the careening deck.

The lullabies include some rare gems—plaintive minor airs of the past century, rich with sacred memories of mothers crooning over old wooden cradles, but modern selections, Emmet's "Lullaby" and the sweet refrain from "Erminie" were not overlooked. "Rock-a-bye, Baby" proved a very popular favorite.

Many of the lilts and dancing tunes are full of suggestions of a remote past, and martial events possess a close kinship to love songs because of romantic memories of festal nights when dainty feet kept time to the strains of "Old Dan Tucker," as the couples mustered reluctantly for "the last dance."

Southern contributors brought to light stirring and plaintive melodies that swayed the hearts of millions during the dark days of the Lost Cause, nor did the North forget songs that were sung with heartache and tearful eyes, or cheered march and bivouac. The remarkable interest centering

in the old darkey songs—the melodies of the Jubilee singers, breathing of old plantation days, show that the folk songs of America and even our national music of the future must bear the impress of the race that gave us this class of music. This is already indicated in the popularity of "rag time," which has already found its way into well-known symphonies, reflecting the *motif* that rings through such an air as "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

Strange to relate, the chief difficulty was in the selection of love songs. While a wide range of selection was offered, the contributors were more insistent on the merit of these particular songs than on any other music sent in, because these melodies had meant so much to them in the days of "love's young dream." The man or woman who had found a thrill in singing "Bonny Eloise" could not understand how "Sweet Genevieve" and more modern songs could mean so much to others. Consequently the judges reduced them all to the common denominator of heart interest and found that the old, old story is ever new, and always bewitching, no matter how the melody may vary. "Annie Laurie" is the one great international favorite ballad of all English-speaking people.

There was remarkable unanimity in the choice of hymns. The universal selection seemed to turn to "mother's favorite," which had meant so much at the turning point of life's highway. The choice of "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Come, Thou Fount," "Rock of Ages," "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and other hymns loved by many celebrated men, proved these songs to be also the favorites of people all over the world.

In operatic selections the familiar arias of Verdi, echoed around the world, were most in favor. The song of Manrico in the tower appeared to touch more hearts than any other aria sung behind American operatic footlights. Popular opera airs were mingled through the other classes.

The long list of concert songs submitted contained many beautiful and rare selections, but the greater number were songs that have been household words for many a day, and some are still largely sold after nearly a half century of publication. These contributions throw an interesting light on national character. The popularity of "Old Folks at Home" and "My Old Kentucky Home" was emphasized, and "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground" was a strong universal favorite. The melody and senti-

ment of the songs of Stephen C. Foster come close to the affections of the American people, and Dan Emmet, Henry C. Work, Root and other composers who flourished between 1840 and 1880 are well represented. "Old Black Joe," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" and many other sweetly human songs were sent in by large numbers.

The choice of college songs proved to be a matter of location. There were prime old favorites that have been inherited from the halcyon days of early schools, and are full of patriotic sentiment, many of these are almost classics, being standard tunes with only a variation in the words. "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean" and "The Quilting Party" appeared equally attractive to various alma maters.

Like "Heart Throbs," this book represents the history, the sentiment of the American people of today, as well as of the various European races who, in this new world, have been moulded into a great and powerful nation. "Heart Songs" is a valuable and striking gauge and indicator of the popular taste of the people now comprising the republic of the United States of America. Few "rag time" songs were sent in; operatic selections were not largely in favor. Love ballads, patriotic, sacred and concert melodies were the most popular.

Songs that have entertained thousands from childhood to the grave and have voiced the pleasure and pain, the love and longing, the despair and delight, the sorrow and resignation, and the consolation of the plain people—who found in these an utterance for emotions which they felt but could not express—came in by the thousands. The yellow sheets of music bear evidence of constant use; in times of war and peace, victory and defeat, good and evil fortune, these sweet strains have blended with the coarser thread of human life and offered to the joyful or saddened soul a suggestion of uplift, sympathy and hope.

It is not unlikely that a second volume of "Heart Songs" will be demanded by the American public if the publishers can judge by the orders already received for the first. There is ample material not drawn upon, and still more contributions indicate that the mine has only begun to yield its treasury of heart songs.

BOSTON, 1909

Sir Mitchell Chapple

HEART SONGS

O Rest in the Lord

From MENDELSSOHN'S "Elijah"

Andantino

O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him, and He shall

pp

give thee thy heart's de - sires; O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for

Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's de - sires, and He shall

give thee thy heart's de-sires. Com-mit thy way un-to Him, . and trust in

Him; Com-mit thy way un-to Him, . and trust in Him; and fret not thy-

self . . be-cause of e-vil-do - ers. O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for

Him, wait pa-tient-ly for Him; O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for

Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's . de - sires, . and He shall

cres. *sf*

give thee thy heart's . de-sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de -

sf *p*

sires; O rest in the Lord, O rest in the Lord, and wait, . . .

cres.

. . wait . pa - tient - ly for Him.

tr

pp *Ped.*

Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

Scotch Folk Song

p Slow

1. Should auld ac- quaintance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow- ans fine; But we've
3. We twa ha'e sport - ed i' the burn Frae morn - in' sun till dine, But
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

p

p CHORUS

auld acquaint-ance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne? For auld lang
wan - der'd mony a wea - ry foot Sin' auld . lang . syne.
seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld . lang . syne.
tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld . lang . syne.

Repeat Chorus ff

syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.

Three Blind Mice

Traditional Round

1 2

Three blind mice, three blind mice, See how they run, see how they run! The

3

cat ran af - ter the far - mer's wife, She cut off its tail with a

4

carv - ing knife! Did you ev - er see such a sight in your life As these blind mice?

When the Swallows

FRANZ ABT

1. When the swal - lows home - ward fly, When the ro - - ses scat - tered
2. When the white swan south - ward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange
3. Hush, my heart! why thus com - plain? Thou must, too, thy woes con -

lie, When from nei - ther hill nor dale Chant's the sil - v'ry night - in - gale;
groves, When the red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest;
tain. Tho' on earth no more we rove, Fond - ly breath-ing words of love.

In these words my bleed - ing heart Would to thee its grief im - part,
In these words my bleed - ing heart Would to thee its grief im - part,
Thou, my heart, must find re - lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief:

"When I . . . thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I
"When I . . . thus thy im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I
"I shall see thy form a - gain, Though to - day . . .

e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?"
e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?"
we part in pain, Though to - day we part in pain."

Brother, Tell Me of the Battle

THOMAS MANAHAN — GEORGE F. ROOT

1. Broth - er, tell me of the bat - tle, How the sol - diers fought and
2. Broth - er, tell me of the bat - tle, For they said your life was
3. Broth - er, tell me of the bat - tle, I can bear to hear it

FINE

fell; Tell me of the wea-ry march-es, She who loves will lis-ten well.
o'er; They all told me you had fall - en, That I'd nev - er see you more.
now; Lay your head up - on my bo - som, Let me soothe your fe-vered brow.

Broth - er, draw thee close be- side me, Lay your head up - on my
Oh, I've been so sad and lone - ly, Filled my breast has been with
Tell me, are you bad - ly wound - ed? Did we win the dead - ly

D.C.

breast, While you're tell - ing of the bat - tle, Let your fe - vered fore-head rest.
pain, Since they said my dear - est broth - er I should nev - er see a - gain.
fight? Did the vic - t'ry crown our ban - ner? Did you put the foe to flight?

The Loreley

F. Silcher

1. O tell me what it mean-eth, This gloom and tear-ful eye? 'Tis mem-'ry that re -
2. A - bove, the maid-en sit - teth, A won-drous form and fair; With jew-els bright she
3. The boat-man on the riv - er Lists to the song, spell - bound; Oh! what shall him de -

tain - eth The tale of years gone by; The fad - ing light grows dim-mer, The
plait - eth Her shin - ing gold - en hair: With comb of gold pre-pares it, The
liv - er From dan - ger threat'ning round? The wa - ters deep have caught them, Both

Rhine doth calmly flow, The loft - y hill-tops glim-mer Red with the sun-set glow.
task with song be - guiled; A fit - ful bur-den bears it, That mel - o - dy so wild.
boat and boatman brave; 'Tis Loreley's song hath brought them Beneath the foaming wave.

Strike the Harp Gently

I. B. Woodbury

Andante affetuoso

1. Strike the harp gent-ly, To the mem-'ry of those Who ev - er loved fond-ly, Ere
2. Strike the harp gent-ly, And breathe thy sweet strain For those that loved fond-ly, But
3. Strike the harp gent-ly, Oh! mourn for them not; In the fold that is love-ly, The

pp

call'd to re-pose; Be-neath the green turf, Where the wild flow-ers bloom,
who ne'er a-gain Can meet to ca-ress thee, In all this lone world. The
shep-herd has brought Per-haps a kind fa-ther, And moth-er most dear, A

Scent-ing the earth, And em-broid-'ring the tomb; Oh! strike the harp gent-ly To the
dear ones are hap-py With ser-aphs un-told; Oh! strike the harp gent-ly To the
child or a broth-er Or sis-ter so near; Oh! strike the harp gent-ly To the

mem-'ry of those Who ev - er loved fond-ly, Ere called to re-pose.

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

ROBERT BURNS — J. E. SPILMAN

1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh-bor - ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
3. Thy crys -tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur-mur - ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet
clear-wind-ing rills! There dai - ly I wan-der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my
Ma - ry re - sides! How wan-ton thy wa - ters her snow -y feet lave, As, gath-'ring sweet

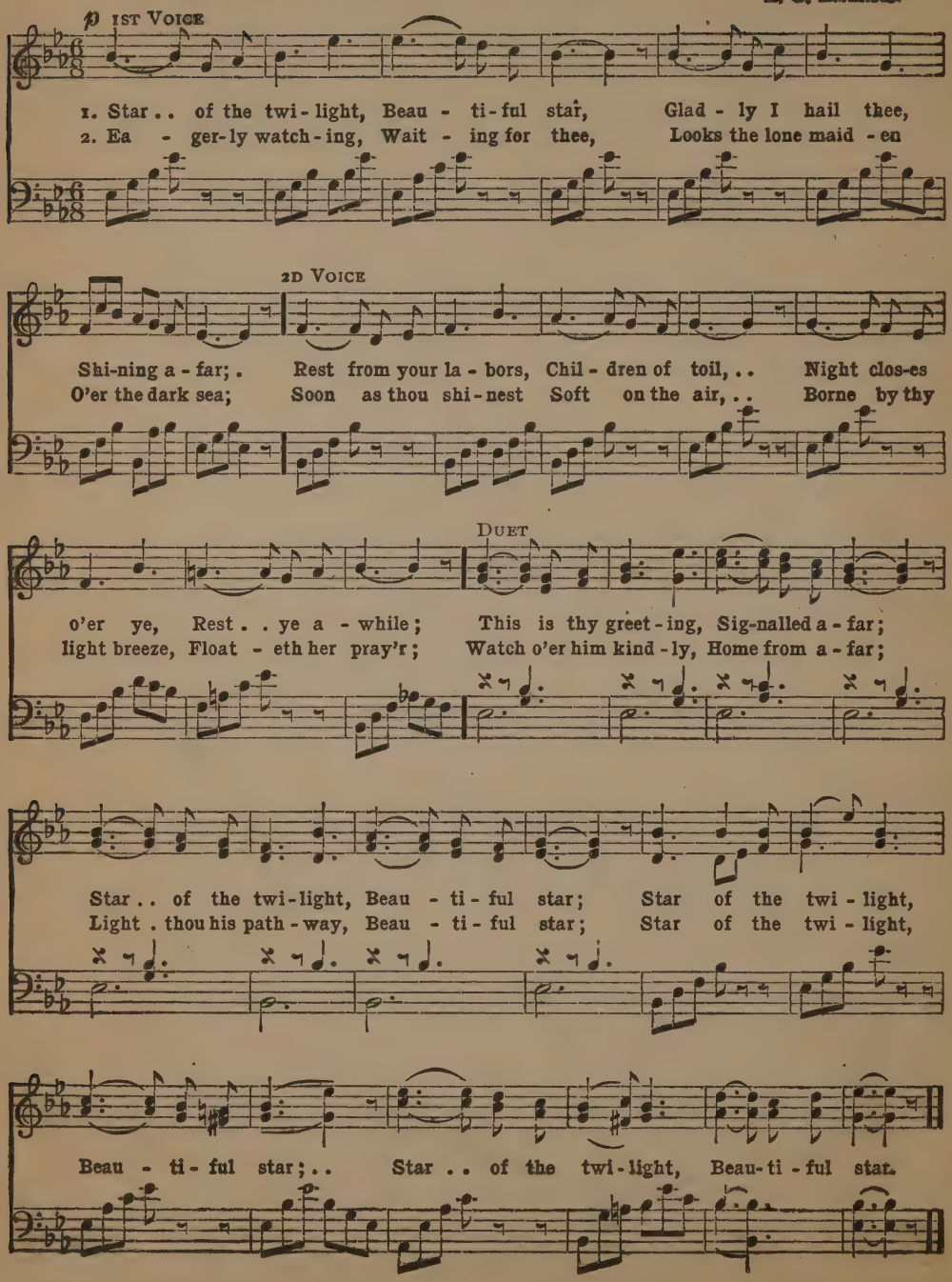
Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o re - sounds from the
Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas - ant thy banks and green val - leys be -
flow -'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green

hill, Ye wild whist-ling black-birds in yon thorn - y dell, Thou green-crest - ed
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild
braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays; My Ma - ry's a -

lap-wing, thy scream-ing for-bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber-ing fair.
eve-ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet-scent -ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
sleep by thy mur- mur - ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

Star of the Twilight

L. O. Emerson



The Battle Cry of Freedom

(RALLYING SONG)

GEORGE F. ROOT

1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring - ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,
3. We will wel - come to our num - bers the loy - al true and brave,
4. So we're spring - ing to the call from the East and from the West,

(*Bass with octaves throughout*)

Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom, We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom, And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom, And al - tho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom, And we'll hurl the reb - el crew from the land we love the best, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

The Battle Cry of Freedom

CHORUS
Fortissimo

The Un - ion for-ev - er, Hur - rah boys, Hur - rah! Down with the trai - tor,

Up with the star; While we ral - ly round the flag, boys,

Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

The Dying Volunteer

From the "New Orleans Times" — A. E. A. MUSE

1. Come moth-er, dear moth-er, oh! come to me now; My soul wings its flight, I would
2. Thou'lt hear, dearest moth-er, a - las! not from me, I hunt-ed the foe thro' green

see thee once more, A-gain I would feel thy dear hand on my brow One mo-ment on
val-ley and crag, For stamped on my brain were the last words from thee, "Tho' life be the

earth, ere the strug-gle is o'er. Ere life's pulse is stilled, and the cold chill of
for-feit, be true to thy flag!" Those words nerved my arm when I struck the bold

death Creeps o'er my heart I would see thee once more. Fond words of fare-well with my
blow For my country, my flag, For glo-ry, for thee. But now all is o-ver, I've

ver-y last breath I'd whis-per to thee from e-ter-ni-ty's shore.
done with earth's foe, For hea-ven's bright por-tals are op'-ning to me.

Take Me Home

RAYMOND

Andante affettuoso

1. Take me home to the place where I first saw the light, To the
2. Take me home to the place where the or-ange trees grow, To my
3. Take me home, let me see what is left that I know, Can it

D. C. *Take me home to the place where my lit - tle ones sleep, Poor*

sweet sun-ny South take me home, Where the mocking-bird sung me to
cot in the ev - er - green shade, Where the flow-ers on the riv - er's green
be that the old house is gone, The dear friends of my child-hood in -
mas-sa lies bur - ied close by, O'er the grave of the loved ones I

FINE

rest ev - 'ry night, Ah! why was I tempt-ed to roam?
mar - gin may blow Their sweets on the bank where we play'd.
deed must be few, And I must la- ment all a - lone.
long to weep, And a - mong them to rest when I die.

FINE

I think with re-gret of the dear ones I left, Of the
The path to our cot - tage they say has grown green, And the
But yet I'll re-turn to the place of my birth, Where my

warm hearts that shelt-er'd me then; Of the wife and the dear ones of
place is quite lone - ly a - round; And I know that the smiles and the
chil - dren have play'd at the door; Where they pull'd the white blos-soms that

D.C.

whom I'm be-reft, And I sigh for the old place a - gain.
forms I have seen, Now lie deep in the soft moss - y ground.
gar - nish'd the earth, Which will ech - o their foot - steps no more.

D.C.

To the Evening Star

From WAGNER's "Tannhäuser"

Andante

p *piu p*

p *pp*

O thou sub - lime sweet eve - ning star, Joy - ful I

pp

greet . . . thee from . . . a - far; With

p

glow - ing heart, that ne'er . . dis - clos'd, Greet her when

p

pp

she in thy light . . re-posed, When part - ing from this

p

vale, a vi - sion, she ri - ses to an an - gel's mis - sion,

pp

p un poco ritard. *più p* *più ritard.*

cres.

When part - ing from this vale . a vi - sion, she ri - ses

poco cres.

dim. *pp*

to an . . an - gel's mis - - - sion. . .

p *p*

Sweet Genevieve

GEORGE COOPER — HENRY TUCKER

1. O Gen - e - vieve I'd give the world To live a - gain the
2. Fair Gen - e - vieve my ear - ly love, The years but make thee

love - ly past! The rose of youth was dew - im-pearled; But now it with - ers
dear - er far! My heart shall nev - er, nev - er rove: Thou art my on - ly

in the blast. I see thy face in ev - 'ry dream, My wak - ing tho'ts are
guid - ing star. For me the past has no re - gret, What - e'er the years may

full of thee; Thy glance is in the star - ry beam That falls a - long the
bring to me; I bless the hour when first we met,— The hour that gave me

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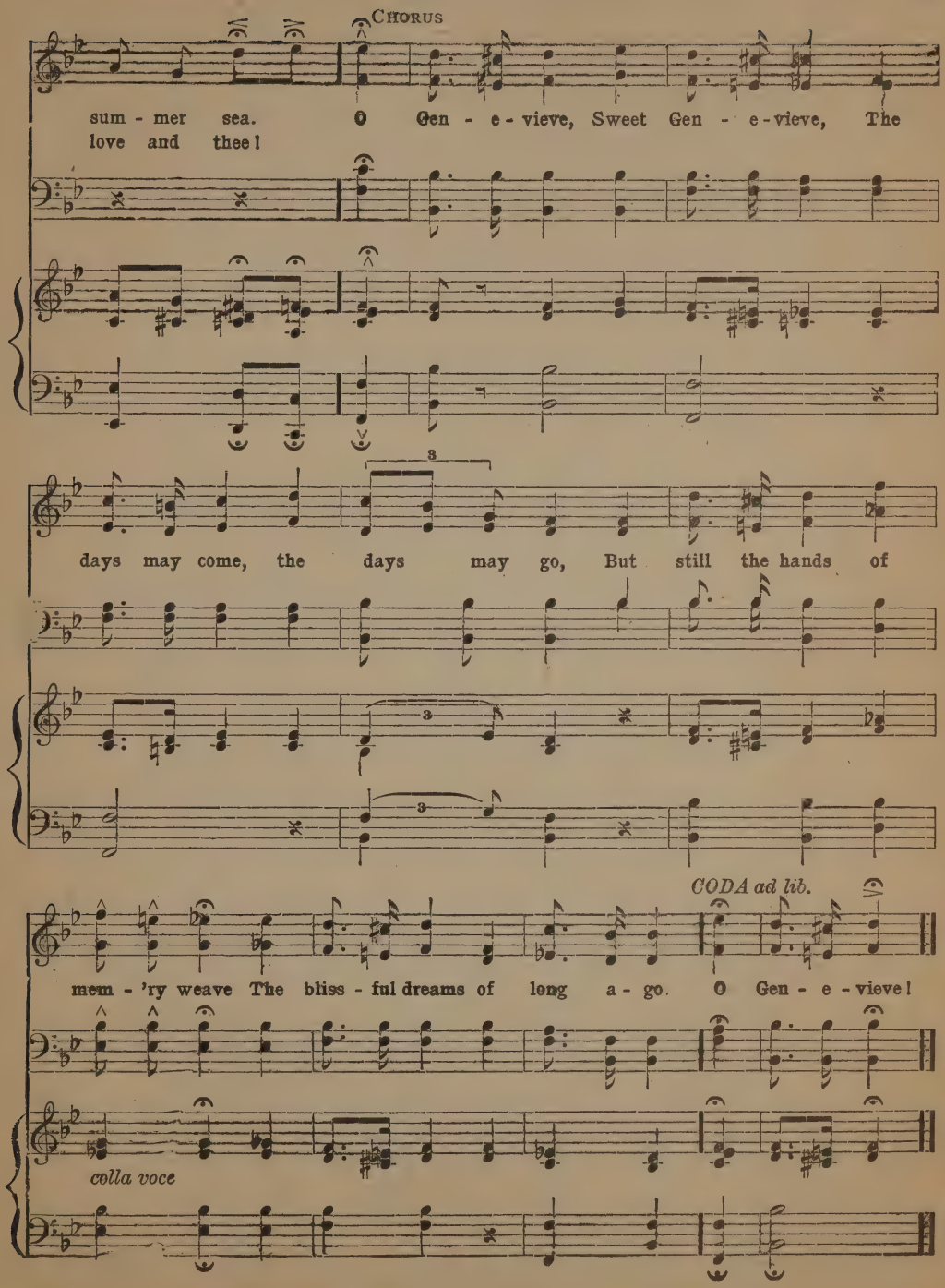

CHORUS
sum - mer sea. O Gen - e - vieve, Sweet Gen - e - vieve, The
love and thee!
days may come, the days may go, But still the hands of
CODA ad lib.
mem - 'ry weave The bliss - ful dreams of long a - go. O Gen - e - vieve!
colla voce

The Faded Coat of Blue

J. H. McNaughton

Tenderly

1. My brave lad sleeps in his fad - ed coat of blue; In a lone - ly grave un-known lies the heart that beat so true. He sank faint and hun - gry a - mong the fam-ish'd brave, And they laid him sad and lone - ly with - in his nameless grave.
2. He cried, "Give me wa - ter and just a lit - tle crumb, And my moth - er she will bless you thro' all the years to come; Oh! tell my sweet sis - ter, so gen - tle, good and true, That I'll meet her up in heaven, in my fad - ed coat of blue."
3. Long, long years have van - ished, and though he comes no more, Yet my heart will start-ling beat with each foot - fall at my door; I gaze o'er the hill where he waved a last a - dieu, But no gal - lant lad I see, in his fad - ed coat of blue.

f CHORUS

No more the bu - gle calls the wea - ry one, Rest, no - ble spir - it,

in thy grave un-known! I'll find you, and know you, a - mong the good and true,

When a robe of white is giv'n for the fad - ed coat of blue.

We're Tenting To-Night

WALTER KITTREDGE

1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our wea - ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-bye!"
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are dead and gone, Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wound-ed long.
4. We've been fight-ing to-day on the old camp ground, Ma-ny are ly-ing near; Some are dead and some are dy-ing, Ma-ny are in tears.

CHORUS

Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;
Ma-ny are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night,
Last verse. — Dy-ing to-night,

1, 2, 3 | *4 ppp*

Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing on the old camp ground.
Dy-ing to-night, (*Omit* . . . . . .) Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

The Switzer's Farewell

George Linley

Andante

1. A - dieu, dear land, With beau-ty teem - ing, Where first I rov'd a care - less child; Of thee my heart Will e'er be dream - ing, Thy snow-clad peaks and moun-tains wild. Dear land! that I cher - ish, Oh! long may'st thou flour - ish; My mem - 'ry must per - ish, Ere I for - get . . . thee.

2. Far from my home I soon must wan - der, In stran - ger land be doom'd to dwell. O! best be - loved! My heart grows fond - er, While thus I breathe my last fare - well. Re - ceive this sad to - ken, I leave thee, heart bro - ken, Our part - ing is spo - ken, Be - loved one! fare - well.

legato.

rall.

Nut Brown Maiden

Moderato (Male Voices)

mf

1. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
2. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
3. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
4. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast such pearl-y, pearl - y teeth, Nut brown maid-en, Thou

mf

Fine *D.C.*

hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love!
hast a ru - by lip; A ru - by lip is thine, love! The kiss-ing of it's mine, love!
hast a slen-der waist; A slen-der waist is thine, love! The arm a-round it's mine, love!
hast such pearl-y teeth; The pearl-y teeth are false, love! They rat-tle when you waltz, love!

How Gentle God's Commands

P. Doddridge H. G. Nägeli

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell:
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
That Hand which bears cre - a - tion up Shall guard His chil - dren well.
Haste to your heav'n-ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.

Kathleen Aroon

Words by Mrs. Crawford — Music by Franz Abt

mf Andante — *p* — *mf*

1. Why should we part - ed be, Kath - leen A - roon! When thy fond
2. Give me thy gen - tle hand, Kath - leen A - roon! Come to the
3. Why should we part - ed be, Kath - leen A - roon! When thy fond

molto legato

p — *cres.*

heart's with me, Kath - leen A - roon! Come to those gold - en skies,
hap - py land, Kath - leen A - roon! Come o'er the waves with me,
heart's with me, Kath - leen A - roon! Oh! leave these weep - ing skies,

cres.

poco rit. — *p*

Bright days for us may rise, Oh! dry those tear - ful eyes, Kath-leen A - roon.*
These hands shall toil for thee, This heart will faith- ful be, Kath-leen A - roon.
Where man a mar - tyr dies, Come dry those tear - ful eyes, Kath-leen A - roon.

marcato. — *poco rit.* — *p*

* Aroon means "secret treasure of my heart."

The Vacant Chair

Geo. F. Root

1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant
2. At our fire - side, sad and lone - ly, Oft - en will the bo - som
3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er - more will deck his
D. C. *We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant*

Fine.

chair; We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve - ning pray'r.
swell At re-mem-brance of the sto - ry, How our no - ble Wil - lie fell;
brow, But this soothes the an-guish on - ly Sweep-ing o'er our heart-strings now.
chair; We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve - ning pray'r.

When a year a - go we gath-ered, Joy was in his mild blue
How he strove to bear our ban - ner Thro' the thick - est of the
Sleep to - day, O ear - ly fall - en, In thy green and nar - row

D.C.

eye, But a gold - en cord is sev-ered, And our hopes in ru - in lie.
fight, And up- hold our coun-try's hon - or, In the strength of man-hood's might.
bed, Dir - ges from the pine and cy - press Min- gle with the tears we shed.

Cradle Song

(Sung by Jenny Lind)

Andante con espressione — SWEDISH

1. Light and ro - sy be thy slumbers, Rock'd up-on thy moth-er's breast, ...
2. When thy looks her care in - vi - teth, All . the mother turns to thee, ...

p

She can lull thee with her numbers, To the cradled heav'n of rest. . . . . .
And her in-most life de - light-eth, Drink-ing from thy cup of glee. . . . . .

dim. *ff*

In her heart is love re - volv-ing, Like the plan- ets round the moon; Hopes and
O'er thee now her spir - it bend-eth; Child of prom-ise, cher-ish'd well! With thine

dolce

pleas-ures fond-ly solving, Keep-ing ev - 'ry tho't in tune.
own, her be - ing blendeth, Ho- lied by af - fection's spell.

The Cottage by the Sea

J. R. Thomas

Andante

1. Child - hood's days now pass be - fore me, Forms and scenes of long a -
2. Fan - cy sees the rose- trees twin - ing 'Round the old and rus - tic
3. What tho' years have roll'd a- bove me, Though 'mid fair- er scenes I

dim.

go; Like a dream they hov- er o'er me, Calm and bright as eve-ning's
door, And be - low, the white beach shin - ing, Where I gath-er'd shells of
roam, Yet I ne'er shall cease to love thee, Child-hood's dear and hap-py

cres.

glow, Days that know no shade of sor - row,
yore, Hears my moth - er's gen - tle warn - ing,
home. And when life's long day is clos - ing,

p

stringendo

When my young heart, pure and free, Joy - ful hailed . . . each com - ing
As she took me on her knee, And I feel . . . a - gain life's
Oh! how pleasant will it be, On some faith - - ful breast re -

stringendo

tempo *slentando*

mor - row In the cot - tage by the sea, Joy - ful hailed . .
morn - ing In the cot - tage by the sea, And I feel . .
pos - ing In the cot - tage by the sea, On some faith

tempo

. . each com - ing mor - row In the cot-tage, the cot-tage by the sea!
. . a - gain life's morn - ing In the cot-tage, the cot-tage by the sea!
- ful breast re - pos - ing In the cot-tage, the cot-tage by the sea!

The Orphan Boys

DUET

From "The Young Choir," 1840

1. Our cot was shel-ter'd in a wood, And near a lake's green mar - gin stood; A
2. When scarce-ly old e - nough to know The mean-ing of a tale of woe, 'Twas
3. But soon for moth - er as we grew, We work'd as much as boys could do; Our

ACCOMPT.

moun-tain bleak be-hind us frown'd, Whose top the snow . in sum - mer crown'd;
then by moth - er we were told, That fa - ther in . . . his grave was cold!
dai - ly gains to her we bore, But oh! she'll ne'er re - ceive them more:

But pas - tures rich, and warm to boot, Lay smil - ing at the mountain's foot; There
That live - li- hoods were hard to get, And we too young to la - bor yet, And
For long we watched be-side her bed, Then sobb'd to see her lie there dead; And

first we frol - ick'd hand in hand, Hand in hand,
tears with - in her eyes would stand, Eyes would stand,
now we wan - der hand in hand, Hand in hand,

Two in - fant boys of Switz - er - land! Two in - fant boys of Switz-er - land.
For her two boys of Switz - er - land! For her two boys of Switz-er - land.
Two or - phan boys of Switz - er - land! Two or - phan boys of Switz-er - land.

The Campbells are Coming

Old Scotch Air

Lively :S:

The Campbells are com - in', O ho, O ho, The Campbells are com - in', O

ho, O ho! The Camp-bells are com - in' to bon - nie Loch - lev - en, The

FINE.

Camp-bells are com - in', O ho, O ho! 1. Up - on the Lo-monds I
2. The great Ar - gyle, he
3. The Camp-bells they are

lay, I lay, Up - on the Lomonds I lay, I lay, I look'd down to
goes be - fore, He makes his can - non loud - ly roar; Wi' sound of trum-pet,
a' in arms, Their loy - al faith and truth to show; Wi' ban-ners rat - tlin'

D.S. al Fine.

bon - nie Loch - lev - en And heard three bon - nie pi - pers play. The
pipe, and drum, The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The
in . . the wind, The Camp-bells are com - in', O - ho, O - ho! The

Buy a Broom

1. From Teutschland I come with my light wares all la - den, To the land where the
2. To brush a - way in - sects that sometimes an - noy you, You'll find it quite
3. Ere win - ter comes on, for sweet home soon de - part-ing, My toils for your

bless-ing of free-dom doth bloom; Then lis - ten, fair la - dy, and young pret-ty
hand - y to use night and day; And what bet - ter ex - er - cise pray can em -
fa - vor a - gain I'll re - sume; And while grat-i - tude's tear in my eye - lid is

maid - en, Oh, buy of the wand'ring Ba- va-rian a broom. Buy a broom,
ploy you, Than to sweep all vex - a-tious in - tru-ders a - way? Buy a broom,
start-ing, Bless the time that in England I cried, buy a broom. Buy a broom,

Buy a Broom

Spoken

Buy a broom, (Buy a broom.) Oh, buy of the wand'ring Ba - va - rian a broom.
Buy a broom, And sweep all vex - a - tious in - tru-ders a - way.
Buy a broom, Bless the time that in England I cried buy a broom.

Allegro vivace

O mein lie - ber Au - gus - tin, Au - gus - tin, Au - gus - tin, O mein lie - ber

Au - gus - tin, Al - les ist weg: Bock ist weg, Stock ist weg,

Auch ich bin in dem Dreck O mein lie - ber Au - gus - tin, Al - les ist weg.

O Ye Tears

FRANZ ABT

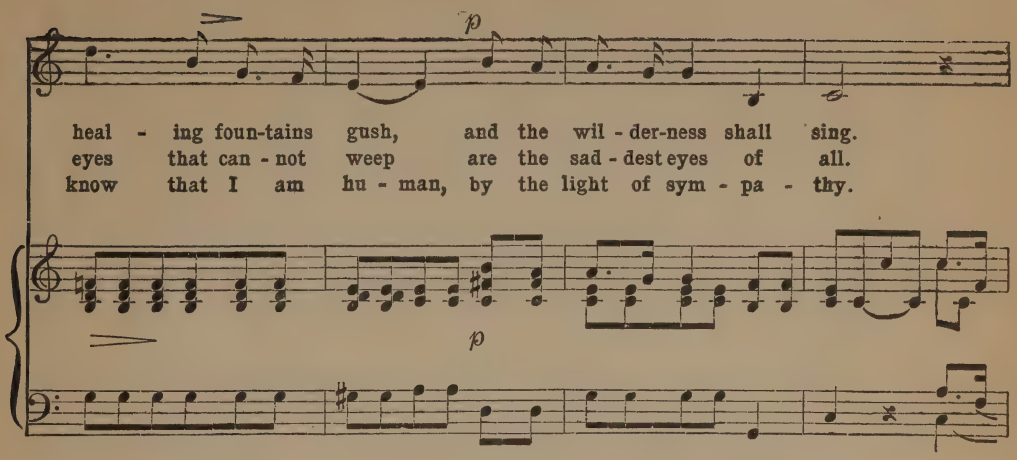
Andantino

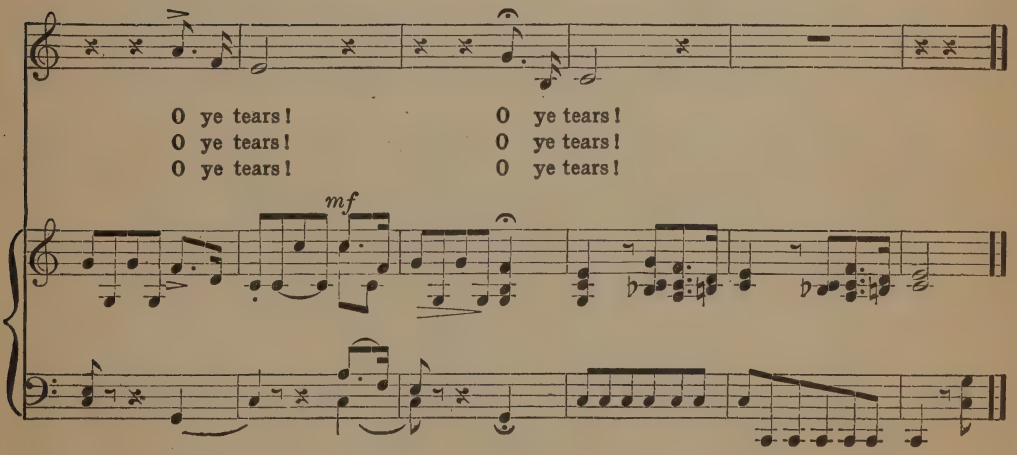
1. O ye tears! O ye tears! that have long re-fus'd to flow, Ye are
2. O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thank-ful that ye run, Tho' ye
3. O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt ye on my cheek, I was

con espressione *p*

wel-come to my heart, thaw-ing, thaw-ing like the snow; The
come from cold and dark ye shall glit-ter in the sun: The
self-ish in my sor-row; I was stub-born, I was weak; Ye have

ice-bound cloud has yield-ed, and the ear-ly snow-drops spring, And the
rain-bow can-not cheer us if the show'rs re-fuse to fall, And the
giv'n me strength to con-quer, and I stand e-rect and free, And





4 O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain,
The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again;
Like the rock that Moses smote amid Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water, to make gladness in the land.
O ye tears! O ye tears!

5 There is light upon my path! there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart;
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago,
O ye tears! O happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow.
O ye tears! happy tears!

Johnny Sands

JOHN SINCLAIR

1. A man whose name was Johnny Sands Had mar-ried Bet - ty Hague, And
2. "For fear that I should courage lack And try to save my life, Pray

though she brought him gold and lands, She proved a ter - ri - ble plague; For
tie my hands be - hind my back;" "I will" re - plied his wife. She

oh! she was a scold - ing wife, Full of ca - price and whim, He said, that he was
tied them fast as you may think, And when se - cure - ly done, "Now stand" she says "up-

tired of life, And she was tired of him, And she was tired of him, And she was tired of
on the brink And I'll prepare to run, And I'll pre - pare to run, And I'll prepare to

him. Says he "Then I will drown myself—The riv-er runs be-low," Says
run." All down the hill his lov-ing bride Now ran with all her force To

she, "Pray do, you sil-ly elf, I wished it long a-go." Says he "Up-on the
push him in;—he stepped a-side, And she fell in of course. Now splash-ing, dashing

brink I'll stand, Do you run down the hill, And push me in with all your might," Says
like a fish, "Oh save me, John-ny Sands." "I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish, For

she "My love, I will," Says she "My love, I will," Says she "My love, I will."
you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands."

The British Grenadiers

16th Century

Allegro con spirito

1. Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, And some of Her - cu - les, Of
2. When-e'er we are com-mand - ed To storm the pal - i - sades, Our
3. Then let us fill a bump - er, And drink a health to those Who

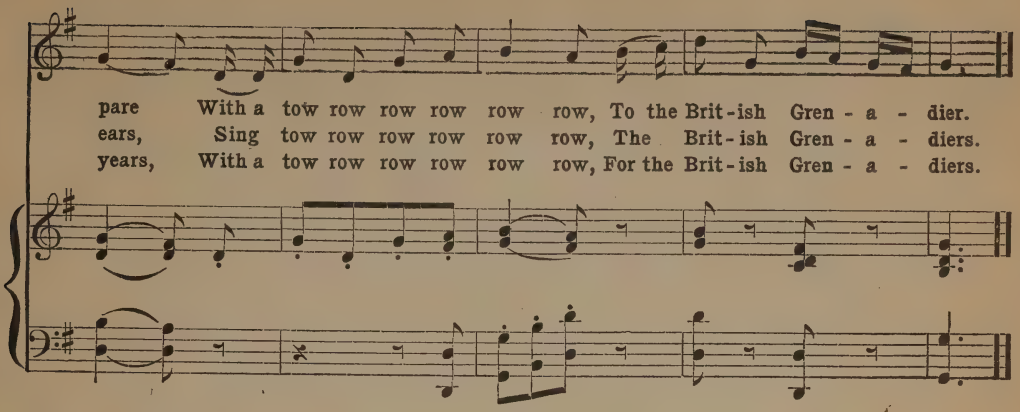
p *cres.*

Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, And such great names as these;
lead - ers march with fu - sees, And we with hand - gre - nades;
car - ry caps and pouch - es, And wear the loup - ed clothes:

p *cres.*

But of all the world's brave he - roes There's none that can com -
We throw them from the gla - cis A - bout the en - e - mies'
May they and their com - mand - ers Live hap - py all their

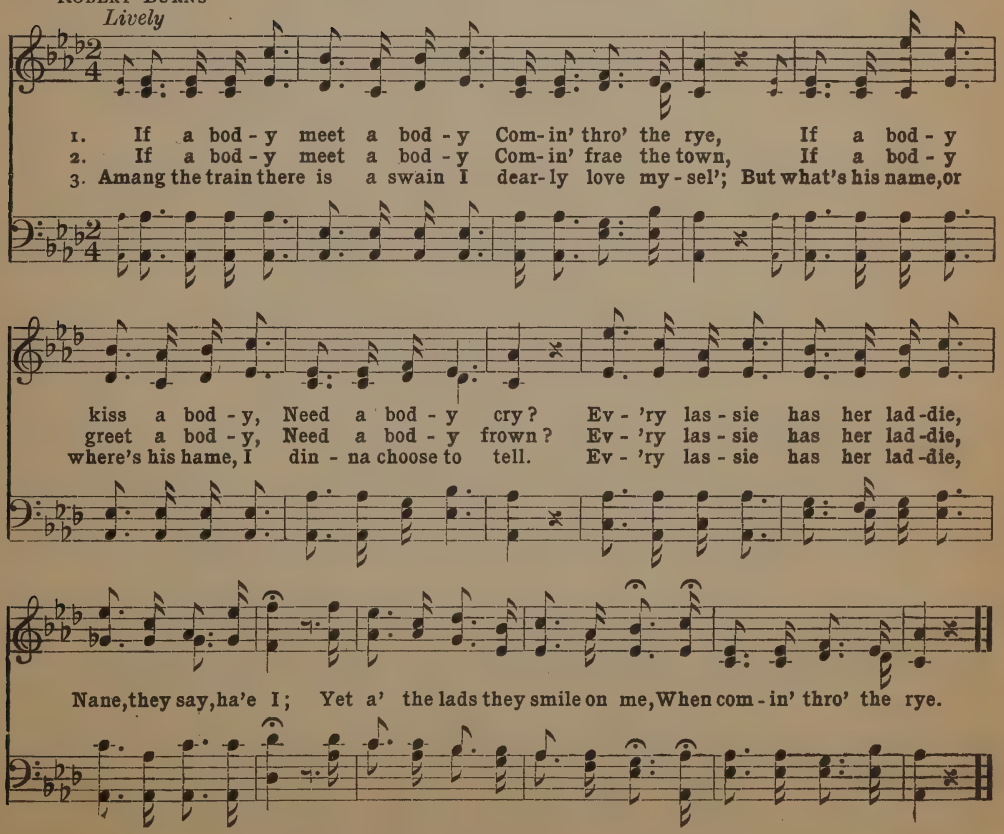
p



Comin' Thro' the Rye

ROBERT BURNS

Lively



The Land o' the Leal

Lady Nairne

Adagio

1. I'm wear - in' a-wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear-in' a - wa' To the
2. Ye aye were leal and true, Jean, Your task's ended noo, Jean, And I'll wel-come you To the
3. Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean, My soul langs to be free, Jean, And an-gels wait on me To the

pp *legato*

mf

land o' the leal. There's nae sor - row there, Jean, There's neither cauld nor care, Jean, The
land o' the leal. Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith gude and fair, Jean, And
land o' the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean, This warld's care is vain, Jean, We'll

mf *p*

day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.
we grudged her sair To the land o' the leal.
meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

mf

The Mariner

1. Soft blew the air, and smooth flow'd the tide, And blue the heav'n's in its mirror smiled; The
2. Eve yields to night, the breeze of wintry gales, In one vast head the seas and shores repose, He
3. Oh! what avails the seaman's toiling care? The straining cords are burst, the mast are riv'n, Sad

white sail trembling and ex-panding wide, The bus-y sail-or at the an-chor toil'd. The
turns his ach-ing eyes, his spir-its fail, The chill tear falls, sad to the deck he goes, The
sounds of ter-ror groan a-long the air, Then from a-far, the bark on rock was driv'n; Fierce

last dread moment comes, the sail-or youth Hides the big drop and smiles a-mid his pain;
storm of midnight swells, the sails are furled, Deep sounds the lead, but sounds a-las in vain,
o'er the wreck, the whelming wa-ters passed, The help-less crew sunk in the roar-ing main.

Soothes his sad bride and vows e-ter-nal truth, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-
Then o'er the waves, the wretch-ed bark is hurled, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-
Hen-ry's faint ac-cents trem-bled in the blast, "Fare-well, fare-well, fare-

ad lib. *tr*

well," he crys, "we soon shall meet again."
well," he crys, "we ne'er shall meet again." *mf*
well, my love, we ne'er shall meet again."

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming

S. C. Foster

Come where my love lies dream - ing, Dreaming the hap-py hours a - way, . . In

p

vi-sions bright re-deem - ing The fleeting joys of day; . . .

:S: *p*

Dream - ing the hap-py hours, . . Dream-ing the happy hours a - way. . .

pp

cres. *riten.* *dim.*

Come, where my love lies dream - ing, so sweetly dreaming the happy hours a - way. . .

cres. *riten.* *p*

1st Soprano
Chorus. *a tempo* *mf* *dim.*

My own love is sweet-ly dreaming, Her beau-ty beaming;

2d Soprano
mf

Come, where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, Come with a lute - ton'd lay;

Tenor and Bass
mf

Come, where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, . . Come with a lute - ton'd lay;

mf a tempo *dim.*

cres. *dim.*

My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours a - way. . .

mp *cres.* *dim.*

Come where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dream-ing the happy hours a - way. . .

cres. *dim.*

Come, where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the happy hours a - way. . .

mp *cres.* *dim.*

mf

My own love is sweet-ly dream-ing, Her beauty

f *p*

Come with a lute, come with a lay. Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

f *p*

Come with a lute, come with a lay. Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

f *p*

dim.

beaming; My own love is sweetly dreaming the happy hours a-

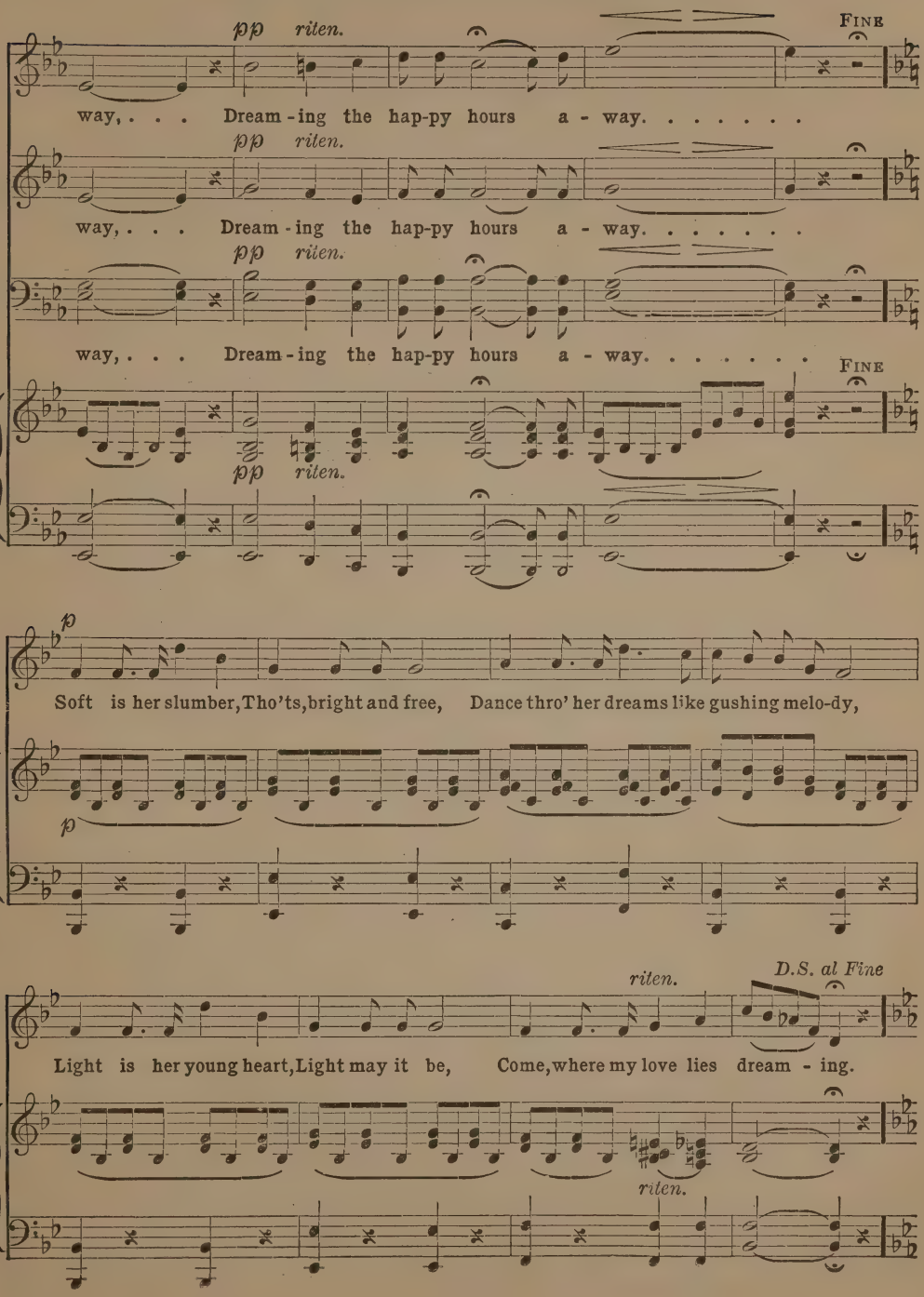
mp *cres.* *dim.*

come, come, come, come, Come where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the happy hours a-

mp

come, come, come, come, Come where my love lies dreaming, dreaming, dreaming the hap-py hours a-

mp *cres.* *dim.*


pp riten.
FINE
way, . . . Dream - ing the hap-py hours a - way. . . . . .
pp riten.
way, . . . Dream - ing the hap-py hours a - way. . . . . .
pp riten.
way, . . . Dream - ing the hap-py hours a - way. . . . . .
FINE
pp riten.
p
Soft is her slumber, Tho'ts, bright and free, Dance thro' her dreams like gushing melo-dy,
p
riten.
D.S. al Fine
Light is her young heart, Light may it be, Come, where my love lies dream - ing.
riten.

Then You'll Remember Me

WEBB

M. W. BALFE

1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall
cold - ness or de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they

pp

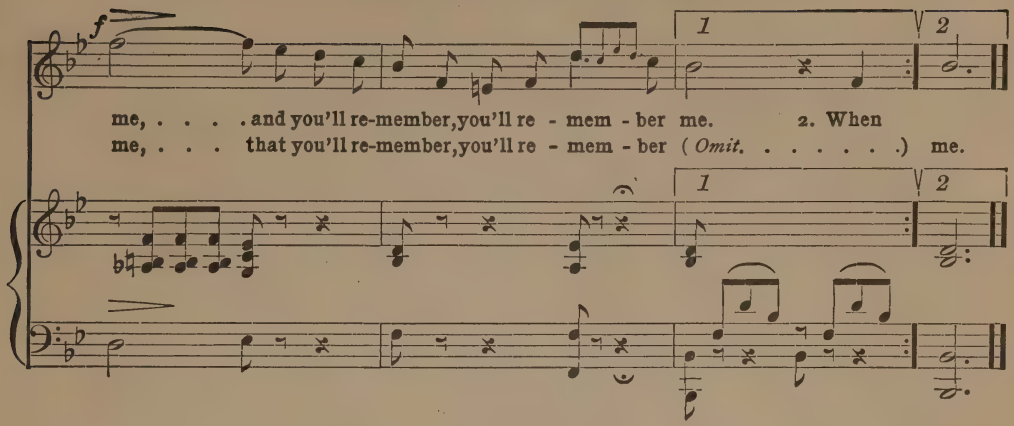
tell, In lan-guage whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so
prize, And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams with-in your

well, There may per-haps in such a scene Some rec - ol - lec - tion be Of
eyes; When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask, 'Twill break your own to see, In

f *f*

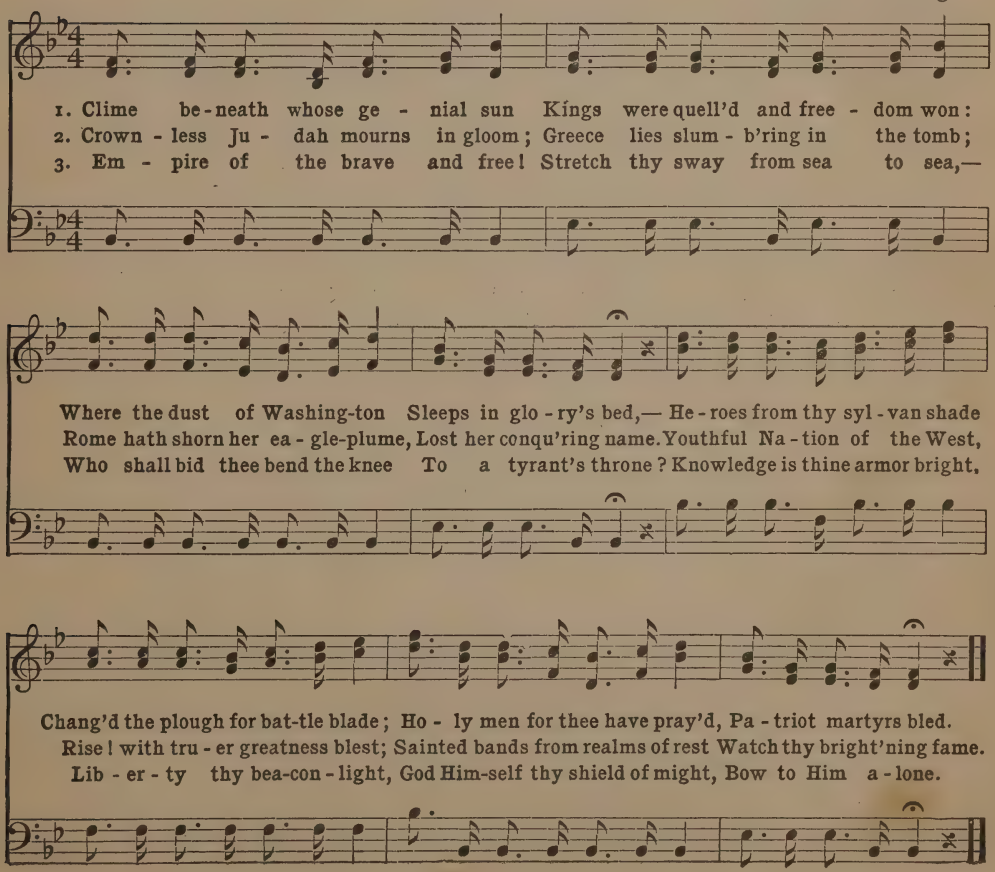
days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber
such a mo - ment I but ask That you'll re - mem - ber

pp



Clime Beneath Whose Genial Sun

Old Scotch Folksong



Captain Jinks

Arranged by CHARLES E. PRATT

1. I'm Cap- tain Jinks, of the Horse Ma-rines; I feed my horse on corn and beans, And
2. I joined my corps when twen-ty- one, Of course I thought it cap- i - tal fun; When the
3. The first time I went out to drill, The bu - gle sound-ing made me ill; Of the

p

sport young la - dies in their teens, Tho' a cap - tain in the
en - e - my came, of course I run, For I'm not cut out for the
bat - tle - field I'd had my fill, For I'm not cut out for the

ar - my. I teach young la - dies how to dance, How to dance,
ar - my. When I left home, Ma - ma, she cried, Ma - ma, she cried, Ma -
ar - my. The of - fi - cers, they all did shout, They all did shout, They

mf

How to dance, I teach young la - dies how to dance, For I'm the pet of the ar-my.
ma she cried, When I left home, Ma- ma she cried, He's not cut out for the ar-my.
all did shout, The of - fi - cers they all did shout, Why! kick him out of the ar-my.

CHORUS

Cap - tain Jinks of the Horse Ma-rines; I feed my horse on corn and beans, And oft - en live be - yond my means, Tho' a cap - tain in the ar - my.

Chinese Baby-Song

Allegro

Snail, snail, come out and be fed, Put out your horns, and then your head, And your Pa - pa and your Ma - ma Will give you boiled mut - ton.

Repeated ad infinitum.

Call Me Pet Names

Mrs. Osgood

Poco andante

1. Call me pet names, dearest! Call me a bird, That flies to thy breast at one
2. Call me fond names, dearest! Call me a star, Whose smile's beaming welcome thou
3. Call me sweet names, darling! Call me a flow'r! That lives in the light of thy
4. Call me dear names, dar-ling! Call me thine own! Speak to me al-ways in

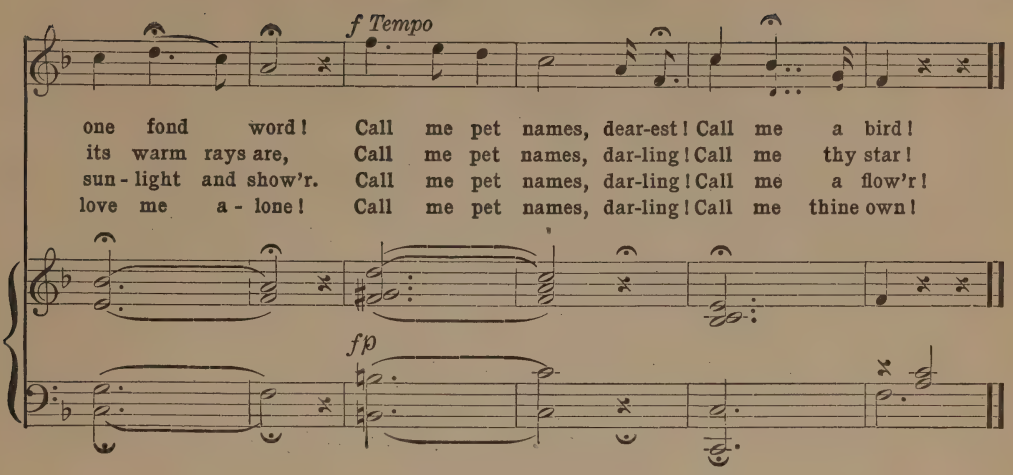
pp

sostenuto

cher-ish-ing word; That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dream-ing of flight, That
feel'st from a-far; Whose light is the clear-est, the tru-est to thee, When the
smile each hour; That droops when its heav-en thy love . . . grows cold, That
love's low tone; Let not thy look nor thy voice . . grow cold,

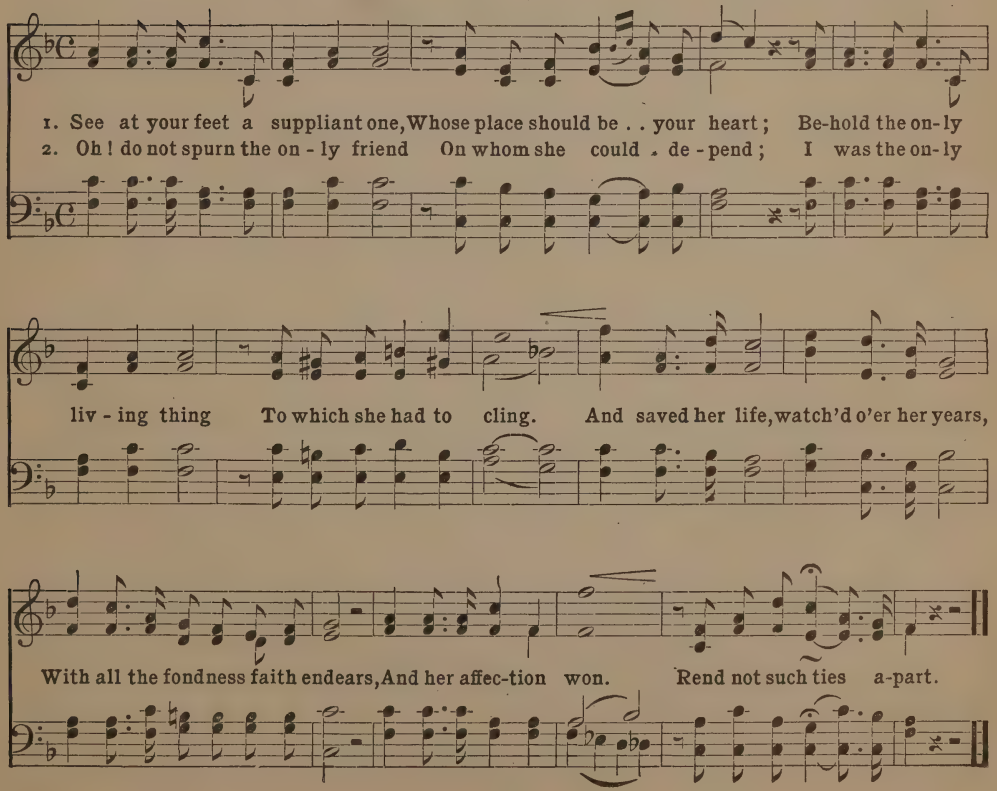
ad lib. Recitative

ten-der-ly sings there in lov-ing de-light! Oh! my sad heart keeps pining for
"night time of sor-row" steals o-ver life's sea. Oh! trust thy rich bark, where
shrinks from the wick-ed, the false and bold, That blooms for thee on-ly, thro'
Let my fond wor-ship thy be-ing en-fold; Love me for-ev-er, and



See at Your Feet

M. W. Balfe
From "Bohemian Girl"



"Vive La Compagnie"

As sung by the Maryland Cadets

1. Let Bac-chus to Ve-nus li-ba-tions pour fast, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie, And let us make use of our time to the last, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie. . . Oh!
2. Let ev-'ry old bach-e-lor fill up his glass, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie, And drink to the health of his fav-o-rite lass, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie. . . Oh!
3. Let ev-'ry old mar-ried man drink to his wife, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie, The friend of his bos-om and com-fort of life, Vi-ve la com-pa-gnie. . . Oh!

CHORUS

Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'a-mour, vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'a-mour,

Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'a-mour, vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'a-mour,

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

Vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve la com - pa - gnie.

Vi - ve l'a - mour vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve la com - pa - gnie.

ff

4 Come fill up your glasses — I'll give you a toast,
Vive la compagnie.
Here's a health to our friend — our kind, worthy host,
Vive la compagnie. Cho.

5 Since all, with good humor, I've toasted so free,
Vive la compagnie.
I hope it will please you to drink now with me,
Vive la compagnie. Cho

How Can I Leave Thee

Moderato Thuringian Folksong

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
2. Blue is a flow'r - et Called the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up -
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor

hast my heart, Dear one, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine
on thy heart, And think of me! Flow - 'ret and hope may die,
hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee. When by the fowl - er slain,

So close - ly bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
Yet love with us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Dear one, be - lieve.
I at thy feet should lie, Thou sad - ly shouldst complain, Joy - ful I'd die.

The Bonnie Blue Flag

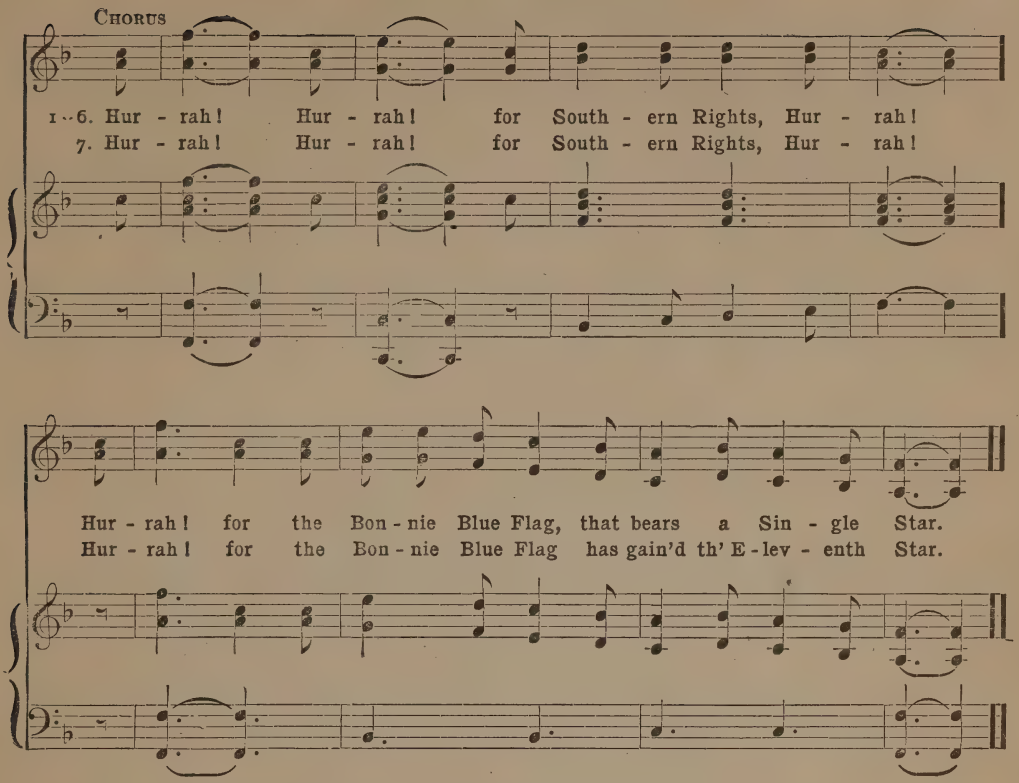
HARRY MACARTHY

1. We are a band of broth-ers, and na - tive to the soil, . .
2. As long as the old Un-ion was faith - ful to her trust, . . Like

Fight - ing for the prop - er - ty we gain'd by hon - est toil; . . And
friends and like broth - ers, kind were we and just; . . But

when our rights were threaten'd, the cry rose near and far, . . . Hur -
now, when North-ern treach-ery at-tempts our rights to mar, ... We

rah for the Bon - nie Blue Flag, that bears a Sin - gle Star.
hoist on high the Bon - nie Blue Flag, that bears a Sin - gle Star.



3 First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand;
Then came Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,
All rais'd on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. Cho.

4 Ye men of valor, gather round the Banner of the Right,
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight;
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesman rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. Cho.

5 And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion State
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate;
Impell'd by her example, now other states prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Fag that bears a Single Star. Cho.

6 Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old, we'll fight our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer,
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star. Cho.

7 Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given—
The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be Eleven. Cho.

Kiss Me Quick, and Go

F Buckley

Allegretto ma moderato

1. The oth - er night, while I was sparking Sweet Tar-li - na Spray, The more we whis-per'd
2. Soon af - ter that I gave my love A moonlight prom-e - nade, At last we fetch'd up
3. One Sun-day night we sat to - geth-er, Sigh-ing, side by side, Just like two win - ter

our love talk - ing, The more we had to say: . . The old folks and the
to the door, Just where the old folks stay'd; The clock struck twelve, her
leaves of cab - bage, In the sun-shine fried. . My heart with love was

rall.

lit - tle folks, We tho't were fast in bed, We heard a foot-step on the stairs,
heart struck too, And peep-ing o - ver head, We saw a night-cap raise the blind,
nigh to split, To ask her for to wed, Said I, "Shall I go for the priest,

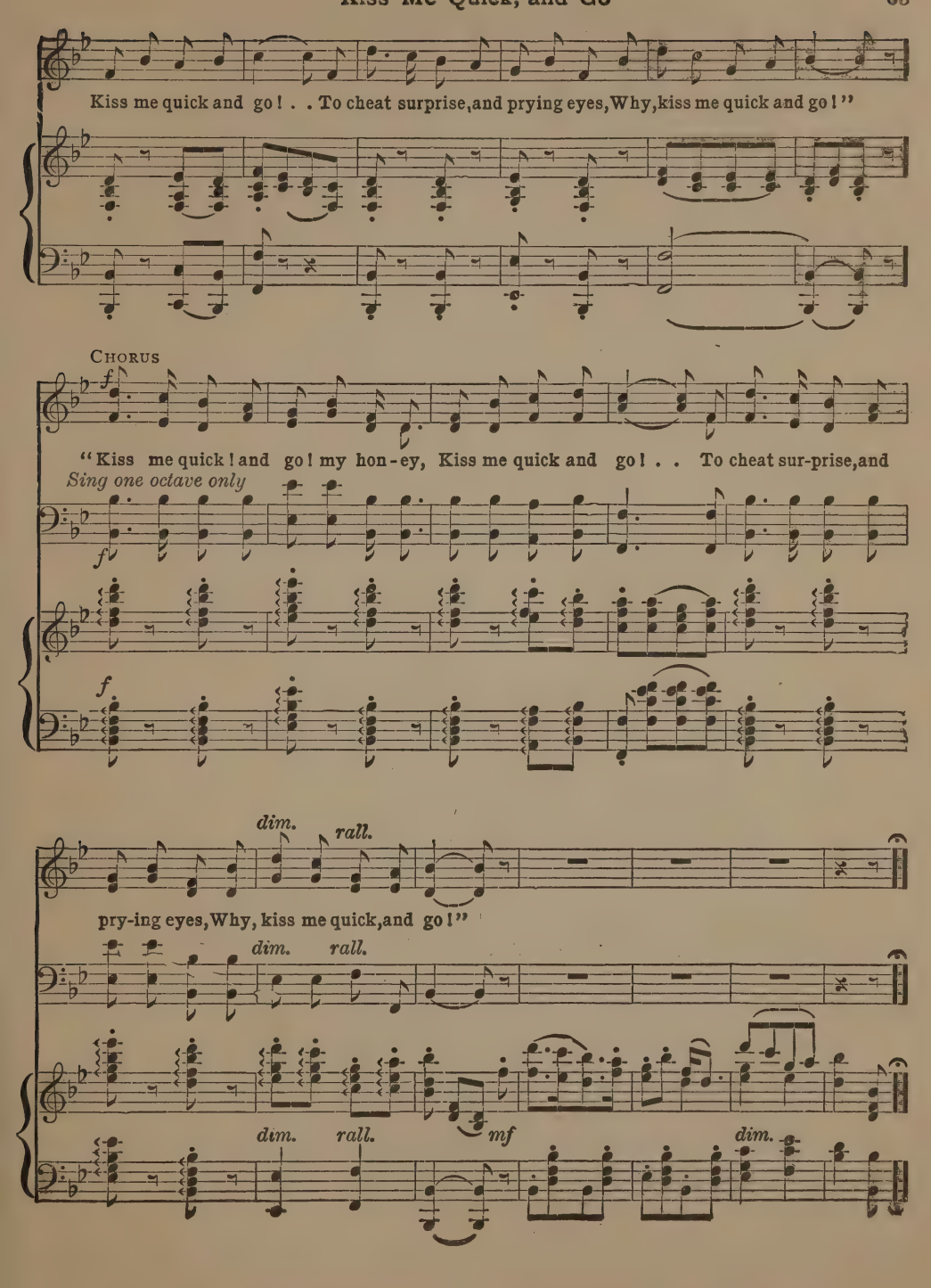
ff

rall.

a tempo

And what d'ye think she said? O! "Kiss me quick, and go! my hon - ey,

p


Kiss me quick and go! . . To cheat surprise, and prying eyes, Why, kiss me quick and go!"
CHORUS
f
"Kiss me quick! and go! my hon-ey, Kiss me quick and go! . . To cheat sur-prise, and
Sing one octave only
f
f
dim.
rall.
pry-ing eyes, Why, kiss me quick, and go!"
dim.
rall.
dim.
rall.
mf
dim.

White Wings

BANKS WINTER — BANKS WINTER

Moderato

1. Sail home, as straight as an ar - row, My yacht shoots a - long on the
2. Sail home, to love and ca - ress - es, When Mag - gie, my dar - ling, is

mf

crest of the sea; Sail home, to sweet Mag - gie Dar - row, In her
there at my side; Sail home, blue eyes and gold tress - es, The

rit. *a tempo.*

dear lit - tle home she is wait - ing for me. High up where cliffs they are crag -gy,
fair - est of all is my own lit - tle bride. Sail home, to part from thee nev-er,

rit. *a tempo*

There's where the girl of my heart waits for me! Heigh ho, I
Al - ways to - geth - er life's voy - age shall be; Sail home, to

rall. ad lib.

long for you, Mag - gie, I'll spread out my "White Wings" and sail home to thee.
love thee for ev - er! I'll spread out my "White Wings" and sail home to thee.

colla voce.

Yo! ho, how we go! . . . Oh, how the winds blow! . .

f CHORUS

"White Wings," they nev - er grow wea - ry, They car - ry me

cheer - i - ly o - ver the sea; Night comes, I

rall.

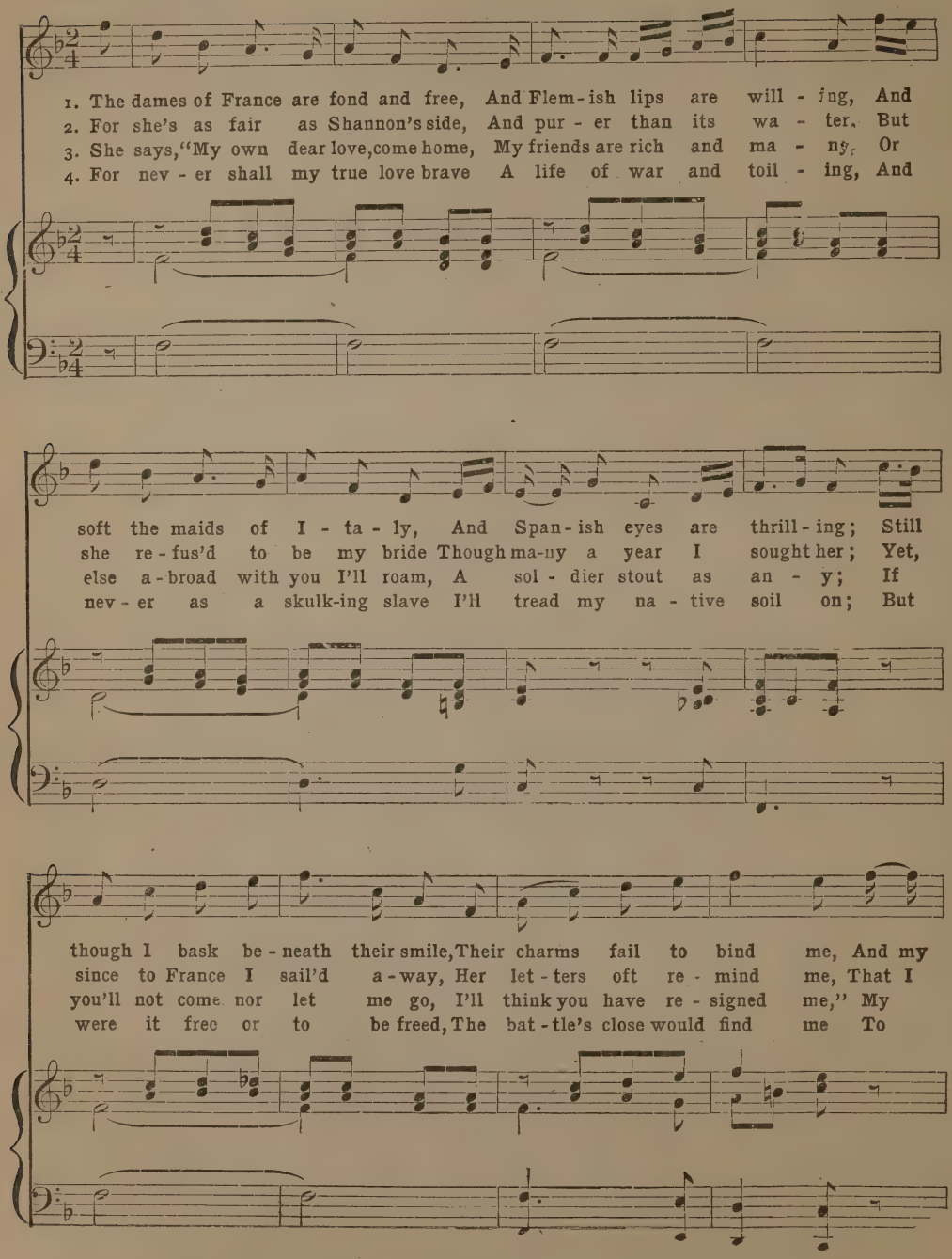
long for my dear - ie, I'll spread out my "White Wings" and sail home to thee!

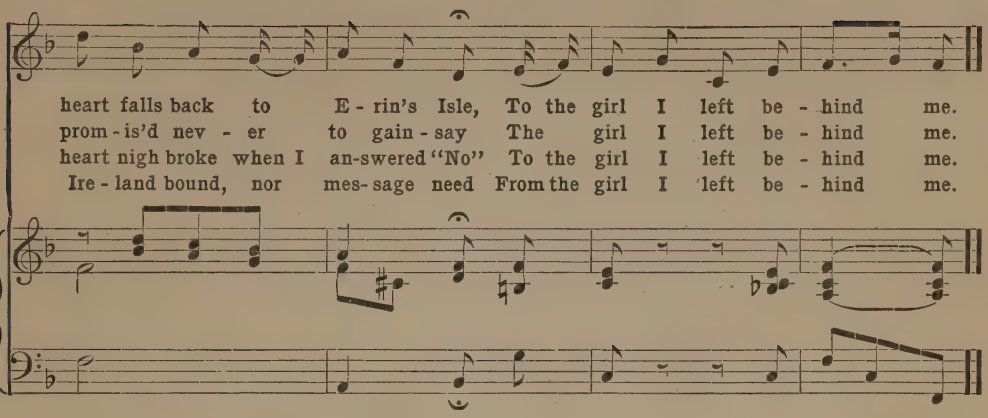
The Girl I Left Behind Me

Author Unknown

Old Irish Air

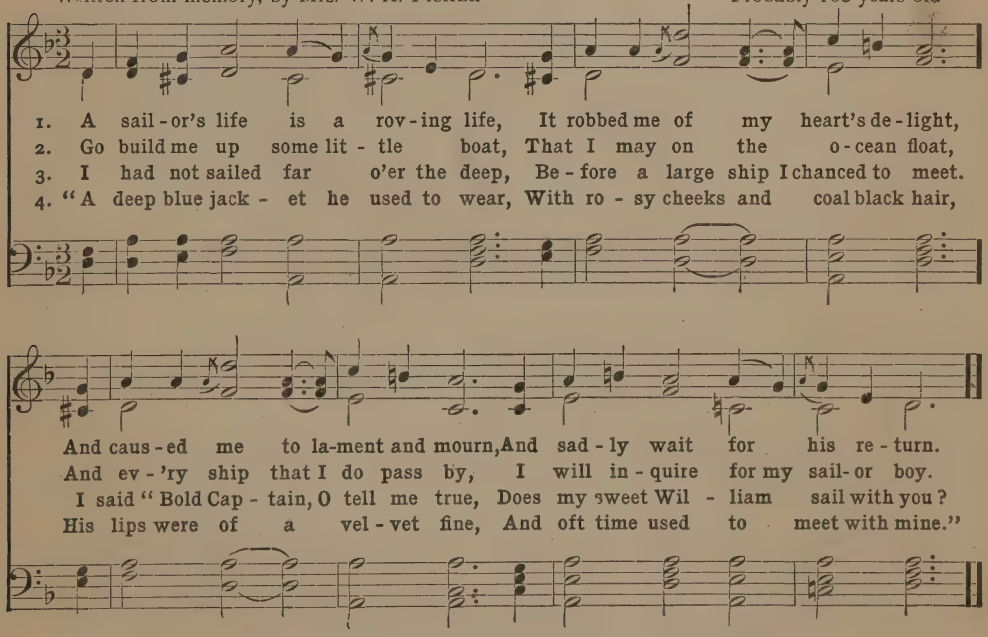
1. The dames of France are fond and free, And Flem-ish lips are will - ing, And soft the maids of I - ta - ly, And Span-ish eyes are thrill-ing; Still though I bask be - neath their smile, Their charms fail to bind me, And my
2. For she's as fair as Shannon's side, And pur - er than its wa - ter, But she re-fus'd to be my bride Though ma-ny a year I sought her; Yet, since to France I sail'd a-way, Her let-ters oft re - mind me, That I
3. She says, "My own dear love, come home, My friends are rich and ma - ny, Or else a-broad with you I'll roam, A sol - dier stout as an - y; If you'll not come nor let me go, I'll think you have re - signed me," My
4. For nev - er shall my true love brave A life of war and toil - ing, And nev - er as a skulk-ing slave I'll tread my na - tive soil on; But were it free or to be freed, The bat - tle's close would find me To





A Song of the Sea

Written from memory, by Mrs. W. A. Fisher — Probably 100 years old



5 "Oh no, fair maid, he sails not here,
He's drowned in the deep, I fear,
Near that lone island, which you passed by,
You've chanced to lose your sailor boy."

6 She wrung her hands, she tore her hair,
Like some fair maid in deep despair,
Her boat against the rocks she run,
Crying, "Alas, I am undone.

7 "Now, I'll go home and write a song,
I'll write it true, I'll write it long,
On every line I'll shed a tear,
On every verse, 'Fare you well, my dear.'"

8 Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
Place a marble stone at my head and feet,
And, on my breast, a turtle dove,
To show this world, I died for love.

Beautiful Star in Heaven so Bright

S. M. Sayles

Allegretto con anima

1. Beau - ti - ful star, in heav'n so bright, Soft - ly falls thy sil - v'ry light,
2. In fan - cy's eye thou seem'st to say, "Fol - low me, come, from earth a - way;"
3. Shine on, oh! star of love di - vine, And may our souls' af - fec - tion twine A -

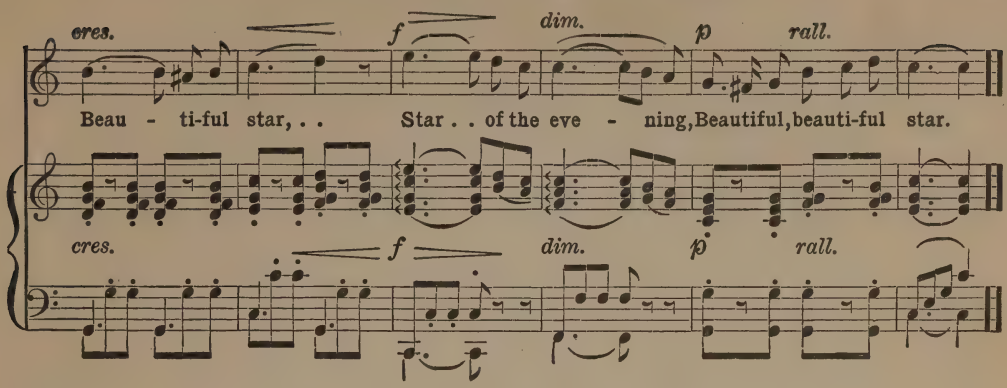
p

As thou movest from earth a - far, Star of the eve - ning, beau-ti - ful star,
Up-ward thy spir - it's pin - ions try, To realms of love be - yond the sky, To
round thee as thou mov'st a - far, Star of the twi - light, beau-ti - ful star,

cres. *p*

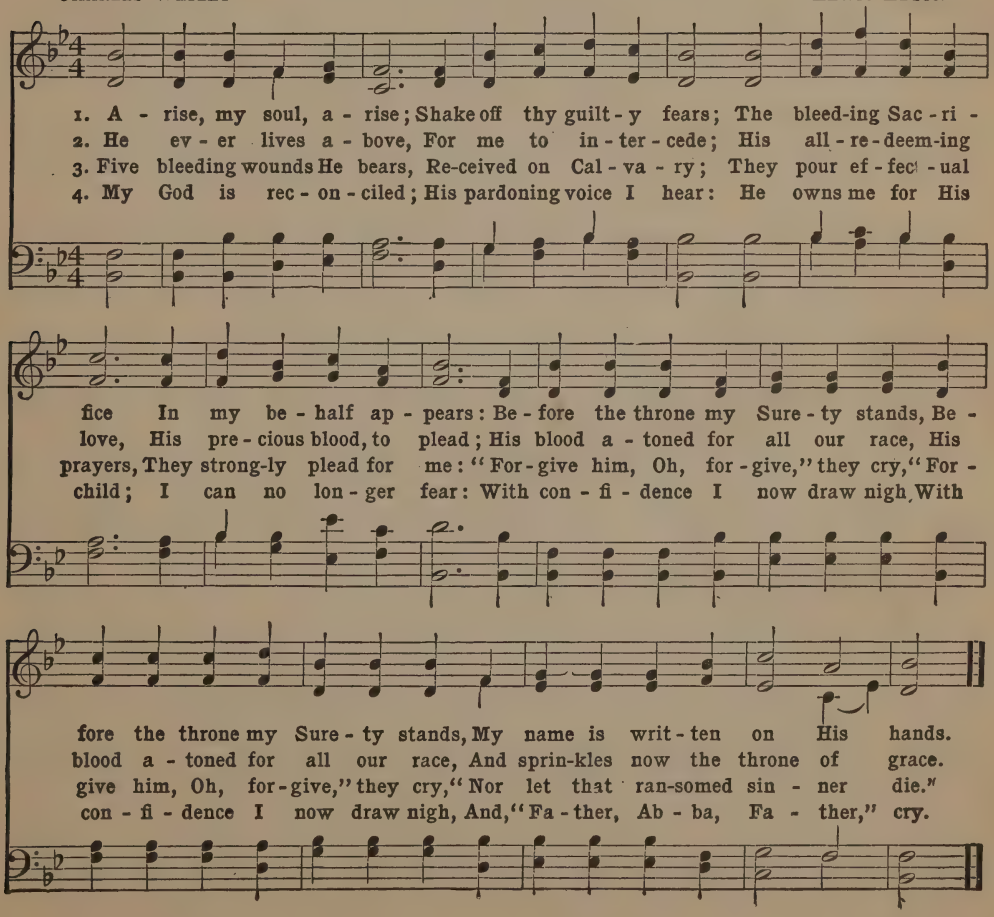
Star of the eve - ning, beau-ti - ful star. Beau - ti - ful star, . . .
realms of love be - yond the sky. Beau - ti - ful star, . . .
Star of the twi - light, beau-ti - ful star. Beau - ti - ful star, . . .

cres. *p*



Arise, My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY — LEWIS EDSON



Angels Ever Bright and Fair

HÄNDEL

Larghetto

mf

p

An-gels ev-er bright and fair,

tr

p

An-gels ev-er bright and fair, take, oh, take me, take, oh, take me to your

care, ... take me, take, oh, take me, An-gels

ev - er bright and fair, take, oh, take me to your care,

FINE

take, oh, take me to your care.

Speed to your own courts my flight, clad in robes of vir - gin

D.S.

white, clad in robes of vir - gin white, clad in robes of vir - gin white, take me,

A Yankee Ship, and a Yankee Crew

C. M. King

f *ff* *p*

1. A yan - kee ship and a yan - kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know; O'er the
2. A yan - kee ship and a yan - kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know; With
3. A yan - kee ship and a yan - kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know; The
4. A yan - kee ship and a yan - kee crew, Tal - ly hi ho, you know;

f *ff* *fz* *f*

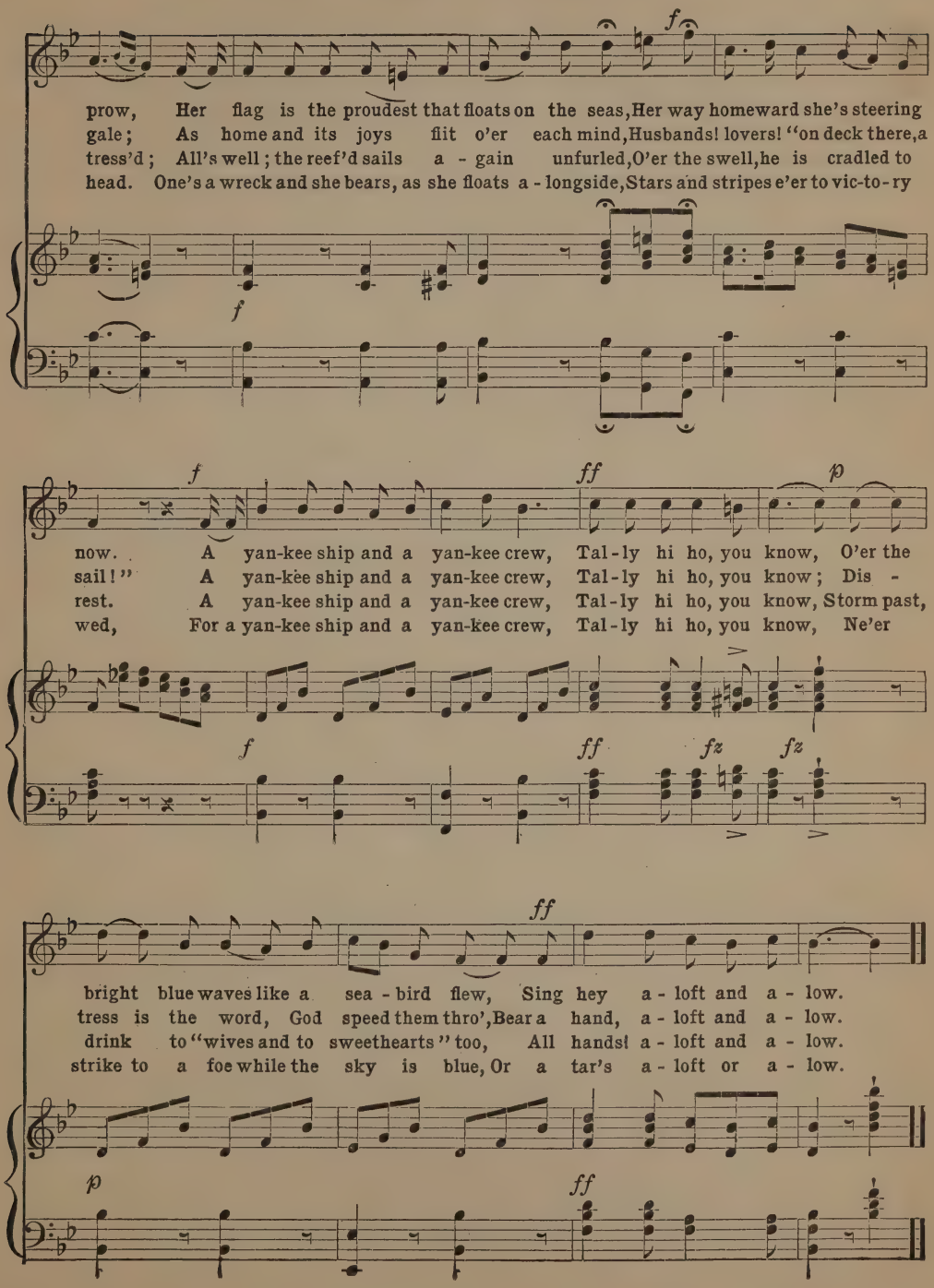
ff *p*

bright blue waves like a sea - bird flew, Sing hey a - loft and a - low. . Her
hearts on board both gal-lant and true; The same a - loft, and a - low. . The
boats all clear, the wreck we now view, "All hands" a - loft and a - low. . A
Free-dom de - fends the land where it grew, We're free a - loft and a - low. . Bearing

p *ff* *fz*

wings are spread to the fai - ry breeze The spray sparkling as thrown from her
black - en'd sky, and the whist - ling wind, Fore - tell the ap - proach of the
ship's his throne, the sea his world, He ne'er sheers from a ship-mate dis -
down is a foe in re - gal pride, De - fi - ance at each mast -

p *fz*


f
prow, Her flag is the proudest that floats on the seas, Her way homeward she's steering
gale; As home and its joys flit o'er each mind, Husbands! lovers! "on deck there, a
tress'd; All's well; the reef'd sails a - gain unfurled, O'er the swell, he is cradled to
head. One's a wreck and she bears, as she floats a - longside, Stars and stripes e'er to vic-to-ry
f
f
ff
p
now. A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know, O'er the
sail!" A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know; Dis -
rest. A yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know, Storm past,
wed, For a yan-kee ship and a yan-kee crew, Tal-ly hi ho, you know, Ne'er
f
ff
fz
fz
ff
bright blue waves like a sea - bird flew, Sing hey a - loft and a - low.
tress is the word, God speed them thro', Bear a hand, a - loft and a - low.
drink to "wives and to sweethearts" too, All hands! a - loft and a - low.
strike to a foe while the sky is blue, Or a tar's a - loft or a - low.
p
ff

Oh! Willie, We Have Miss'd You

S. C. Foster

Allegretto moderato

1. Oh! Wil-lie, is it you, dear, Safe, safe at home? They did not tell me true, dear, They said you would not come. I heard you at the gate, And it made my heart re-joice, For I knew that wel-come foot-step, And that dear, fa-mil-iar voice, Mak-ing
2. We've long'd to see you nightly, But this night of all; The fire was blaz-ing bright-ly, And lights were in the hall; The lit-tle ones were up Till 'twas ten o'-clock and past, Then their eyes be-gan to twin-kle, And they're gone to sleep at last; But they
3. The days were sad without you, The nights long and drear; My dreams have been about you, Oh! wel-come, Wil-lie dear! Last night I wept and watch'd By the moonlight's cheerless ray, Till I thought I heard your foot-step, Then I wip'd my tears a-way; But my

p

cres. un poco

rall. *a tempo*

rall. *a tempo*

mu - sic on my ear, In the lone - ly mid - night gloom: Oh!
lis - ten'd for your voice, Till they thought you'd nev - er come: Oh!
heart grew sad a - gain, When I found you had not come: Oh!

p *a tempo*

rall.

Willie, we have miss'd you; Welcome, welcome home!

a tempo. *cres.*

FINE

English Chanty

ff SOLO CHORUS

1. Come, ship - mates and broth - ers, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men,
2. The wind it blows hard, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, Each
3. Come, loose ev - 'ry sail, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, We'll
4. Our hearts they are light, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, Each

SOLO CHORUS SOLO

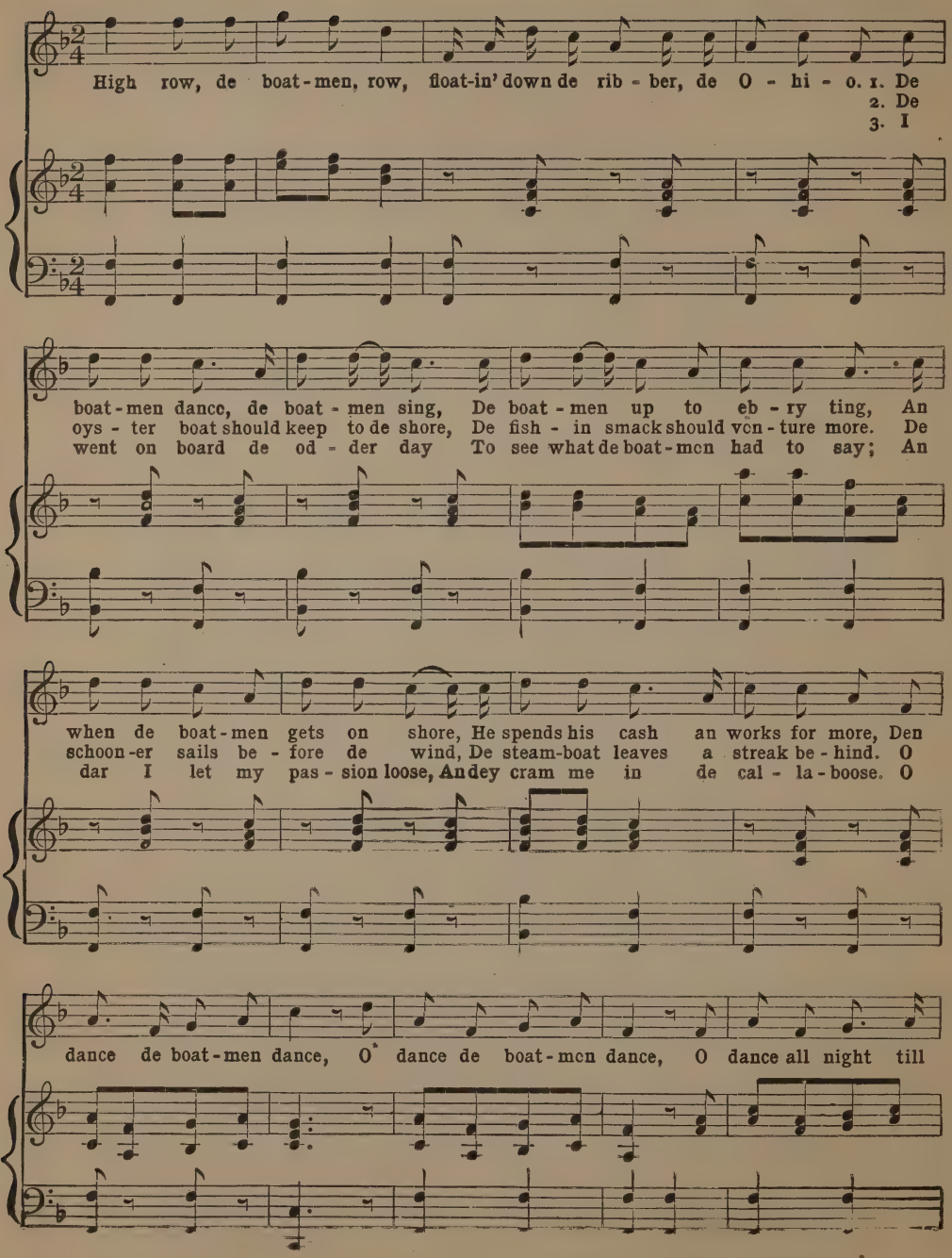
Haul all to - geth - er, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, Help one an - oth - er,
tar knows his card, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, We'll soon man the yards,
soon face the gale, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, Stout hearts which ne'er fail,
eye it seems bright, Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, We bid you good - night,

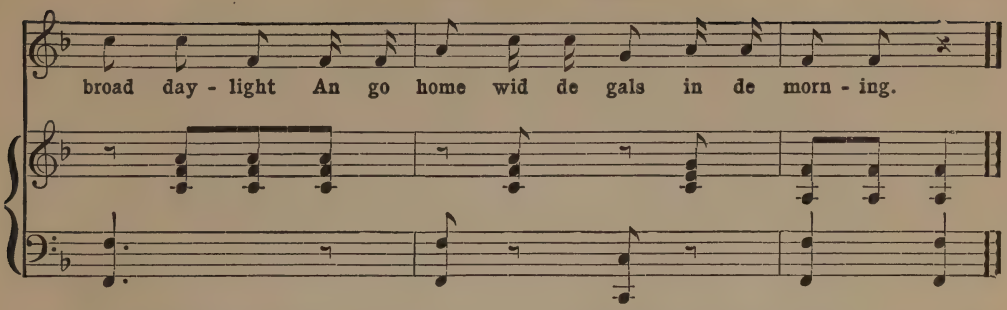
CHORUS

Ho yo! Cheer - ly, men, O hau - ley, ho yo, Cheer - ly, men!

De Boatmen's Dance

DAN D. SMITH





4 I've come dis time, I'll come no more,
Let me loose, I'll go ashore;
For dey whole hoss, an dey a bully crew
Wid a hoosier mate an a captain too.
O dance, etc.

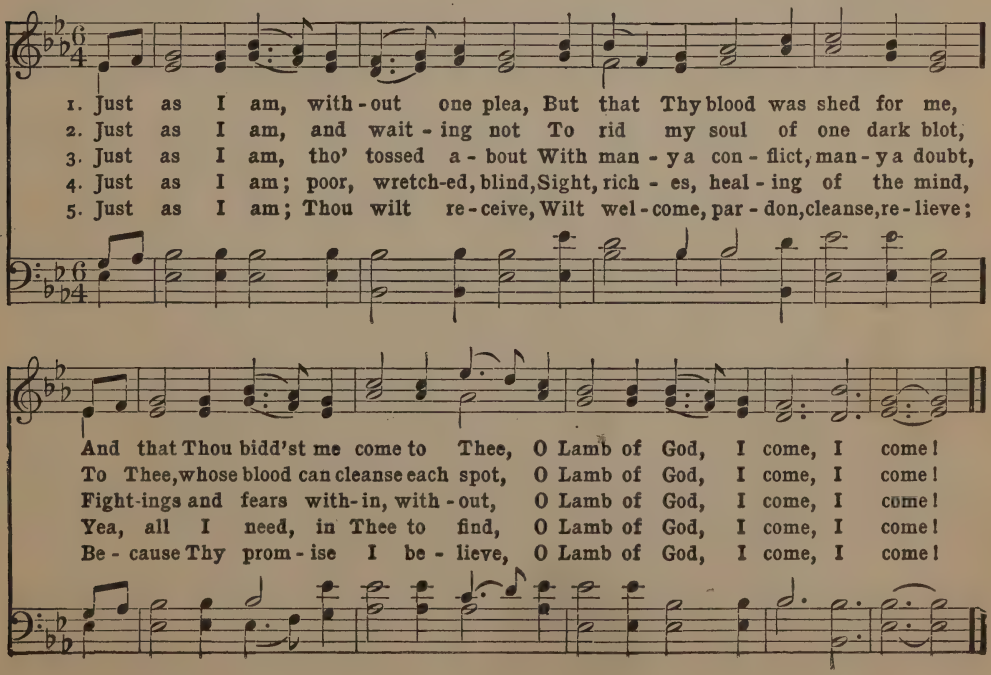
5 When you go to de boatmen's ball,
Dance wid my wife, or don't dance at all;
Sky blue jacket an tarpaulin hat,
Look out, my boys, for de nine-tail cat.
O dance, etc.

6 De boatman is a thrifty man,
Dar's none can do as de boatman can;
I nebber see a putty gal in my life
But dat she was a boatman's wife.
O dance, etc.

7 When de boatman blows his horn,
Look out, old man, your hog is gone;
He cotch my sheep, he cotch my shoat,
Den put em in a bag an toat em to de boat.
O dance, etc.

Just as I Am

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT — WM. B. BRADBURY



Larboard Watch

DUET

T. Williams

mf *p*

1. At drear - y mid - night's cheer - less hour, De - sert - ed e'en by
2. With anx - ious care he eyes each wave, That swell - ing, threat-ens

mf *p*

f *p*

Cyn-thia's beams, When tempests beat and tor-rents pour, And twinkling stars no lon - ger gleam;
to o'er-whelm, And his storm-beat-en bark to save, Di-rects with skill the faith-ful helm.

f *p*

The wea - ried sai - lor, spent with toil, Clings firm-ly to the weather shrouds And
With joy he drinks the cheering grog, 'Mid storms that bellow loud and hoarse, With

p *p e dol.*

still the lengthen'd hour to guile, And still the lengthen'd hour to guile,
joy he heaves the reel - ing log, With joy he heaves the reel - ing log,

Sings as he views the gath - 'ring clouds, Sings as he views the
And marks the lee - way and the course, And marks the lee - way

dol.

f *ad lib.*

gath - 'ring clouds, "Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!"
and the course, "Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar - board Watch, A - hoy!"

f *Poco allegretto animato*

slower

But who can speak the joy he feels While o'er the foam his ves - sel

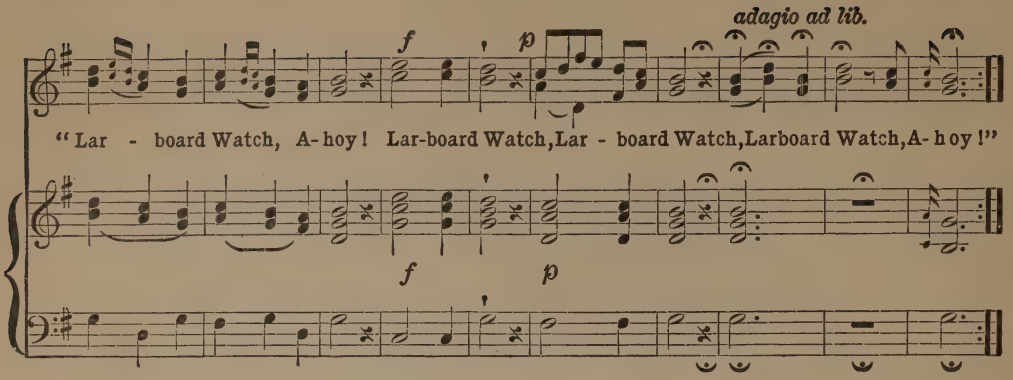
f animato

rit.

a tempo

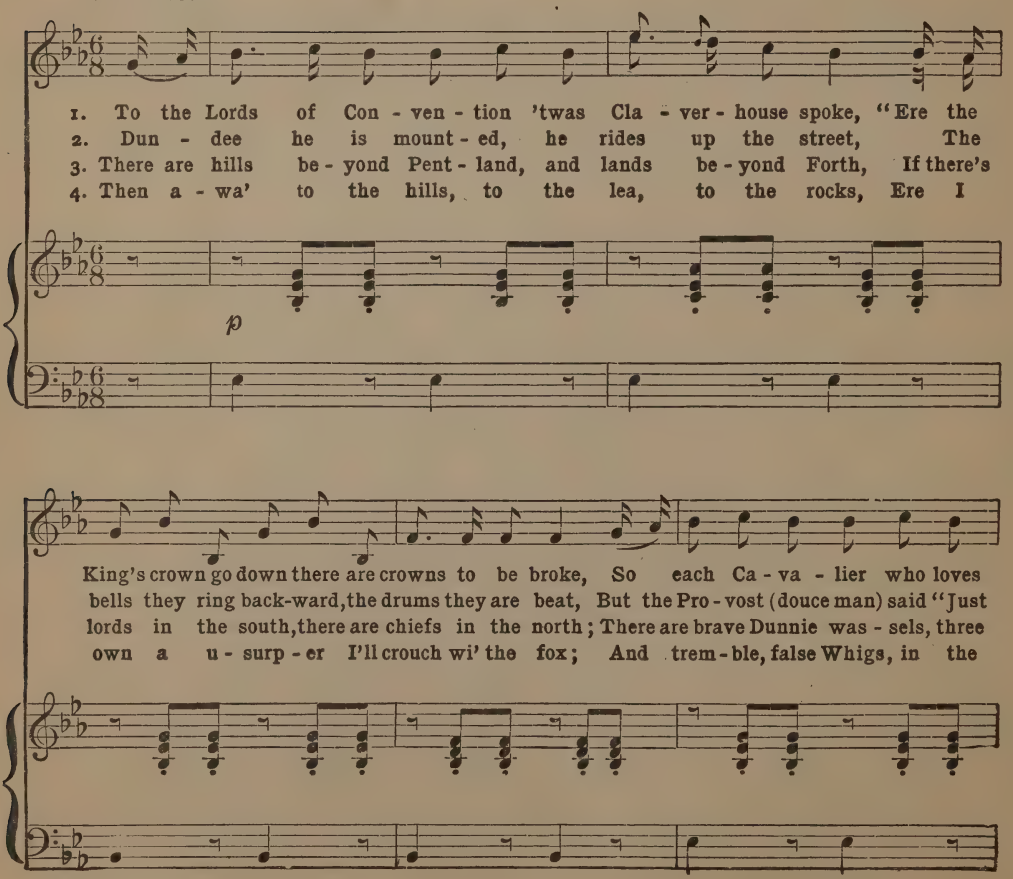
reels, And his tir'd eye - lids slumb'ring fall, He rous-es at the welcome call Of

a tempo



Bonnie Dundee

WALTER SCOTT



hon - or and me, Let him fol - low the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun - dee."
e'en let it be, For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun - dee;'
thou - sand times three, Will cry "Hey for the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun - dee.'
midst of your glee, Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bon-nets and me.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can, Come,

mf

sad - dle my hors - es, and call out my men, Un - hook the west port and

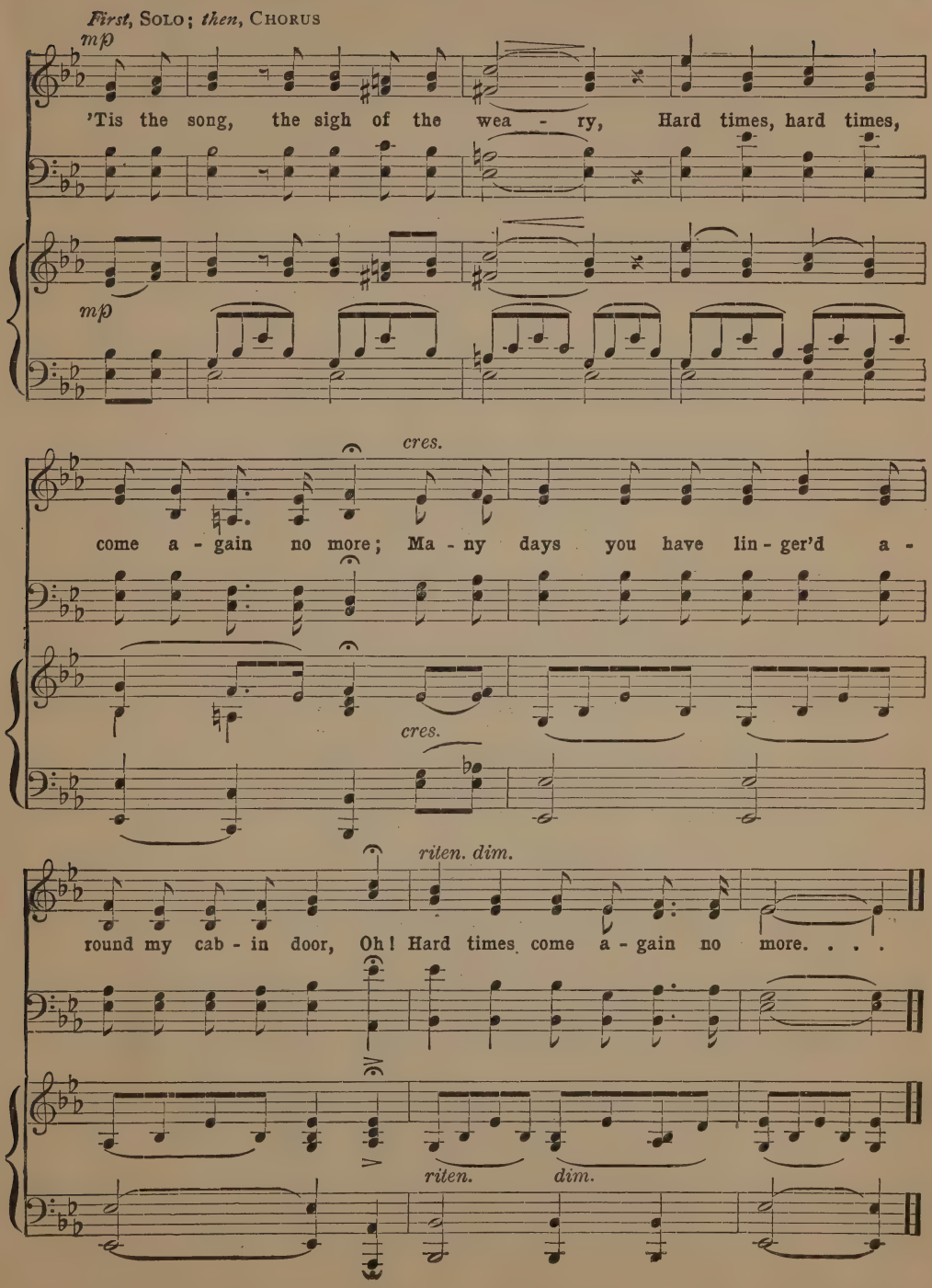
let us gae free, For it's up with the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun - dee.

p

Hard Times Come Again No More

S. C. Foster

1. Let us pause in life's pleas-ures, and count its ma-ny tears, While we all sup sor-row with the poor; . . There's a song that will lin-ger for ev-er in our ears, "Oh! Hard times, come a-gain no more." . . .
2. While we seek mirth and beau-ty, and mu-sic light and gay, There are frail forms faint-ing at the door: . . Tho' their voi-ces are si-lent, their plead-ing looks will say, "Oh! Hard times, come a-gain no more." . . .
3. 'Tis a sigh that is waft-ed a-cross the trou-bled wave, 'Tis a wail that is heard up-on the shore; . . 'Tis a dirge that is mur-mur'd a-round the low-ly grave, "Oh! Hard times, come a-gain no more." . . .


First, SOLO; then, CHORUS
mp
'Tis the song, the sigh of the wea - ry, Hard times, hard times,
mp
cres.
come a - gain no more; Ma - ny days you have lin - ger'd a -
cres.
riten. dim.
round my cab - in door, Oh! Hard times come a - gain no more. . . .
riten. dim.

Darling Nelly Gray

B. R. Hanby

Moderato espressivo

1. There's a lone green val-ley by the old Ken-tuck-y shore Where we've
2. When the moon had climb'd the mountain and the stars were shin-ing too, Then I
3. Oh! my eyes are get-ting blind-ed and I can-not see my way; Hark! there's

p

wail'd many hap-py hours a-way; A-sit-ting and sing-ing by the
took my love-ly Nel-ly Gray. And I travell'd down the riv-er in my
some-bod-y knock-ing at the door. I . . hear the an-gels call-ing and I

lit-tle cot-tage door Where dwelt my love-ly Nel-ly Gray.
lit-tle red ca-noe While the ban-jo so sweet-ly I did play.
see my Nel-ly Gray, Fare-well to my old Ken-tuck-y shore.

f *dim.*

p *First*, SOLO; *then* CHORUS

Oh! my poor Nel - ly Gray, they have tak - en you a - way, And I'll

p

p

nev- er see my dar -ling an - y more; I am sit -ting by the riv - er and I'm

riten. *a tempo*

weep - ing all the day, For you're gone from the old Ken - tuck - y shore.

riten. *a tempo*

I've Left the Snow-Clad Hills

G. Linley

Allegretto ma non troppo

1. I've left the snow-clad hills, Where my fa - ther's hut doth stand, . My
2. Be - side those snow-clad hills, Where my fa - ther's hut doth stand, . Dwells

rall.

own, my dear Dal - kar - lia, For a stran - ger land. I'm
one, to whom I'm plight - ed To be - stow my hand. But

rall. *fz*

but a poor, young girl, In my sim - ple, peas - ant guise; . Un -
not with - out a heart, Would I pledge with word or vow, . . And

rall.

skill'd in all the arts and wiles That world - lings prize; I
I've no heart to give him, For he has it now. That

fz

Piu mosso

trill my moun - tain lay, Ev - 'ry- where I chance to roam; Oh!
youth he is so no - ble, That youth he is so brave, Oh!

rall.

sweet the song to me, For it takes me back to home. No
soon - er than de - sert him I'd lie me in my grave. No

col voce.

A tempo *rall.*

place can ev - er be, to me, Like that dear home. My
won - der, I am pi - ning then, For home a - gain. My

rall.

own, sweet home! My own be - lov - ed home!

ritard.

f

Upidee

1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, Tral la la, Tral la la, As
2. His brow was sad, his eye be - neath, Tral la la, Tral la la, Flashed
3. "O stay," the maid - en said, "and rest," Tral la la, Tral la la, "Thy

through an Al - pine vil - lage passed, Tral la la la la! A
like a faul - chion from his sheaf, Tral la la la la! And
wea - ry head up - on this breast," Tral la la la la! A

ritard.

youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice A ban - ner with the strange de - vice,
like a sil - ver clar - ion rung The ac - cents of that un - known tongue,
tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he an-swered with a sigh,

ritard.

f CHORUS

U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i, dee - i, da,

f

U - pi-dee - i - da! * r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r - r yah! yah! yah! yah!

FINE

4 At break of day as heavenward
Tral la la, Tral la la!
The pious monks of Saint Bernard,
Tral la la la la!
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Chorus.

5 A trav'ler, by the faithful hound,
Tral la la, Tral la la!
Half buried in the snow was found,
Tral la la la la!
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Chorus.

* Imitating a watchman's rattle.

Jerusalem the Golden

ST. BERNARD, A.D., 1150. NEALE, Tr. ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy con-tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - press'd. I know not,—oh, I know not, What joys a - wait me there, What ra-dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com-pare.
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from toil re - leased, The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast. Oh, state that fear'st no strife! Oh, roy - al land of flow - ers! Oh, realm and home of life!
3. And they who with their Lead - er Have con-quer'd in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white. Oh, land that see'st no sor - row! To that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir-it ev - er blest.
4. Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect! Oh, sweet and bless-ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us

Break, Break, Break

ALFRED TENNYSON — WM. R. DEMPSTER

1. Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea! And I would that my tongue could
2. Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea! But the ten - der grace of a

ut - ter . . The tho'ts that a-rise in me. O well for the fish-erman's boy, That he
day that is dead Will nev-er come back to me. And the state-ly ships go on To their

shouts with his sis - ter at play! O well for the sail - or lad, That he
ha - ven un - der the hill; But, O for the touch of a vanished hand, And the

sings in his boat on the bay! Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
sound of a voice that is still! Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

Oft in the Stilly Night

THOMAS MOORE

Andantino

1. Oft in the still - y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me,
2. When I re - mem - ber all The friends, so link'd to - geth - er,
D.C.—*Thus, in the still - y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me,*

FINE

Fond mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.
I've seen a - round me fall, Like leaves in win - try weath - er,
Sad mem - 'ry brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

The smiles, the tears Of boy-hood's years, The words of love then spo - ken. The
I feel like one Who treads a - lone Some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose

D.C.

eyes that shone, Now dimm'd and gone, The cheer - ful hearts now bro ken!
lights are fled, Whose gar - lands dead, And all but he de - part - ed.

The Song that Reached My Heart

JULIAN JORDAN

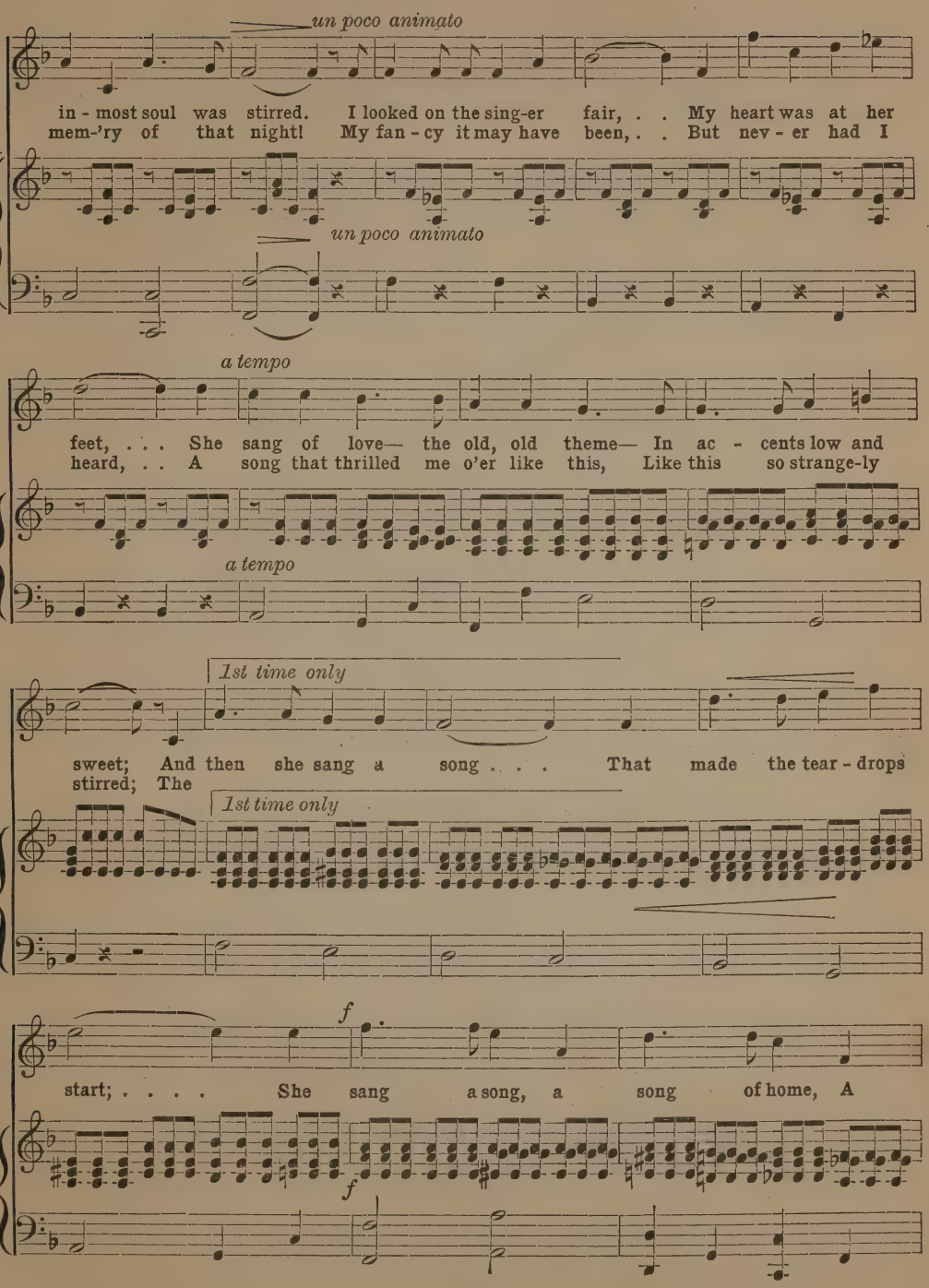
JULIAN JORDAN

1. I sat 'midst a mighty throng, . . . With - in a pal-ace grand, . . . In a ci - ty far be - yond the sea, In a dis-tant for - eign land; . . I listened to the grandest strain . . My ear had ev - er heard. . . En - raptured, charmed, a - mazed I was! My

2. That night I shall nev-er for - get, ... That night with its pleasure and pain; . . . I think of the sing - er, I think of the song, And wish I could live it a - gain; . . In fan-cy a - gain I re - call . . . The scene with its splendor bright, . The mighty throng, the pal - ace grand: Oh, the

ad lib. *a tempo*

colla voce *a tempo*


un poco animato
in - most soul was stirred. I looked on the sing-er fair, . . My heart was at her
mem-'ry of that night! My fan - cy it may have been, . . But nev - er had I
un poco animato
a tempo
feet, . . . She sang of love— the old, old theme— In ac - cents low and
heard, . . A song that thrilled me o'er like this, Like this so strange-ly
a tempo
1st time only
sweet; And then she sang a song . . . That made the tear - drops
stirred; The
1st time only
f
start; . . . . She sang a song, a song of home, A
f

rall. *2nd time only*

song that reached my heart! . . . mem - 'ries of that night of bliss Will

2nd time only

rall. *p*

nev - er from me part, . . . She sang a song of "Home, sweet home!" The

p Solo (*in absence of Chorus*)

song that reached my heart! . . . "Home, home, sweet, sweet home!"

Chorus. (S. A. T. B.)

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home!"

p

mf Solo. *rit.*

She sang the song of "Home, sweet home!" The song that reached my heart!

mf *colla voce*

Bridal Chorus, from Lohengrin

RICHARD WAGNER

Andante

mf

Guid - ed by us, thrice hap - py pair, En - ter this door-way,'tis love that in - vites;

All that is brave, all that is fair, Love now tri-umph-ant for - ev - er u - nites.

Cham-pion of vir - tue, bold - ly ad-vance, Flow'r of all beau - ty, gen - tly ad-vance;

p

Now the loud mirth of rev - 'ling is end - ed, Night, bring-ing peace and bliss, has de-

D.C.

scend-ed. Fann'd by the breath of hap-pi-ness, rest, Clos'd to the world, by love on - ly blest!

f

umph - ant for ev - - er u - nites, for - ev - er u - nites.

Oh! Don't You Remember Sweet Alice

Or Ben Bolt

1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice with hair so brown, . . . She wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And trem-bled with fear at your frown; . . In the old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt,
2. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the green sun-ny slope of the hill, . . . When oft we have sung 'neath its wide spread-ing shade, And kept time to the click of the mill; . . The mill has gone to de-cay, Ben Bolt,
3. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, And the mas-ter so kind and so true, . . . And the lit-tle nook by the clear run-ning brook, Where we gath-ered the flow'rs as they grew; . . On the Mas-ter's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,

p

In a cor-ner ob - scure and a - lone . . They have fit-ted a slab of
And a qui - et now reigns all a - round. . See the old rus-tic porch with its
And the run-ning lit-tle brook is now dry; . . And of all the friends who were

gran-ite so grey, And sweet Al - ice lies un - der the stone. . . They have
ro - ses so sweet, Lies scat-ter'd and fall'n to the ground. . . See the
school - mates then, There re - main, Ben, but you and I. . . . . And of

riten.

fit-ted a slab of gran-ite so grey, And sweet Al-ice lies un-der the stone. . .
old rus-tic porch, with its ro-ses so sweet, Lies scatter'd and fall'n to the ground. .
all the friends, who were school-mates then, There remain, Ben, but you and I. . . .

riten.

Fading, Still Fading

Portuguese Melody

Andantino mf

1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last . . . beam is shin - ing,
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, Oh! hear . . . when we call, . . .

p

Fa - ther in heav - en, the day . . is de - clin - ing;
Hear for Christ's sake, who is Sav - iour of all, ...

Safe - ty and in - no - cence fly with the light, Temp -
Fee - ble and faint - ing we trust in Thy might, In

ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the night; From the
doubt - ing and dark - ness Thy love be our light; Let us

fall of the shade till the morn - ing bells chime,
sleep on Thy breast while the night ta - per burns, And

Shield me from dan - ger and save me from crime.
wake in Thy arms when the morn - ing re - turns.

QUARTET

Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy,

Fa - ther, have mer - cy, thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.

Katey's Letter

Lady Dufferin

1. Och girls dear, did you ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al -
2. My heart was full, but when I wrote I dar'd not put the half in, The
3. I wrote it, and I fold - ed it, and put a seal up - on it, 'Twas a
4. Now girls, would you be - lieve it, that post - man so con - sait - ed, No

p

tho' he can - not read, sure I tho't 'twas all the bet - ter, For
neigh-bors know I love him, and they're might - y fond of chaff - ing, So I
seal al - most as big, as the crown of my best bon - net, For I
an - swer will he bring me, so long as I have wait - ed, But

why should he be puz - zled with hard spell - ing in the mat - ter, When the
dar'd not write his name out - side, for fear they would be laugh - ing, So I
would not have the Post - mas - ter make his re - marks up - on it, As I
may - be there mayn't be one, for the ra - son that I stat - ed, That my

mane - ing was so plain that I love him faith - ful - ly, I
wrote, "From lit - tle Kate to one whom she loves faith - ful - ly," I
said in - side the let-ter, that I lov'd him faith - ful - ly, I
love can neith - er read nor write but he loves me faith - ful - ly, He

love him faithful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with - out one word from me.
love him faithful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with - out one word from me.
love him faithful - ly, And he knows it, oh! he knows it, with - out one word from me.
loves me faithful - ly, And I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.

Baby Bunting

Bye, O Ba - by Bunt - ing, Dad - dy's gone a hunt - ing, To

get a lit - tle rab - bit - skin To wrap his Ba - by Bunt - ing in.

Long Ago

FRANK MUSGRAVE

Moderato

1. "Long, long a - go, . . long, long a - go," Do not these words re - call past years, And scarce - ly know-ing why they flow,
2. "Long, long a - go," when ma - ny a sound A - woke to mirth that sad - dens now, And ma - ny a spark-ling eye went round,
3. "Long, long a - go," the hopes we nurs'd — In sol - i - tude — of earth - ly fame Were bright as bub-bles are that burst,
4. "Long, long a - go," who breathes there here, O'er whom the past hath no such pow'r? Young heart if now thy sky is clear,

p *f* *rit.* *p*

Bring to the eyes un - bid - den tears; Do you not
That weeps be - neath a dark - en'd brow; When with our
A glit-t'ring drop, an emp - ty name: Oh, but to
Be - ware, be - ware the fu - ture hour: Per - chance the

agitato

dim. *cres.*

feel as back they come, . . Those dim sweet
whole young hap - py hearts, . . We lov'd and
be . . one hour a - gain . . (What - ev - er
tones that ech - - o now, . . In af - ter

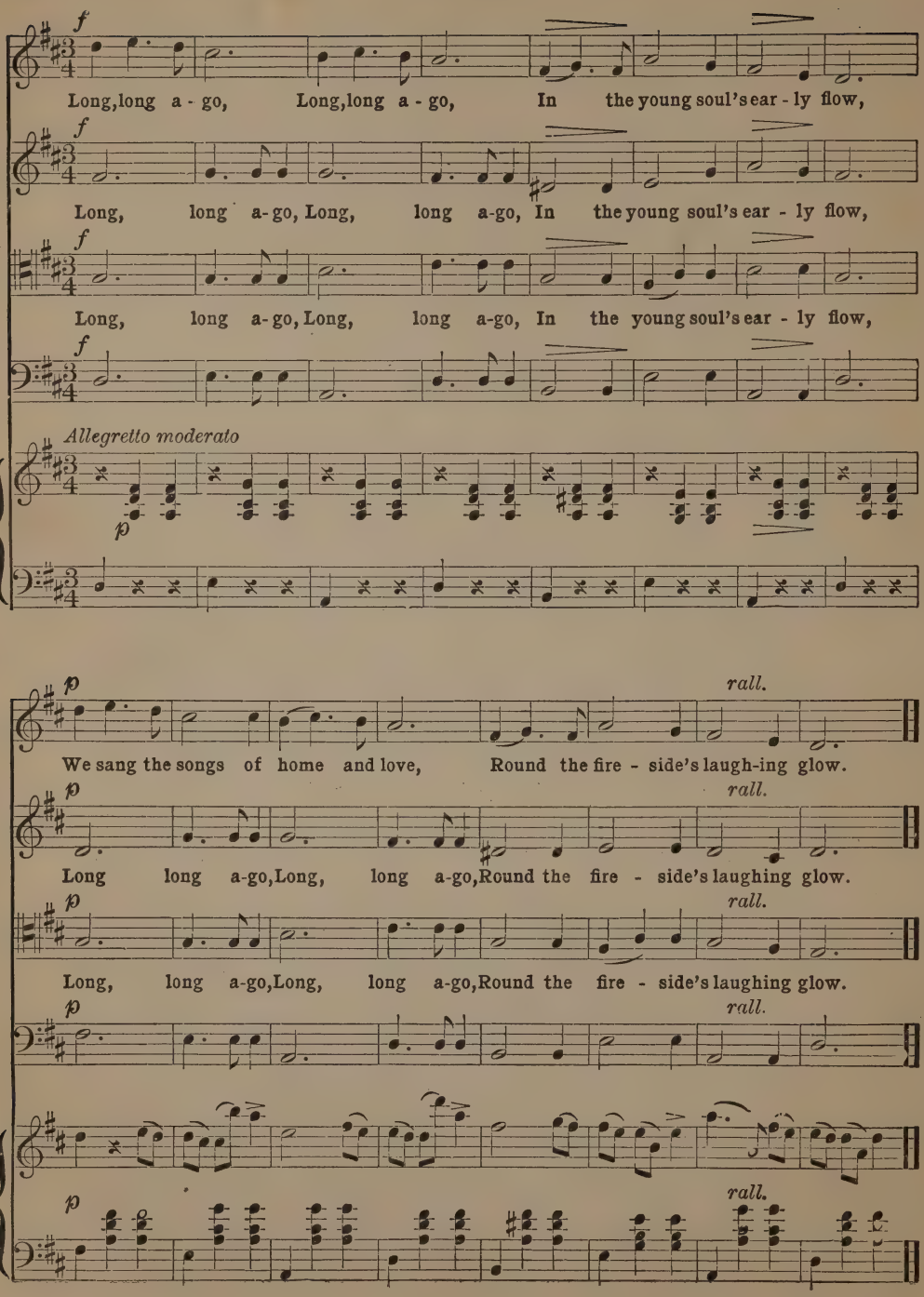
dim.

dreams of old - en days, . . A yearn - ing to your
laugh'd a - way the time, . . Nor thought how quick - ly
that sweet hour might cost!) . . Free from mem - 'ry's
years thou'lt hear a - gain; . . And gaz - ing on each

dim.

child - hood's home, Peo - pled with tones of love and praise.
all de - parts, So cher - ish'd in life's ear - ly prime.
tor - turing pain, With those we loved, with those we lost.
fa - ded brow, Wilt sigh - ing say, I heard that strain.

p


f
Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go, In the young soul's ear - ly flow,
f
Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go, In the young soul's ear - ly flow,
f
Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go, In the young soul's ear - ly flow,
f
Allegretto moderato
p
p
rall.
We sang the songs of home and love, Round the fire - side's laugh-ing glow.
p
rall.
Long long a-go, Long, long a-go, Round the fire - side's laughing glow.
p
rall.
Long, long a-go, Long, long a-go, Round the fire - side's laughing glow.
p
rall.
p
rall.

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

BEN JONSON — W. A. MOZART

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine, . .
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon-'ring thee, . .

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; . . The
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; . . . But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, . .
thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, . . .

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine, . . for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee, . . but thee.

Tempest of the Heart

From VERDI'S "Il Trovatore"

Largo

1. Her bright eyes whose ra - diant gleam-ing Pales the stars in yon fair
2. Ah! that wan - der, mur-m'ring round us, Waft the prayer that I, so
1. Il ba - len del suo sor - ri - so d'u - na stel - la vin - ce il

heav-en, With her smile in beauty beam-ing, Round me throw their witching spell, new ardor
lonely, Breathe for those blest ties that bound us, While her love, oh! rare sweet dream, is mine, mine
rag - gio; il ful-gor del suo bel vi - so no - vo in-fon - de, no - vo infonde a me co -

pp

giv - en! Ah! this pas - sion pure with - in me burn - ing, More than
on - ly! Ah! this pas - sion pure with - in me burn - ing, More than
rag - gio. Ah! l'a mor, l'a - mo - re ond' ar - do le fa -

dolce

words shall plead a lov - er's part; . . . . Her bright glan - ces on me . . .
vel - li in mi - o fa - vor. . . . . sper - da il so - le d'un suo . . .

turn - ing, Calm the tem - pest, Calm the tem - pest, in my heart.
sguar - do la tem - pes - ta, la tem - pes - ta del mio cor.

con espressione

This pure pas - sion in me burn - ing, More than words shall win me
Ah! l'a - mor, l'a - mo - re ond' ar - do le fa - vel - li in mio fa -

fa - vor, Her bright glan-ces on me turn - ing Calm the tem - pest in my
vo - re, sper - da il so - le d'un suo sguar - do la tem - pes - ta del mio

heart. This pure pas - sion in me burn - ing More than words shall win me
cor Ah! l'a - mor, l'a - mo - re ond' ar - do le fa - vel - li in mio fa -

fa - vor, Her bright glan - ces on me turn - ing, Calm the tem - pest,
vo - re, sper - da il so - le d'un suo sguar - do la tem - pes - ta

Cadenza ad lib.

Ah! . . . . . calm the tem-pest in my heart.
Ah! . . . . . si, la tem - pes - ta del mio cor.

Bonny Eloise

The Belle of the Mohawk Vale

A song taken up by Military Bands North and South in 1861

C. W. Elliott — J. R. Thomas

1. O, sweet is the Vale where the Mohawk gent - ly glides On its clear wind - ing way to the sea, And dear - er than all sto - ried streams on earth be - sides, In this bright roll - ing riv - er to me;
2. O, sweet are the scenes of my boy-hood's sun - ny years, That be - span - gle the gay val - ley o'er, And dear are the friends seen thro' mem - o - ries' fond tears That have lived in the blest days of yore;
3. O, sweet are the mo - ments when dream - ing I roam, Thro' my loved haunts now mos - sy and grey, And dear - er than all is my child-hood's hal-low'd home, That is crumb - ling now slow - ly a - way;

First, SOLO; *then* CHORUS

But sweet-er dear - er, yes, dear - er far than these Who charm where others all fail Is blue-eyed, bon- ny, bon- ny E - lo - ise, The Belle of the Mohawk Vale.

Soft, Soft Music is Stealing

Andante

German Melody

1. Soft, soft mu - sic is steal-ing, Sweet, sweet lingers the strain: Loud, loud now it is peal - ing, Waking the ech-oes a - gain. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Wak-ing the ech-oes a - gain.
2. Join, join, chil-dren of sad - ness, Send, send sor - row a - way; Now, now changing to glad - ness, Warble a beau-ti - ful lay. Yes, yes, yes, yes, War-ble a beau- ti - ful lay.
3. Sweet, sweet mel - o - dy's num-bers, Hark! hark! gen - tly they swell, Deep, deep, wak-ing from slumbers Thoughts in the bosom that dwell. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Thoughts in the bosom that dwell.

Hoop de Dooden Do

A. Nish

1. Some hun - dred years a - go or so, . . Good ole Mas - sa set me free,
2. I walk'd a - long a mile or two, Wid - out a boot, wid - out a shoe;
3. I did - n't go so ber - ry far, Be - fore I seen de rail - road car,
4. I went to pick a ba - by up, And look to see if it was hurt, Soon

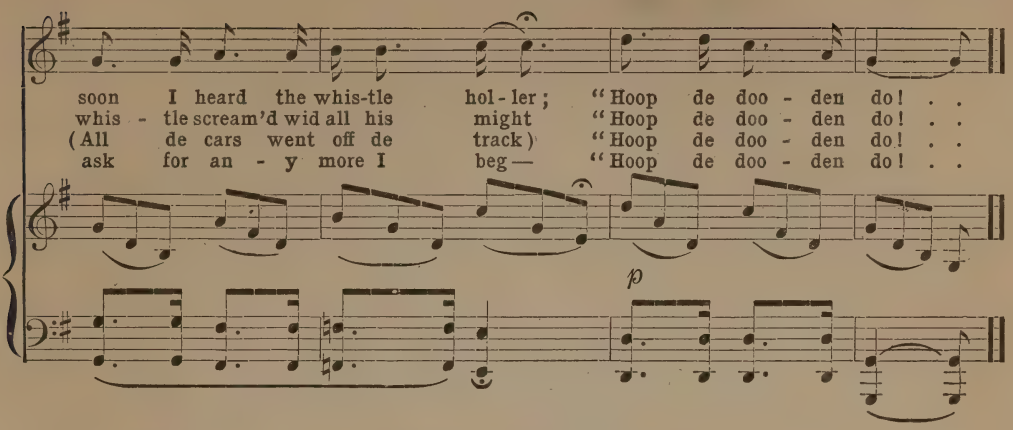
mp cres. *dim.*

Den de mis - sus she did cry; "Hoop de doo - den do!" . I
Den my feet did hurt me so,- "Hoop de doo - den do!" . I
Jump - ing ober a turn - pike bar; "Hoop de doo - den do!" . I
it be - gan a squeal - ing out; "Hoop de doo - den do!" . An -

mp cres. *p dim.*

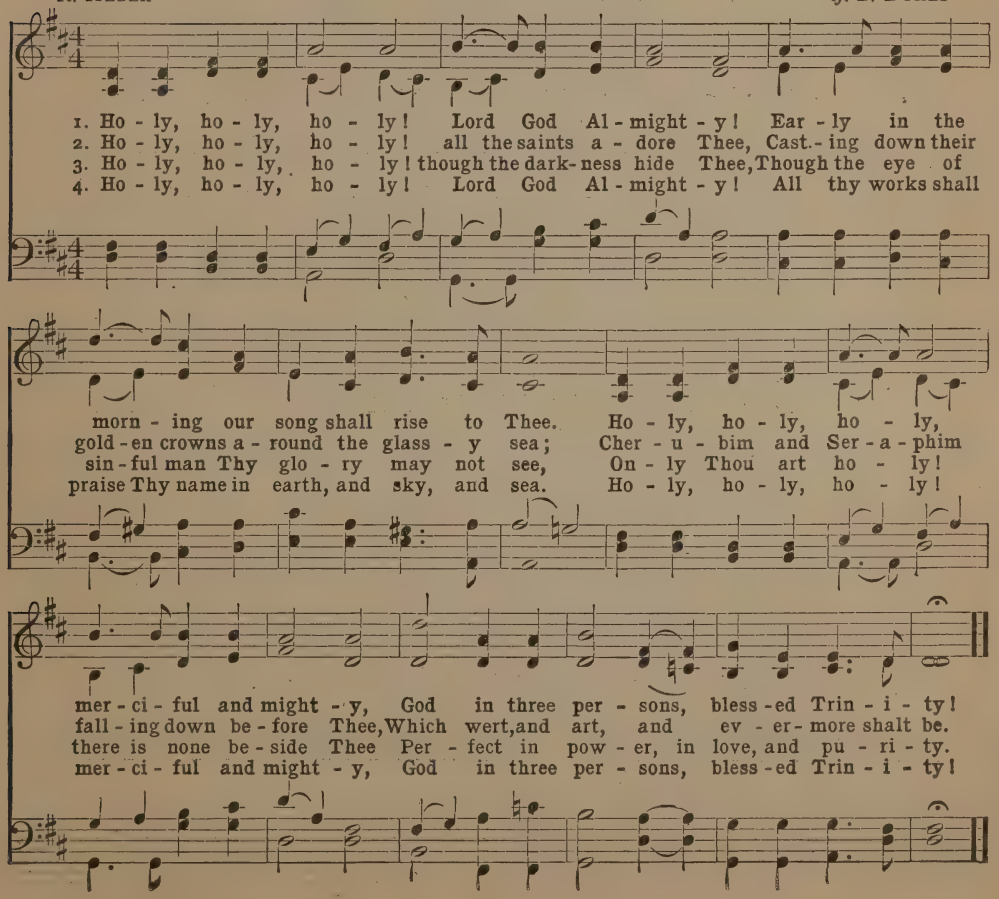
clap't my trunk up - on my back, And start - ed for de rail - way track, And
stood my trunk down on de ground, Just for to take a look a - round, De
heard de noise and see de sight, Den run a - way wid all my might:
oth - er fel - low broke his leg, He now goes on a wood - en peg; Don't

mp *cres.* *dim.*



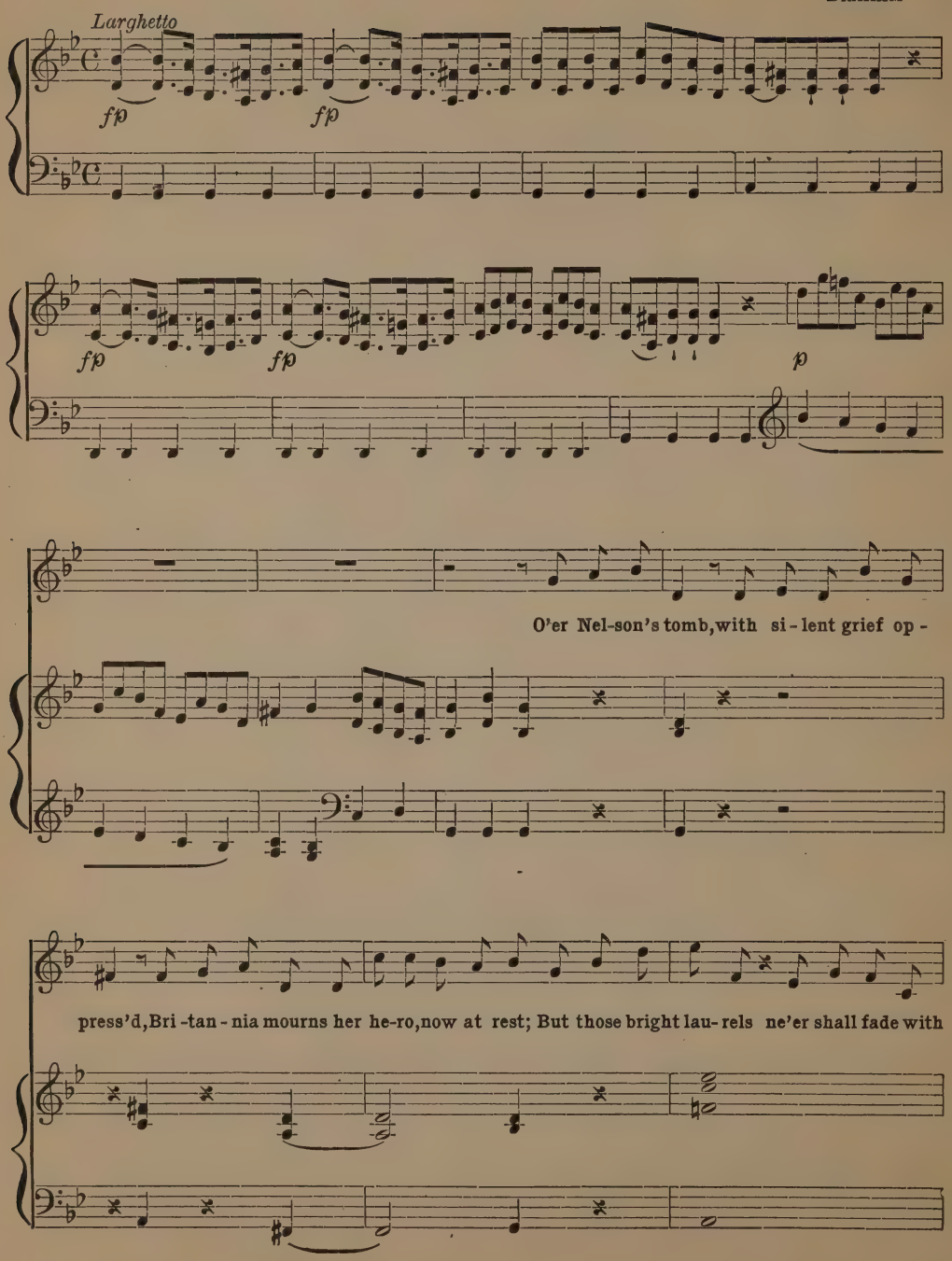
Holy, Holy, Holy

R. Heber J. B. Dykes



Nelson

BRAHAM



years, Whose leaves, whose leaves are water'd by a Nation's tears.

p

ARIA

Allegro

TRUMPETS. *ff* TUTTI. TRUMPETS. *ff* TUTTI.

TRUMPETS. *ff* TUTTI.

1. 'Twas in Tra-fal-gar's bay We saw the Frenchmen lay, Each
2. And now the cannons roar A - long th'af-fright-ed shore, Our

heart was bound - ing then, We scorn'd the for-eign yoke, For our
Nel - son led the way, His ship the Vic-t'ry nam'd! Long

ships were Bri - tish oak, And hearts of oak our men! Our
be that Vic - t'ry fam'd, For Vic - t'ry crown'd the day! But

Nel - son mark'd them on the wave, Three cheers our gal - lant
dear - ly was that con - quest bought, Too well the gal - lant

sea - men gave, Nor thought of home . or beau-ty, Nor
he - ro fought, For Eng - land, home . and beau-ty, For

p

thought of home or beau - ty, A - long the line this
Eng - land, home and beau - ty, He cried as 'midst the

sig - nal ran, Eng - land ex-pects that ev - 'ry man This
fire he ran, Eng - land shall find that ev - 'ry man This

8

day will do his du - ty! This day will . . do his . . .

du-ty!

ff

8

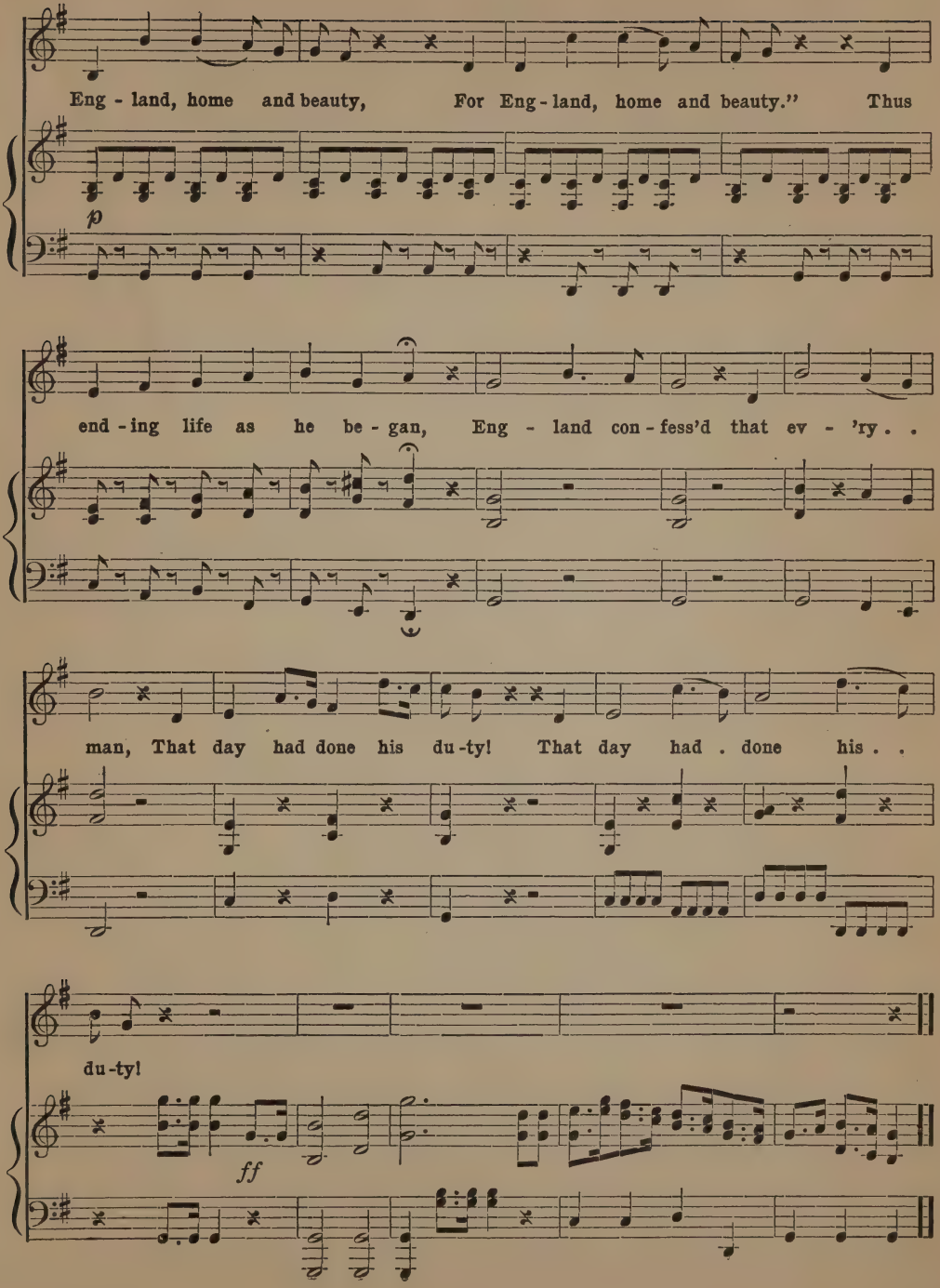
3. At last the fa - tal wound, Which spread dis-may a - round, The

p *ff* *p* *ff*

he - ro's breast, the . . he - ro's breast re - ceiv'd; "Heav'n fights on our

side, The day's our own," he cried! Now long e - nough I've liv'd! In

hon - or's cause my life was past, In hon - or's cause I fall at last, For


Eng - land, home and beauty, For Eng - land, home and beauty." Thus
p
end - ing life as he be - gan, Eng - land con - fess'd that ev - 'ry . .
man, That day had done his du - ty! That day had . done his . .
du - ty!
ff

Beautiful Dreamer

Serenade

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
(His last song)

Moderato

1. Beau-ti - ful dream - er, wake un - to me, Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee; . . . . . Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, Lull'd by the moonlight, have all pass'd a - way! . . . . . Beau-ti - ful dream - er, queen of my song, List while I woo thee with soft mel - o - dy;

2. Beau-ti - ful dream - er, out on the sea Mermaids are chanting the wild lore-lie; . . . . . O - ver the stream - let va - pors are borne, Wait-ing to fade at the bright coming morn. . . . . Beau-ti - ful dream - er, beam on my heart, E'en as the morn on the streamlet and sea;

Gone are the cares of life's bu - sy throng, Beau - ti - ful dreamer, a-wake un - to
Then will all clouds of sor-row de - part, Beau - ti - ful dreamer, a-wake un - to

me! . . . . . Beau - ti - ful dream-er, a - wake un - to me.

ad lib.

Our Baby

French Folksong

1. Cheeks of rose, Ti - ny toes, Has our lit - tle ba - by;
2. Mouth so fair, Skin so clear, Just as soft as may be;
3. Thee I love, Sweet - est dove, Dar - ling lit - tle ba - by!
4. Crow and play All the day, Hap - py lit - tle ba - by!

Eyes of blue, Fin - gers too, Cun - ning all as may be.
Bon - ny eyes, Look - ing wise, Such a pre - cious ba - by.
While I live, Thee I'll give Kiss - es warm as may be.
May your life, Free from strife, Pure as 'tis to - day be.

The Old Folks at Home

S. C. Foster

Moderato

1. Way down up-on the Swan-ee rib-ber, Far, far a-way, . .
2. All round the lit-tle farm I wander'd, When I was young, . .
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I love, . .

p

Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay; .
Den man-y hap-py days I squander'd, Man-y de songs I sung; .
Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove; .

All up and down de whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam, . . .
When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap-py was I. . . . .
When will I see de bees a-hum-ming, All round de comb! . .

mp

Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home. .
Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and . die. . .
When will I hear de ban - jo tum- ming Down in my good old . home. .

First, SOLO; *then* CHORUS

mp

All de world am sad and wea - ry, Eb' - ry- where I roam,

mp

mp

p

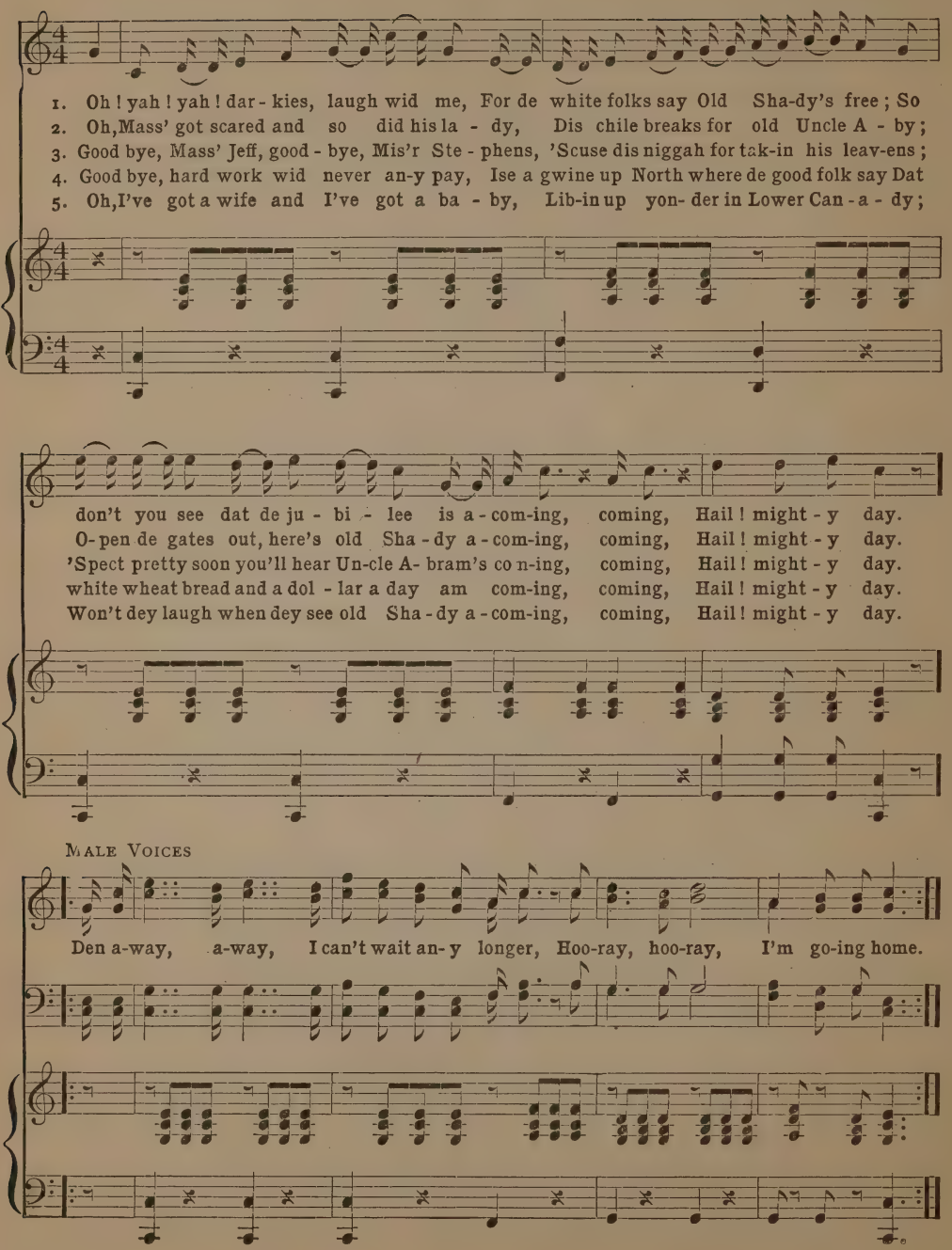
Oh! dark- ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from the old folks at home.

p

p

Old Shady

B. R. Hanby



Körner's Battle Prayer

KÖRNER — HIMMEL

Adagio

p

1. Fa - ther! I bend to Thee, Life, it was Thy gift,
3. Fa - ther! I trust in Thee. When midst the bat - tle's strife,
3. All I give back to Thee! When at Thy call, I my

p

Thou now canst shield it, From Thee it came, And to Thee I yield it! In
Death did sur-round me, E'en at the can-non's mouth Death has not found me.
life then shall yield, When in the cold tomb My fate shall be seal'd,

life or death, For-sake not me. Fa - ther, I bend to Thee.
Fa - ther, 'twas Thy will! I trust in Thee. Fa - ther, still guide Thou me.
Fa - ther, my soul take un - to Thee! Fa - ther, for-sake not me.

pp

The Wearing of the Green

DION BOUCICAULT — Old Irish Tune

1. O Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round?
2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el red,

p

The Sham - rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish
Sure Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have

ground; Saint Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, his col - ors can't be
shed. You may take the Sham-rock from your hat, and cast it on the

p

seen, For there's a cru - el law a - gin' the wear - in' of the
sod, But 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der foot 'tis

green. I met with Nap - per Tan - dy, and he took me by the
trod. When law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they

hand, And he said "How's dear ould Ire - land now, and how does she
grow, And when the leaves in Sum - mer time their ver - dure dare not

stand?" She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try that ev - er yet was seen; They're
show, Then I will change the col - or I wear in my cau - been; But

p

hang - ing men and wo - men there for wear - in' of the green.
till that day, please God, I'll stick to wear - in' of the green.

Make Me No Gaudy Chaplet

From DONIZETTI's "Lucrezia Borgia"

Make me no gau - dy chap - let, Weave it of sim - ple flow - ers;

pp *simile*

Seek them in low-ly val - lies, Af-ter the gen-tle show - ers. Bring me the dark red

ro - ses, Gay in the sun-shine glow - ing, Bring me the pale moss

cres.

rose - bud, Be-neath the fresh leaves growing. Bring not the proud-eyed

cres. *dim.* *pp*

blos - som, Dar-ling of East-ern daugh - ters, Bring me the snow - y li - ly,

simile

Floating on si - lent wa - ters. Gems of the low - ly val - ley, Buds which the leaves are

shad ing; Li-lies of peace-ful wa - ters, Emblems be mine un - fad - ing.

cres. *f* *p*

Li - lies of peace - ful wa - ters, Emblems be mine, be mine.

cres. *f* *dim.* *cres.*

Mary Morison

BURNS

p Slow, with expression

1. O Ma - ry, at thy win - dow be, It is the wish'd, the tryst - ed hour,
2. Yes - treen, when to the tremb - ling string The dance gaed thro' the lich - tit ha',
3. O Ma - ry, canst thou wreck his peace Wha for thy sake wad glad - ly die?

p

Those smiles and glan - ces let me see, That make the mi - ser's trea- sure poor.
To thee my fan - cy took its wing, I sat, but nei - ther heard nor saw.
Or canst thou break that heart of his, Whase on - ly faut is lov - ing thee?

p

mf Quicker.

How blythe - ly wad I bide the stoure, A wea - ry slave frae sun to sun,
Tho' this was fair and that was braw, And yon the toast o' a' the town,
If love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pi - ty to me shown!

mf Quicker. *rall.*

Slow, and tenderly

Could I the rich re - ward se - cure, The love - ly Ma - ry Mo - ri - son.
I sigh'd, and said a - mang them a', "Ye are na Ma - ry Mo - ri - son."
A thought un - gen - tle can - na be The thought o' Ma - ry Mo - ri - son.

dolce. *p*

Lightly Row

Spanish Melody

1. Light - ly row! Light - ly row! O'er the glass - y waves we go; Smooth-ly glide!
2. Far a - way! Far a - way! Ech - o in the rock at play Call - eth not,
3. Light - ly row! Light - ly row! O'er the glass - y waves we go; Smooth-ly glide!

Smooth - ly glide! On the si - lent tide. Let the winds and wa - ters be
Call - eth not To this lone - ly spot. On - ly with the sea - bird's note,
Smooth - ly glide! On the si - lent tide. Let the winds and wa - ters be

Min - gled with our mel - o - dy; Sing and float! Sing and float! In our lit - tle boat.
Shall our dy - ing mu - sic float! Light - ly row! Light - ly row! Ech - o's voice is low.
Min - gled with our mel - o - dy; Sing and float! Sing and float! In our lit - tle boat.

Far Away

Miss M. Lindsay — Mrs. J. W. Bliss

1. Where is now the mer - ry par - ty I re - mem - ber long a - go? Laughing
2. Some have gone to lands far dis - tant, And with stran - gers made their home; Some up -
3. There are still some few re - main - ing Who re - mind us of the past, But they

p

'round the Christmas fires, Brighten'd by the rud-dy glow, Or in summer's balmy
on the world of wa-ters All their lives are forc'd to roam; Some are gone from us for -
change as all things change here, Nothing in this world can last: Years roll on and pass for -

un poco cres.

p

eve - nings, In the field, up - on the hay? They have all dispers'd and wander'd Far a -
ev - er, Lon - ger here they might not stay: They have reach'd a fair - er re - gion Far a -
ev - er, What is com - ing, who can say? Ere this clo - ses, man - y may be Far a -

dim. *p*

way, Far a - way; They have all dis-pers'd and wander'd Far a - way, Far a-way.
way, Far a - way; They have reach'd a fair-er re - gion, Far a - way, Far a-way.
way, Far a - way; Ere this clo - ses, man - y may be Far a - way, Far a-way.

Come, All Ye Faithful

J. Reading

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy-ful and tri - um-phant, O come ye, O come ye to
2. Sing al - le - lu - ia, All ye choirs of an - gels; O sing, all ye blissful ones of
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morn-ing; Je - sus, to Thee be the
Ad - es - te, fi - de - les, Læ - ti tri -um- phan - tes, Ve - ni - te, ve - ni - te in

Beth - le-hem. Come and be-hold Him, Mon-arch of An-gels! O come, let us a -
Heav'n a-bove. Glo - ry to God In the highest, glo - ry! O come, let us a -
glo - ry giv'n. Word of the Fa- ther, Now in flesh ap- pear-ing, O come, let us a -
Beth - le - hem; Na - tum vi - de - te Regem an - ge - lo - rum! Ve - ni - te, a - do -

dore Him, O come, let us a- dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.
re - mus, Ve -ni - te, a - do - re - mus, Ve -ni - te, a - do - re - mus Do - mi - num.

Christians, Awake

An old English Christmas Carol

f

1. Chris - tians, a - wake! sa - lute the hap - py morn, Where - on the Sav - iour of man -
2. Then to the watch - ful shep-herds it was told, Who heard th' angel - ic her - ald's
3. He spake; and straight-way the ce - les - tial choir In hymns of joy, un-known be -
4. To Bethl'hem straight the hap - py shepherds ran To see the won- der God had

f

kind was born. Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - ry of love,
voice "Be - hold, I bring good tid - ings of a Sav- iour's birth,
fore, con - spire, The prais - es of re - deem - ing love they sang,
wrought for man, And found, with Jo - seph and the bless - ed maid,

Which hosts of an - gels chant - ed from a - bove; With them the joy - ful
To you and all the na - tions up - on earth; This day hath God ful -
And heaven's whole arch with al - le - lu - ias rang: God's high - est glo - ry
Her Son, the Sav - iour in a man - ger laid; A - mazed, the won - drous

tid - ings first be - gun, Of God in - car - nate and the Vir - gin's Son.
filled His prom-ised word, This day is born a Sav - iour, Christ the Lord."
was their an - them still, Peace up - on earth, and un - to men good - will.
sto - ry they pro - claim, The ear - liest her - alds of the Sav - iour's name.

5 Let us like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display:
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

Hush, My Babe

ISAAC WATTS — J. J. ROUSSEAU

1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed,
2. Soft and ea - sy is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sav - iour lay:
3. Hush, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song may seem so hard;

Heav'n-ly bless - ings with - out num - ber, Gent - ly fall - ing on thy head.
When His birth-place was a sta - ble, And his soft - est bed was hay,
'Tis thy moth - er sits be - side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard.

How much bet - ter thou'rt at - tend-ed Than the Son of God could be,
Oh, to tell the won - drous sto - ry, How his foes a - bused their King;
May'st thou learn to know and fear Him, Love and serve Him all thy days;

When from heav - en He de - scend-ed, And be - came a child like thee!
How they killed the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I sing.
Then to dwell for - ev - er near Him, Tell His love and sing His praise.

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch

Andantino

1,2,3. Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch! Roy's wife of Al - di - val-loch!

ad lib. FINE

Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I came o'er the braes of Bal-loch;

FINE

ad lib.

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, She said that she loo'd me best of o - ny, But
Oh, she was a can-ty quean, And weel cou'd she dance the High - land walloch; How
Her hair so fair, her een sae clear, Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bon-ny, To

f *rallent.* D.C.

oh! the fic - kle, faith-less quean She's ta'en the carl and left her John - nie!
hap - py I, had she been mine, Or I'd been Roy of Al - di - val - loch!
me she ev - er will be dear, Tho' she's for - ev - er left her John - nie!

f *rallent.* D.C.

Maggie By My Side

S. C. Foster

Allegretto

mp

1. The land of my home is flit - ting, Flit-ting from my view, A gale in the sails is sit - ting, Toils the mer - ry crew. Here let my home be,
2. The wind howl - ing o'er the bil - low From the dis - tant lea, The storm rag - ing round my pil - low Brings no care to me. Roll on, ye dark waves,
3. Storms can ap - pal me nev - er, While her brow is clear, Fair weather lin - gers ev - er Where her smiles ap - pear. When sorrow's break-ers

rall. *a tempo*

On the wa - ters wide, I roam with a proud heart, Maggie's by my side; My
O'er the trou-bled tide, I heed not your an - ger, Maggie's by my side; My
Round my heart shall hide, Still may I find her, Sit-ting by my side; My

rall. *a tempo*

cres.

own love, Maggie dear, Sit-ting by my side. Maggie dear, my own love, Sitting by my side.

cres.

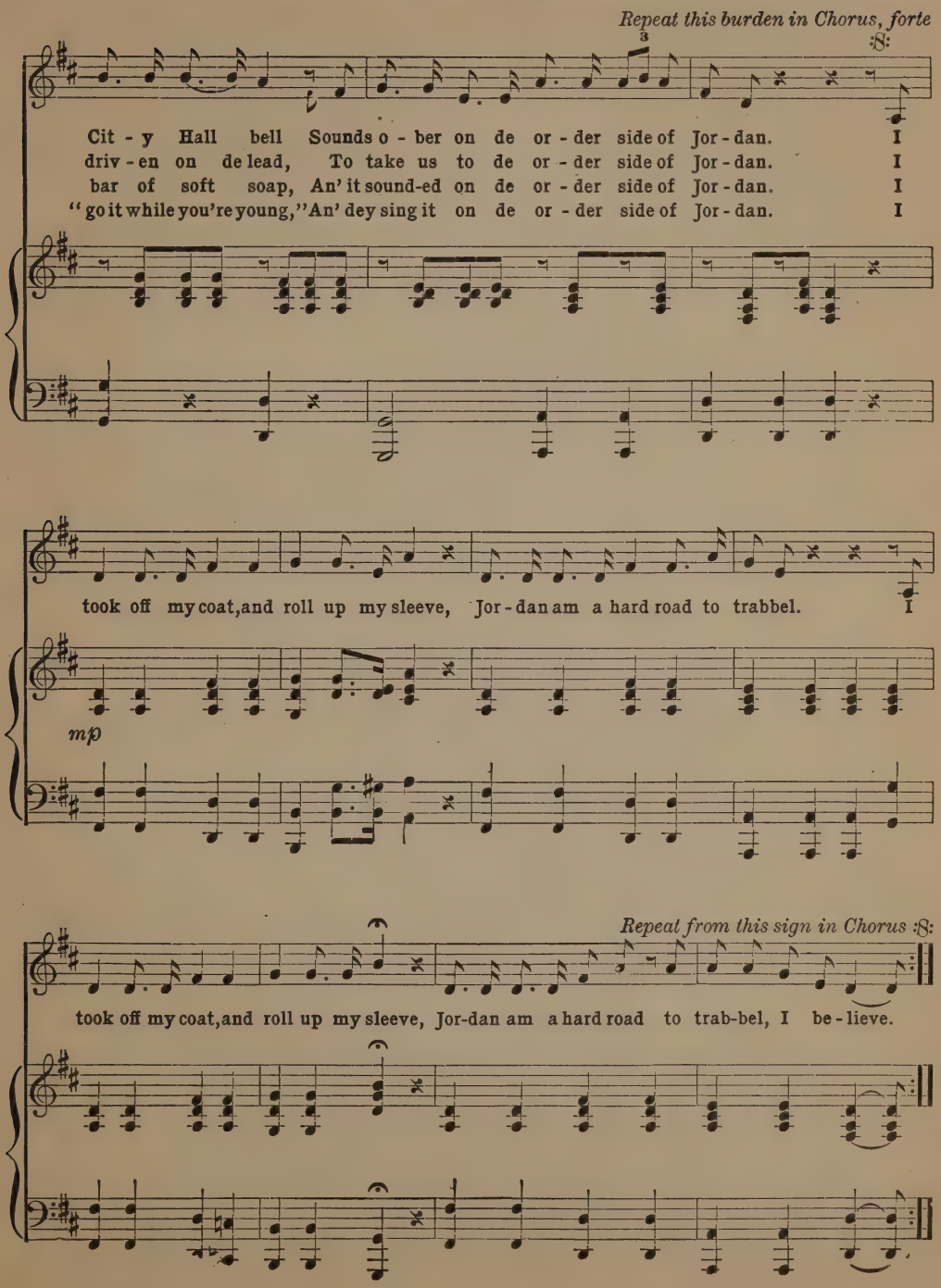
Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabbel

Animato con spirito T. F. Briggs

1. I ri - bed in - to New York, to pass de time a - way, I
2. Den I look - to de Norf, and I look to de East, And I
3. Clem in de hay-loft, try'n to get a - sleep,
4. I went an' made a ban - jo, so well I kept it strung, An'

mp

trabbel'd ober de Russ pav'ent ac - cord-in'. Dar gawne to hab it fin-ish'd when de
hol - ler for de ox - cart to come on, Wid four grey hor - ses a
Mas - sa John went out to maul um, He hit him on de head wid a
rang'd all my mu - sic now ac - cord-in', I play'd up a tune call'd


Repeat this burden in Chorus, forte
Cit - y Hall bell Sounds o - ber on de or - der side of Jor - dan. I
driv - en on de lead, To take us to de or - der side of Jor - dan. I
bar of soft soap, An' it sound-ed on de or - der side of Jor - dan. I
"go it while you're young," An' dey sing it on de or - der side of Jor - dan. I
took off my coat, and roll up my sleeve, Jor - dan am a hard road to trabbel. I
mp
Repeat from this sign in Chorus
took off my coat, and roll up my sleeve, Jor-dan am a hard road to trab-bel, I be - lieve.

Killarney

M. W. Balfe's Last Song

Moderato

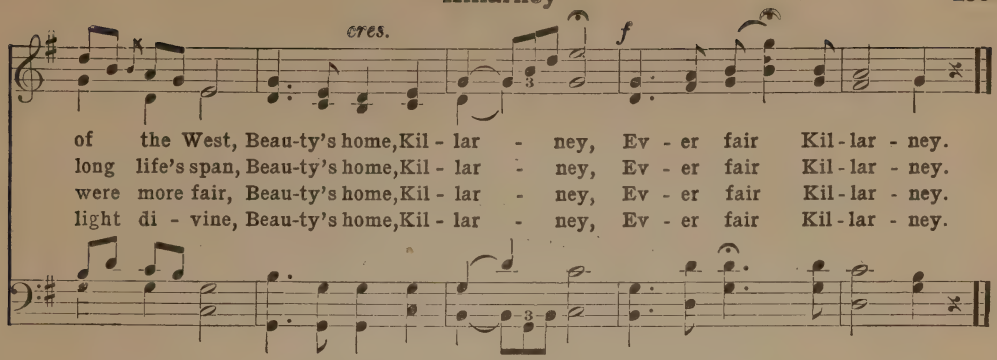
1. By Kil-lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em'rald isles and wind-ing bays, Mountain paths and
2. In - nis-fal - len's ru - ined shrine May suggest a pass-ing sigh; But man's faith can
3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and va - ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that
4. Mu - sic there for ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a har - mo - ny; Ma - ny-voic'd the

woodland dells, Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays. Boun-teous na - ture loves all lands,
ne'er de - cline Such God's won - ders float - ing by; Cas - tle Lough and Glen - a bay;
you pass by, Ver - dure broid - ers or be-sprints. Vir - gin there the green grass grows,
cho - rus swells, 'Till it faints in ec - sta - sy. With the charmful tints be - low,

Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where, Foot-prints leaves on ma - ny strands,
Moun - tains Tore and Ea - gle's Nest; Still at Mu - cross you must pray
Ev - 'ry morn springs na - tal day, Bright-hued ber - ries daff the snows,
Seems the heav'n a - bove to vie, All rich col - ors that we know

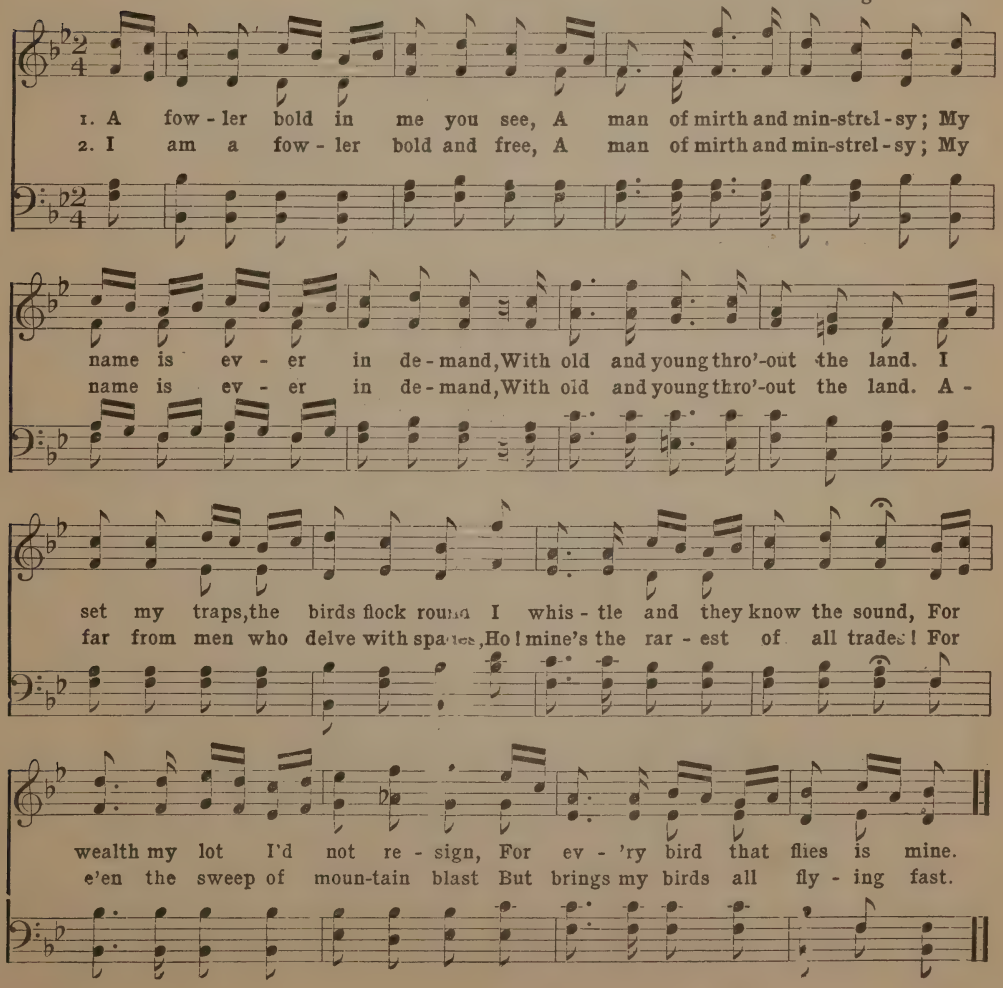
rall. *dim. pp a tempo*

But her home is sure - ly there! An-gels fold their wings and rest, In that E - den
Tho' the monks are now at rest. An - gels won-der not that man There would fain pro-
Smil - ing win - ter's frown a - way. An - gels oft - en paus-ing there, Doubt if E - den
Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky. Wings of an - gels so might shine, Glanc-ing back soft



Song of the Fowler

From MOZART's "Magic Flute"



O Dear! What Can the Matter Be?

1. O dear! what can the mat - ter be? Dear, dear! what can the mat - ter be?
2. O dear! what can the mat - ter be? Dear, dear! what can the mat - ter be?

FINE

O dear! what can the mat - ter be? John - ny's so long at the fair!
O dear! what can the mat - ter be? John - ny's so long at the fair!

He prom - ised to bring me a fair - ing to please me, And then for a
He prom - ised to bring me a bas - ket of po - sies, A gar - land of

kiss, Oh! he vowed he would tease me; He prom - ised to bring me a
lil - ies, a gar - land of ro - ses; A lit - tle straw hat to set

bunch of blue rib - bons To tie up my bon - nie brown hair.
off the blue rib - bons That tie up my bon - nie brown hair.

Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl

1. Come, land-lord, fill the flow-ing bowl, Un-til it doth run o-ver, Come,
2. The man that drinks good whis-ky punch, And goes to bed right mel-low, The
3. The man who drinks cold wa-ter pure, And goes to bed quite so-ber, The
4. But he who drinks just what he likes, And get-teth "half seas o-ver," But
5. The pret-ty girl that gets a kiss, And goes and tells her moth-er, The

land-lord, fill the flow-ing bowl, Un-til it doth run o-ver,
man that drinks good whis-ky punch, And goes to bed right mel-low,
man who drinks cold wa-ter pure, And goes to bed quite so-ber,
he who drinks just what he likes, And get-teth "half seas o-ver,"
pret-ty girl that gets a kiss, And goes and tells her moth-er,

CHORUS

For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be,
Lives as he ought to live, Lives as he ought to live,
Falls as the leaves do fall, Falls as the leaves do fall,
Will live un-til he dies, Will live un-til he dies,
Does a ver-y fool-ish thing, Does a ver-y fool-ish thing,

For to-night we'll mer-ry, mer-ry be, To-mor-row we'll be so-ber.
Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jol-ly fel-low.
Falls as the leaves do fall, So rare-ly in Oc-to-ber.
Will live un-til he dies, per-haps, And then lie down in clo-ver.
Does a ver-y fool-ish thing, And don't de-serve an-oth-er.

Why do Summer Roses Fade

J. E. Carpenter — George Barker

Andante con espressione

mf

rall.

:S:

1. Why do sum-mer ro - ses fade? If not to show how fleet-ing
2. Then, while sum-mer ro - ses last, Oh! let's be friends to - geth -er!
3. But, tho' sum-mer ro - ses die, And love gives place to rea- son!

p

All things bright and fair are made, To bloom a - while, as half a -
Sum - mer time will soon be past, When au - tumn leaves a - round us
Friend - ship pass with - out a sigh, And all on earth pass cold - ly

cres.

fraid To join our sum - mer greet -ing? Or, do they on - ly
cast, And then comes win - try weath- er. Oh! sure - ly as the
by, It's but a win - try sea - son! And friend-ship, love, and

bloom to tell, How brief a sea - son love may dwell? Or,
sum - mer's day, Yes, friend - ship, too, will pass a - way! Oh!
ro - ses, too, The spring - time shall a - gain re - new! And

do they on - ly bloom to tell, How brief a sea - son love may dwell?
sure - ly as the sum - mer's day, True friend -ship, too, will pass a - way!
friend - ship, love, and ro - ses, too, The spring-time shall a - gain re - new!

cres. *dim.* *D.S.*

Sing, Smile, Slumber

(Canti, Ridi, Dormi)

CHARLES GOUNOD

1. When at twi - light so soft - ly thy voice breaks in - to song,
2. When the smile on thy lip chas - es doubt far from my breast,
3. In the si - lence of night when mine eye vig - il doth keep,
1. Quand tu chan - tes ber - cé - e Le soir en - tre mes bras,

Can'st thou tell . . the sweet mem-'ries of old that round me throng,
All my gloom . is dis-pelled and for - ev - er in light I rest,
And thy lips . . mur-mur soft - ly of love, e'en in thy sleep,
En - tends tu . . ma pen - sé - e Qui te ré - pond tout bas,

cres. *p*

All the dear hap - py days then return to me, hallowed by thee. . . Ah! . . . then
In thy sweet smile confiding, 'tis in - nocence on-ly I see. . . . Ah! . . . then
Ah! the sight of thy beau-ty my soul with rapture doth fill. . . . Ah! . . . then
Ton doux chant me rap - pel - le les plus beaux de mes jours; . . Ah! . . . Chan-

cres.

sing, ah! sing for - ev - er, then sing, ah! sing to me, Then sing, ah! sing for-
smile, ah! smile for - ev - er, then smile, ah! smile on me, Then smile, ah! smile for-
slum-ber on, my fair one, ah! slumber, slum-ber still, Then slum - ber, fair one,
tez, chan - tez, ma bel - le, chan-tez, chan - tez tou - jours, chan- tez, chan - tez, ma

dim. *p* *1 & 2*

ev-er, sing still to me. Ah! sing for - ev-er, still sing to me.
ev-er, smile still on me. Ah! smile for - ev-er, still smile on me.
slum-ber, slum-ber still, Then (*Omit*) . . . . . .
bel-le, chan-tez tou-jours, chan-tez, ma bel-le, chan-tez tou-jours.

3

slumber, my fair one, ah! slum - ber, slum - ber still.

Good-night

Male Voices

f Sostenuto

1. Good - night, la - dies! good - night, la - dies! Good - night,
2. Fare - well, la - dies! fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well,
3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams,

Allegro

la - dies! We're going to leave you now. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,

Repeat pp

roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

The Last Rose of Summer

English Air

1. 'Tis the last Rose of Sum - mer left bloom - ing a - lone, All her
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem; Since the
3. So soon may I fol - low, when friend - ships de - cay, And from

love - ly com - pan - ions are fa - ded and gone. No flow'r of her kin - dred, no
love - ly are sleep - ing, go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter thy
love's shin - ing cir - cle, the gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie withered, and

ad lib.

rose - bud is nigh . . . To re - flect back her blush - es, or give . . sigh for sigh.
leaves o'er the bed, . . Where thy mates of the gar - den lie scent - less and dead.
fond ones are flown, . O! who would in - hab - it this bleak world a - lone?

No, Never, No

Written from memory by EDNA DEAN PROCTOR — Old Ballad

1. They sat by the fire-side, his fair daugh-ters three, They talked of their
2. "I'll give him this vest all of sat-in so fine;" "And I'll be his
3. "O did ye not hear it?" the sis-ters de-clare, "There's sure-ly a
4. "It is but the tem-pest that ra-ges so strong; The gale will it-
5. Pre-pare ye, fair maid-ens, pre-pare ye to weep! Your fa-ther lies

fa-ther who sail'd on the sea: "Oh! when he comes back, we will all love him
car-ver when he sits to dine;" "And I'll climb his knee and such kiss-es be-
spir-it that talks in the air; And wheth-er we speak eith-er loud-ly or
self waft our fa-ther a-long; Go look at the vane and see how the winds
cold in the dark-roll-ing deep; Look not at the vane nor ask how the winds

so, . . . He nev-er a-gain to the salt sea shall go. No! nev-er, no!"
stow . . He nev-er a-gain to the salt sea shall go. No! nev-er, no!"
low, . . It an-swers in accents all mournful and slow, 'No! nev-er, no!'"
blow: . . He'll bring us gay things for he promised us so." "No! nev-er, no!"
blow, . . His ghost in the storm whispers mournful and slow: "No! nev-er, no!"

Jingle, Bells

Allegro mf

1. Dash - ing thro' the snow, In a one - horse o - pen sleigh;
2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And
3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young;

mf

O'er the fields we go, Laughing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring
soon Miss Fan - nie Bright Was seat-ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mis-
Take the girls to-night, And sing this sleighing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-

Mak-ing spir - its bright; What fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song to-night!
for-tune seem'd his lot; He got in - to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up-sot.
for - ty for his speed; Then hitch him to an o-pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

CHORUS * *f*

Jin-gle, bells! Jin - gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a

f

* Accompanied by jingling glasses.

one-horse o - pen sleigh! Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way!

Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

Gaily the Troubadour

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY

1. Gai - ly the Trou-ba-dour touch'd his gui-tar, When he was hast-en-ing home from the war;
2. She for the Trou-ba-dour hope-less-ly wept; Sad - ly she tho't of him when others slept;
3. Hark! 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name; Un - der the bat-tlement soft-ly he came;

Sing-ing, "From Pal-es-tine, hith-er I come; La - dy love, la - dy love, wel-come me home."
Sing-ing, "In search of thee would I might roam; Troubadour, Troubadour, come to thy home."
Sing-ing, "From Pal-es-tine, hith-er I come; La - dy love, la - dy love, wel-come me home."

Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town

TOM D'URFEY — JAMES HOOK

Moderato

1. 'Twas with - in a . . mile of Edin - boro' town In the ros - y time of the year; Sweet flow - ers bloom'd, and the grass was down, And each shep - herd woo'd his dear. Bon - nie Jock-ie, blythe and gay,
2. Young Jock-ie was a wag that nev-er wad wed, Though lang he had fol-lowed the lass; Con - tent - ed she earn'd and ate her brown bread, And mer - ri - ly turn'd up the grass. Bon - nie Jock-ie, blythe and free,
3. But when he . . vow'd he wad make her his bride, Tho' his flocks and herds were but few, She gied him her hand and a kiss be - side, And vow'd she'd for - ev - er be true. Bon - nie Jock-ie, blythe and free,

p *sf*

Kiss'd young Jen-nie mak-ing hay; The las-sie blush'd, and frown-ing cried: "Na,
Won her heart right mer-ri-ly; Yet still she blush'd, and frown-ing cried: "Na,
Won her heart right mer-ri-ly; At kirk she no more frown-ing cried: "Na,

sf

na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, win-na, win-na,
na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, win-na, win-na,
na, it win-na do; I can-na, can-na, win-na, win-na,

sf

Verses 1 and 2. D.S. | *Last.*

maun-na buc-kle to."
maun-na buc-kle to."
maun-na buc-kle to."

f *sf*

Kingdom Coming

Words and music by HENRY C. WORK

1. Say, dar - keys, hab you seen de mas- sa, Wid de muff-stash on his face, Go long de road some time dis morn- in', Like he gwine to leab de place? He seen a smoke, way up de rib - ber, Whar de Link - um gum- boats lay; He
2. He six foot one way, two foot tud-der, An' he weigh tree hun- dred pound. His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tail - or, An' it won't go half way round. He drill so much dey call him Cap- 'an, An' he get so dref - ful tann'd, I
3. De dar - keys feel so lone-some lib-ing In de log-house on de lawn, Dey move dar tings to mas - sa's par - lor For to keep it while he's gone. Dar's wine an' ci - der in de kit-chen, An' de dar - keys dey'll hab some; I
4. De o - ber - seer he made us trou-ble, An' he dribe us round a spell; We lock him up in de smoke-house cel - lar, Wid de key trown in de well. De whip is lost, de han' - cuff bro-ken, But de mas - sa'll hab his pay. He's

took his hat, an' lef ber-ry sud-den, An' I spec he's run a-way!
spec he try an' fool dem Yan-kees For to tink he's con - tra-band.
spose dey'll all be con - fis - ca-ted When de Lin-kum so - jers come.
ole e-nough, big e-nough, ought to know bet-ter Dan to went an' run a-way.

CHORUS

De mas - sa run? ha, ha! De dar - key stay? ho, ho! It

mus' be now de king-dom com-in', An' de year ob Ju - bi-lo!

The Blue Juniata

Mrs. M. D. Sullivan

1. Wild rov'd an In - dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Swift as an an - te - lope, Thro' the for - est go - ing, Loose were her jet - ty locks In wa - vy tress - es flow - ing.
2. Gay was the moun - tain song Of bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Strong and true my ar - rows are In my paint - ed quiv - er, Swift goes my light ca - noe A - down the ra - pid riv - er.
3. Bold is my war - rior good, The love of Al - fa - ra - ta, Proud waves his snow - y plume A - long the Ju - ni - a - ta. Soft and low he speaks to me, And then his war - cry sounding, Rings his voice in thun - der loud From height to height resounding.
4. So sang the In - dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Where sweep the wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Fleet - ing years have borne a - way The voice of Al - fa - ra - ta, Still sweeps the riv - er on Blue Ju - ni - a - ta.

Dutch National Song

Composer Unknown

Andante

1. Let him in whom old Dutch blood flows, Un-taint-ed, free and strong; Whose heart for Prince and coun-try glows, Now join us in our song; Let him with us lift up his voice, And sing in pa-triot band, The song at which all hearts re-joice, For Prince and Fa-ther-land, For Prince and Fa-ther-land!

2. We broth-ers, true un-to a man, Will sing the old song yet; A-way with him who ev-er can His Prince or land for-get; A hu-man heart glow'd in him ne'er, We turn from him our hand, Who cal-lous hears the song and pray'r, For Prince and Fa-ther-land, For Prince and Fa-ther-land!

p *ff* *mf* *p* *f*

My Old Dog Tray

Andantino con moto

S. C. Foster

1. The morn of life is past, And ev' - ning comes at last, It brings me a dream of a once hap - py day; Of youth-ful forms I've seen, Up - on the vil - lage green A sport - ing with my old dog Tray. . .
2. The forms I call'd my own Have van - ish'd one by one; The lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd a - way; Their hap-py smiles have flown, Their gen - tle voi - ces gone, I've noth - ing left but old dog Tray. . .
3. And once when near - ly drown'd, The no - ble heart - ed hound, From death's o - pen jaws snatch'd his mas - ter a - way; And bore me safe to shore, Where I nev - er, nev - er more Shall have bet - ter friends than old dog Tray. . .
4. When thoughts re - call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I know that he feels what my poor heart would say; Al-though he can - not speak, I should vain - ly try to seek A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray. . .

p

Old dog Tray's ev - er faith - ful, Grief can - not drive him a - way, . . He's

gentle, he is kind, I shall never, nev-er find A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray. . .

America

National Hymn

1. My coun-try ! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty ! Of thee I sing ; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun-try! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love ; I love thy
3. Our Fa-ther's God ! to thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty ! To thee we sing ; Long may our

fa- thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free- dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
land be bright, With freedom's ho- ly light, Pro- tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Dearest Mae

FRANCIS LYNCH — L. H. V. CROSBY

1. Now dar - kies, list - en to me, a sto - ry I'll re - late, It hap-pen'd in de val - ley of de old Car - li - na State; A - way down in de mead - ows 'twas dere I mow'd de hay, And I
2. My Mas - sa gib me a ho - li - day, he said he'd gib me more, I tank him ber - ry kind - ly, and I push'd my boat from shore; As down the rib - ber I glide a - long, wid a heart so light and free, To de
3. Be - neath de sha - dy old oak - tree, we sat for ma - ny hours, As hap - py as de buz - zard bird dat flies a - mong de flow'rs; Oh! dere's de spot where's dear-est Mae, she al - ways looks so sweet, Her

al - ways work de hard - er when I tink ob dear - est Mae. . .
cot - tage ob my dear - est Mae, I lub'd so much to see. . . .
eyes dey spar - kle like de stars, and her lips as red as beet. . .

p *First*, SOLO; *then* CHORUS

Oh! dear - est Mae, you're lub - ly as de day, Your eyes so bright dey

p

p

shine at night, When de moon am gwan a - way.

Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye

J. L. Hatton

Moderato

1. The bright stars fade, the morn is break - ing, The dew - drops pearl each
2. The sun is up, the lark is soar - ing, Loud swells the song of

rall. un poco

bud and leaf, And I from thee my leave am tak-ing, With bliss too brief, with
chan - ti-cleer, The lev - 'ret bounds o'er earth's soft flow'ring, Yet I am here, yet

tr *a tempo*

bliss, . . . with bliss . . . too brief. How sinks my heart with
I, ... yet I . . . . am here. For since night's gems from

fond a-larms, The tear is hid - ing in mine eye, For time doth tear me
heav'n do fade, And morn to flo - ral lips doth hie, I could not leave thee

con calore

from thine arms, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye, Good - bye, sweetheart, good-
though I said Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye, Good - bye, sweetheart, good-

bye, For time doth tear me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.
bye, I could not leave thee though I said Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.

colla voce

Heaven is My Home

T. R. Taylor — A. S. Sullivan

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home.
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grimage, Heav'n is my home.
3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home.

rit.

Dan - ger and sorrow stand Round me on ev'ry hand, Heav'n is my father-land, Heav'n is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be o-ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest, Those I lov'd most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

My Old Kentucky Home

S. C. Foster

Rather slow

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay;
The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;

2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the shore;
The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light;

3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-ey may go;
A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load— No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;

1

The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day.
By'm-by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my (*Omit* . . . . . .)
They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door.
The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my (*Omit* . . . . . .)
A few more days, and the trou-ble all will end, In the field where the sugar-canes grow;
A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my (*Omit* . . . . . .)

2

Chorus

old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night! Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day!

We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a way.

Marching Along

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

March movement

1. The ar - my is gath - 'ring from near and from far, The trum - pet is sound - ing the
2. The foe is be-fore us in bat - tle ar - ray, But let us not wa - ver, or
3. Our wives and our chil - dren we leave in your care, We feel you will help them their
4. We sigh for our coun - try, we mourn for our dead, For them now our last drop of
5. The flag of our coun - try is float - ing on high, We'll stand by that flag till we

call for the war; Mc - Clel - lan's our lead - er, he's gal - lant and strong, We'll
turn from the way; The Lord is our strength, and the Un - ion's our song, With
sor - rows to bear; 'Tis hard thus to part, but we hope 'twont be long, We'll
blood we will shed; Our cause is the right one—our foe's in the wrong, Then
con - quer or die; Mc - Clel - lan's our lead - er, he's gal - lant and strong, We'll

CHORUS

gird on our ar- mor and be march-ing a-long. March-ing a- long, we are marching a-long,
cour - age and faith we are march-ing a-long.
keep up our hearts as we're march-ing a-long.
glad - ly we'll sing as we're march-ing a-long.
gird on our ar- mor and be march-ing a-long.

Gird on the ar- mor and be march - ing a - long; Mc- Clel - lan's our lead - er, he's

gal - lant and strong, For God and our coun-try we are march - ing a - long.

Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

JAMES BLAND

Moderato

1. Car-ry me back to old Vir-ginny, There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,
2. Car-ry me back to old Vir-ginny, There let me live till I wither and de-cay,

p

There's where the birds war-ble sweet in the spring-time, There's where the old dar-key's
Long by the old Dis-mal Swamp have I wan-dered, There's where this old dar-key's

heart am long'd to go, There's where I la-bored so hard for old Mas-sa,
life will pass a-way. Mas - sa and Mis-sis have long gone be-fore me,

Day af - ter day in the field of yel-low corn, No place on earth do I
Soon we will meet on that bright and gold-en shore, There we'll be hap - py and

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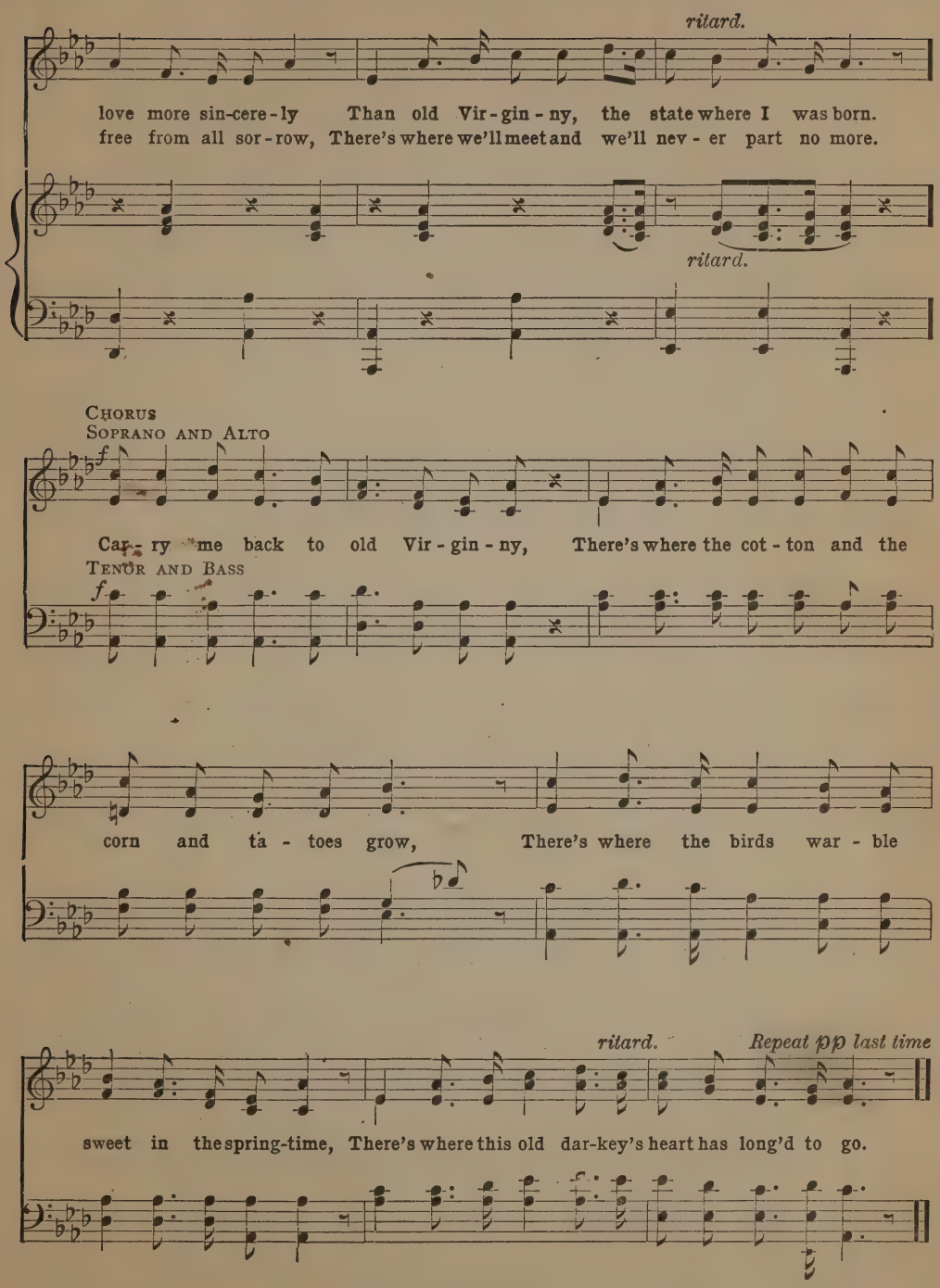

ritard.
love more sin-cere-ly Than old Vir-gin-ny, the state where I was born.
free from all sor-row, There's where we'll meet and we'll nev-er part no more.
ritard.
Chorus
Soprano and Alto
f
Car-ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the cot-ton and the
Tenor and Bass
f
corn and ta-toes grow, There's where the birds war-ble
ritard.
Repeat pp last time
sweet in the spring-time, There's where this old dar-key's heart has long'd to go.

Dixie

Adapted by Collin Coe — Dan Emmet

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten, Look a-
2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry "Will de Wea-ber," Willium was a gay de-ceab-er; Look a-
3. His face was sharp as a butcher's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab 'er; Look a-

way! Look a-way! Look away! Dixie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in,
way! Look a-way! Look away! Dixie Land. But when he put his arm a-round 'er, He
way! Look a-way! Look away! Dixie Land. Old Mis-sus acted de fool-ish part, And

Ear-ly on one frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.
smiled as fierce as a for-ty-pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.
died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land I'll

p

take my stand, To lib and die in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-

way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
An all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! etc.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! etc.
Cho. Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

5 Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingun' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! etc.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! etc.
Cho. Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

Italian National Hymn

Canto.

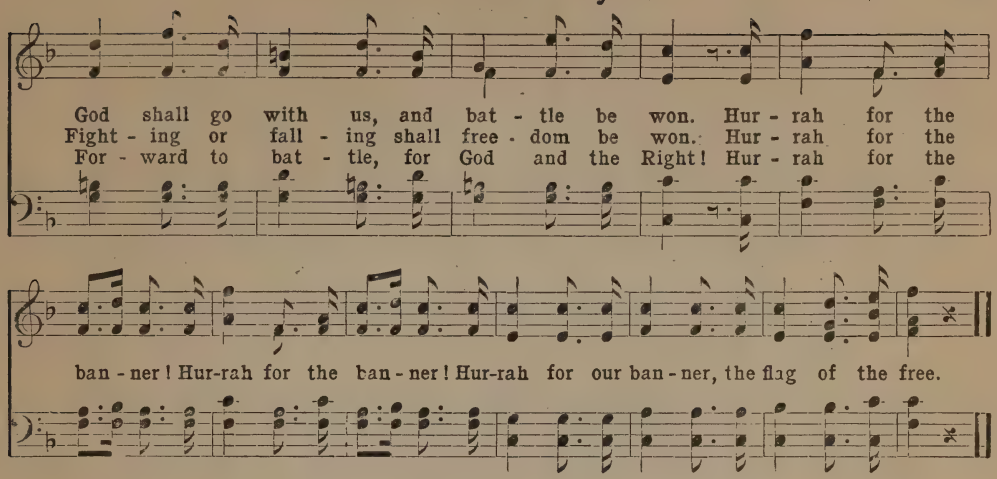
1. All for-ward! All for-ward! All for-ward to bat-tle! The trumpets are
2. All for-ward! All for-ward! All for-ward for Freedom! In ter-ri-ble
3. All for-ward! All for-ward! All forward to conquer! Where free hearts are

cry-ing, All for-ward! All for-ward! Our old flag is fly-ing. When lib-er-ty
splen-dor She comes to the loy-al who die to de-fend her; Her stars and her
beat-ing, Death to the cow-ard who dreams of re-treat-ing! Lib-er-ty

calls us we lin-ger no lon-ger; Reb-els, come on! tho' a thou-sand to one!
stripes o'er the wild wave of bat-tle Shall float in the heavens to wel-come us on. All
calls us from mountain and val-ley; Wav-ing her ban-ner, she leads to the fight.

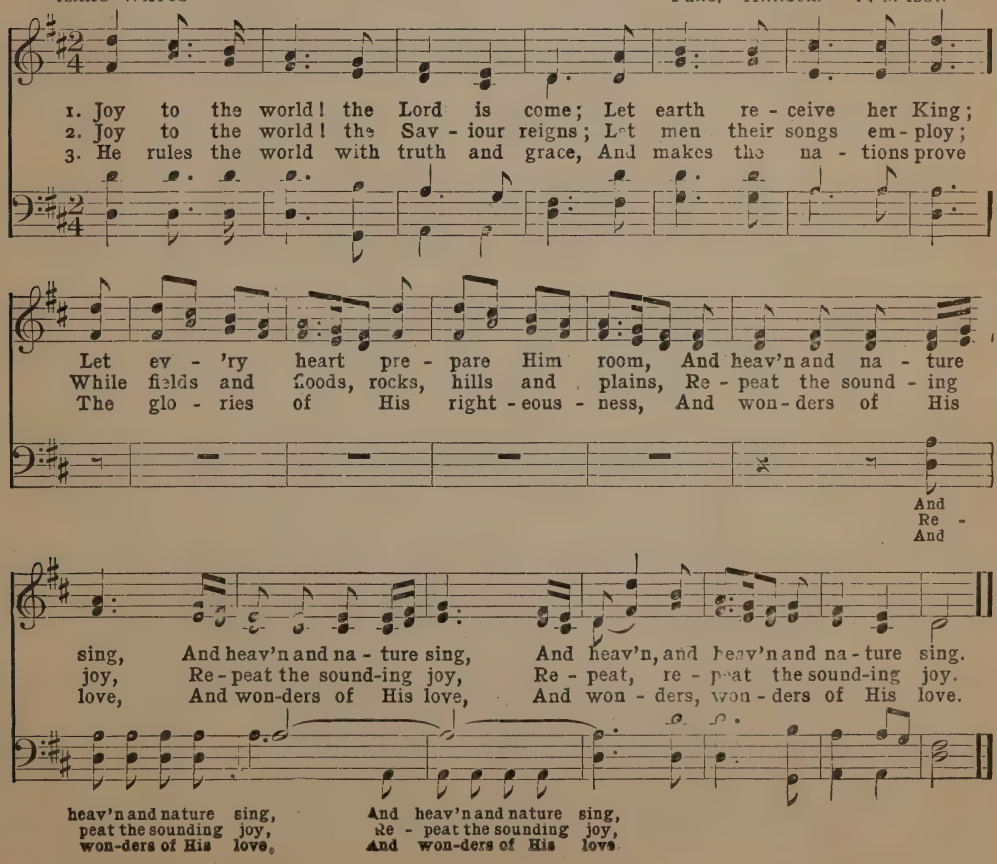
Lib-er-ty! Lib-er-ty! death-less and glo-rious, Un-der thy ban-ner thy
for-ward! to glo-ry, though life-blood is pouring, Where bright swords are flashing, and
For-ward! all for-ward! the trum-pets are cry-ing; The drum beats to arms, our old

sons are vic-to-rious, Free souls are val-iant, and strong arms are stronger,
can-ons are roar-ing. Wel-come to death in the bul-let's quick rat-tle,
flag, it is fly-ing; Stout hearts and strong hands a-round it shall ral-ly,



Joy to the World

ISAAC WATTS — Tune, "Antioch." L. MASON

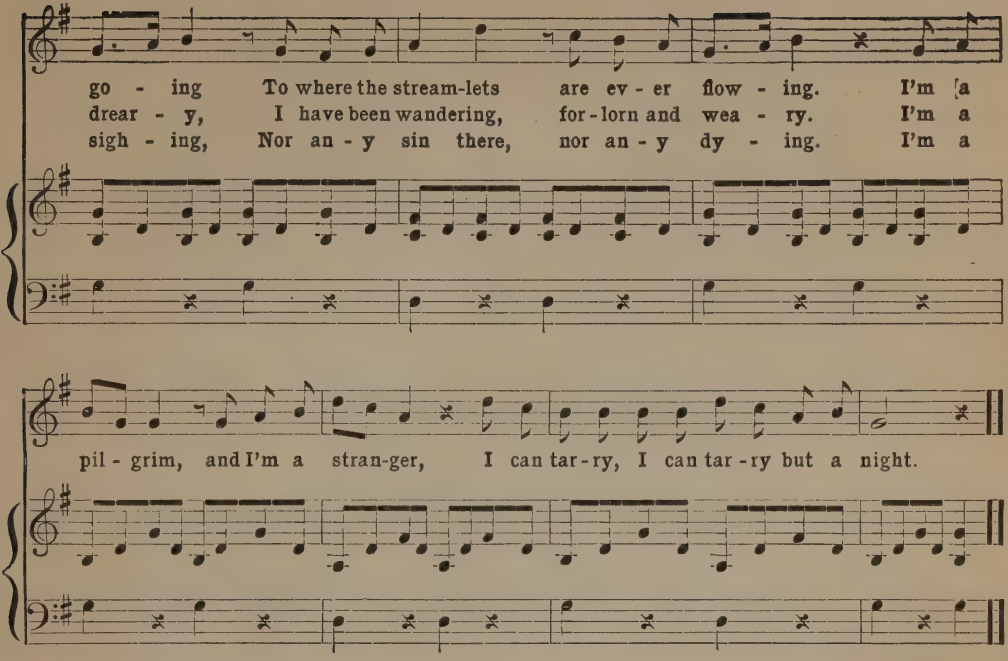


I'm a Pilgrim

M. S. B. Shindler. Italian Melody

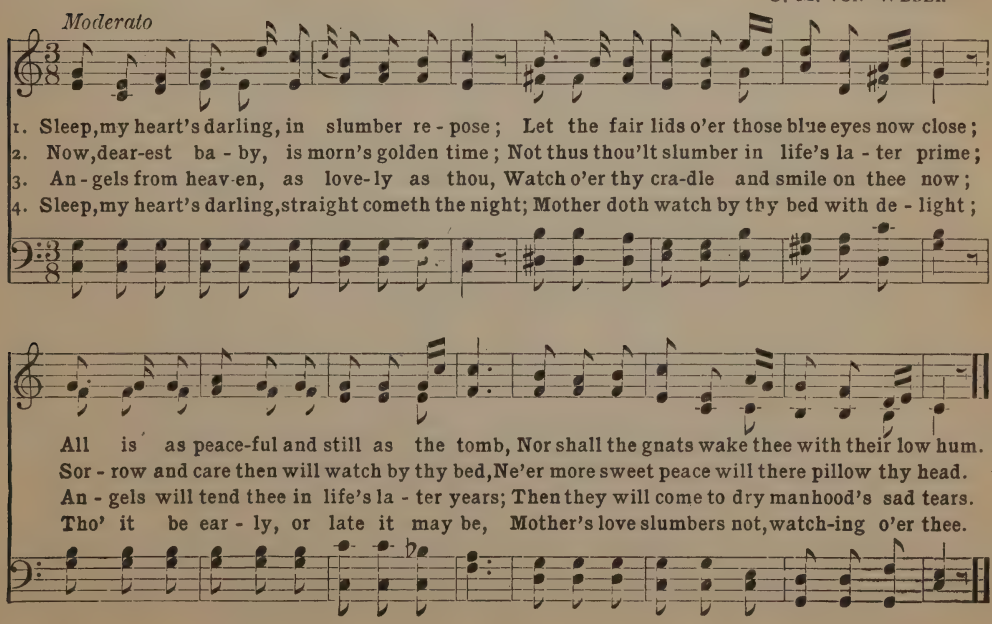
Allegretto con amour

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night; I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger, I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night; Do not de - tain me, for I am
2. There the sun-beams are ev - er shin - ing, I am long-ing, I am long-ing for the sight; There the sun - beams are ev - er shin - ing, I am long-ing, I am long-ing for the sight! With - in a coun - try, unknown and
3. Of that coun - try to which I'm go - ing, My Re - deem-er, my Re-deem-er is the light; Of that coun - try to which I'm go - ing, My Re - deem-er, my Re-deem-er is the light; There no sor - row, nor an - y



Cradle Song

C. M. von Weber



Oh! Susanna

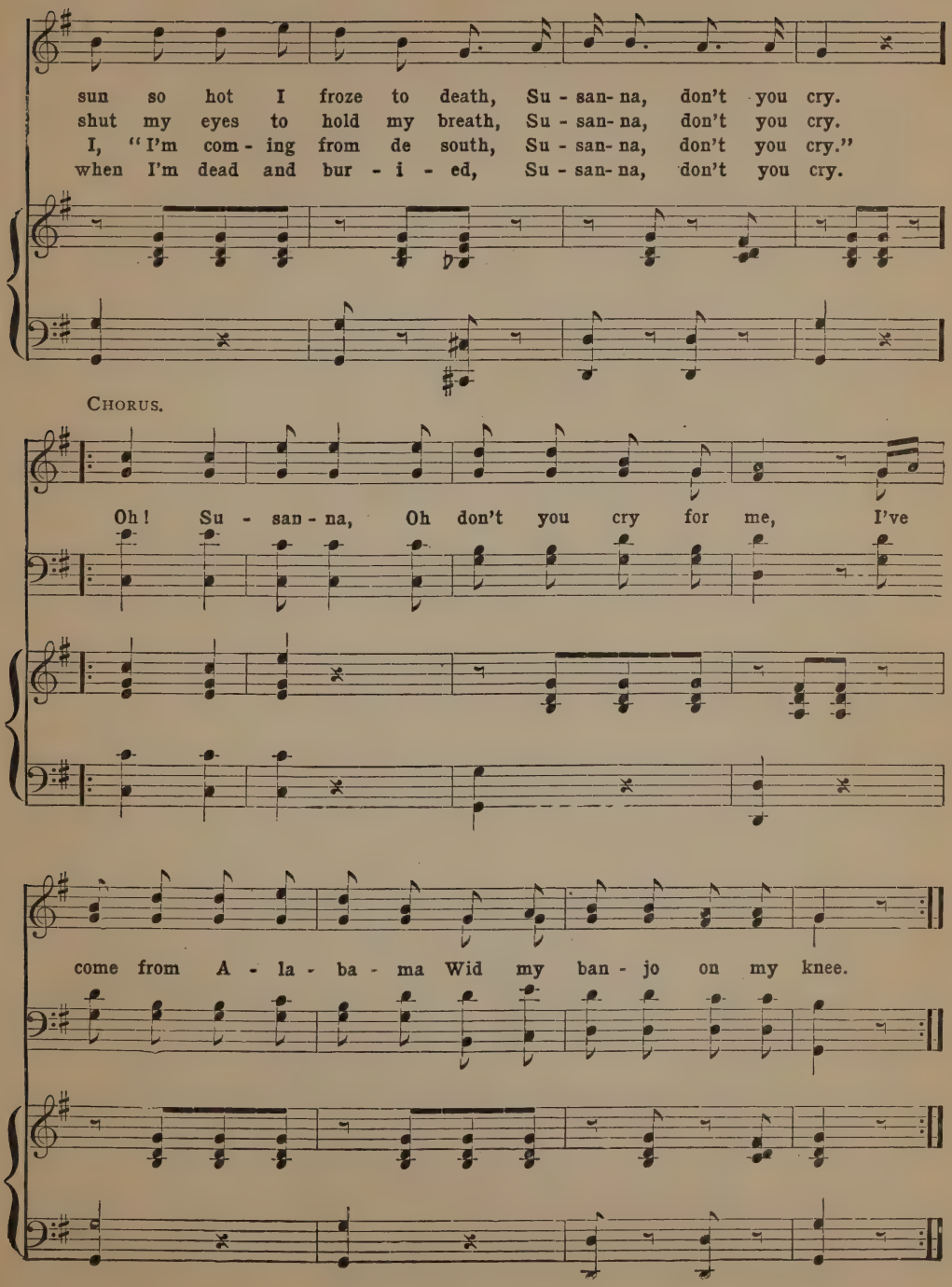
Allegretto

1 I came from A - la - ba - ma, Wid my ban - jo on my knee, I'm gwyne to Loui - si - a - na, My true love for to see; It rained all night the day I left, The weath - er it was dry, The bull - gine bust, de horse run off, I real - y thought I'd die; I

2. I jumped a - board de tel - e - graph, And trab - bled down de riber, De lec - tric flu - id mag - ni - fied, And killed five hun - dred nigger. De buck-wheat cake was in her mouth, The tear was in her eye; Says

3. I had a dream de od - der night When eb - 'ry ting was still, I thought I saw Su - san - na A - - com - ing down de hill; The if I do not find her, Dis dar - kie'l sure - ly die, And

4. I soon will be in New Or - leans, And den I'll look all round, And when I find Su - san - na, I will fall up - on de ground. And


sun so hot I froze to death, Su - san- na, don't you cry.
shut my eyes to hold my breath, Su - san- na, don't you cry.
I, "I'm com - ing from de south, Su - san- na, don't you cry."
when I'm dead and bur - i - ed, Su - san- na, don't you cry.
CHORUS.
Oh! Su - san - na, Oh don't you cry for me, I've
come from A - la - ba - ma Wid my ban - jo on my knee.

Old Dan Tucker

Allegro

1. I come to town de ud - der night, I hear de noise an
2. Old Dan he went down to de mill, To get some meal to
3. Ole Dan and I we did fall out And what you tink it
4. Ole Dan be - gun in ear - ly life To play de ban - jo
5. And now Ole Dan is a gone suck-er And neb - ber can go

saw de fight, De watch-man was a run - nin roun, Cry - in
put in the swill; The mil-ler he swore by the point of his knife He
was a - bout? He tread on my corn; I kick him on the shin And
and de fife; He play de nig - gers all to sleep An
home to sup - per; Ole Dan he has had his last ride And de

"Old . . Dan . . Tuck - er's come to . . . town," So
nev - er . . . seed such a man in his life! So
dat's . the . . way dis row be - gin! So
den . . in - to his bunk he creep. So
Ban - jo's bur - ied by his side. So

get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck - er, get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck - er

get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck - er, You're too late to come to sup - per.

Adieu! 'Tis Love's Last Greeting

SCHUBERT

p *f*

1. A-dieu! 'tis love's last greet-ing, The part-ing hour is come! And fast thy soul is
2. A-dieu! go thou be - fore me, To join the ser - aph throng! A se - cret sense comes

mf *pp*

fleet-ing, To seek its star - ry home! Yet dare I mourn when Heaven Has bid thy soul be
o'er me, I tar - ry here not long! A - dieu! there comes a morrow, To ev - 'ry day of

1 2

free; A life of bliss has giv- en For - ev - er -more to thee! Yet ev - er- more to thee!
pain! On earth we part in sor-row, To meet in bliss a -gain! A- meet in bliss a - gain!

Oh! That We Two were Maying

KINGSLEY

ETHELBERT NEVIN

Oh! that we two were May - ing, Down the stream of the

soft spring breeze; Like chil - dren with vi - o - lets play - ing In the

shade of the whis - p'ring trees.

Oh! that we two sat dream - ing On the sward of some

cres.

sheep - trimm'd down, Watch -ing the white mist steam - ing O'er

f *p*

riv - er, and mead, . . and town.

pp

Oh! that we two lay sleep - - - ing

dolce

In . . our nest in the church - yard sod, With our

limbs at rest on the qui - et earth's breast, And our

souls . at home . . . . . with God. . . . . .

più mosso

p

sempre pp

Bonnie

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . My Bon - nie lies
2. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . And blow, ye winds,
3. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . The winds have blown

o - ver the sea; . . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
o - ver the sea; . . . . Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the
o - ver the sea; . . . . The winds have blown o - ver the

o - cean, . . Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me. . . . .
o - cean, . . And bring back my Bon - nie to me. . . . .
o - cean, . . And brought back my Bon - nie to me. . . . .

CHORUS

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me;

Bring back, bring back,— Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .

Nelly was a Lady

(MALE VOICES)

Tune in Second Tenor.

1. Down on the Mis - sis - sip - pi float - ing, Long time I trab-bel o'er the way;
2. Now I'se un - hap-py, and I'se weep - ing, Can't tote de cot-ton - wood no more.

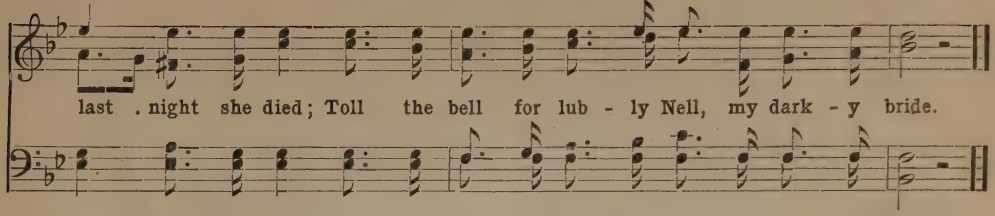
All night the cot - ton-wood I'se tot - ing, Sing-ing for my true lub all the day.
Last night when Nel-ly was a - sleep - ing, Death came a-knock-ing at the door.

Nel-ly was a la-dy, last night she died; Toll de bell for lub- ly Nell, my dark Vir-gin-ia bride.

Oh, . . Nel - ly was a la - dy, . . last . night she died; Toll the

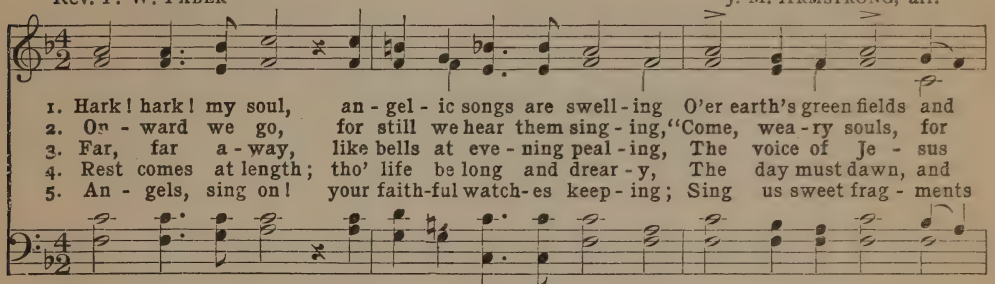
bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark - y bride. Oh, Nel - ly was a la - dy, .

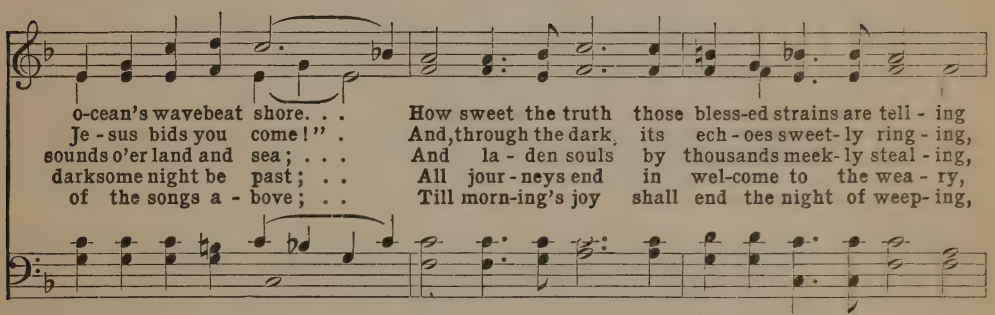
my dark - y bride.

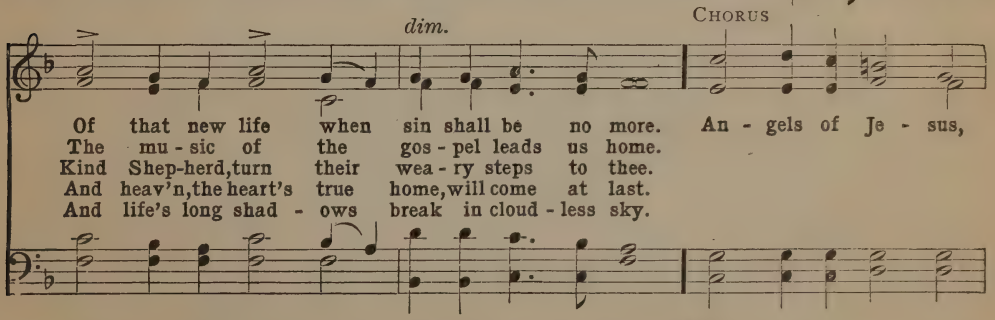


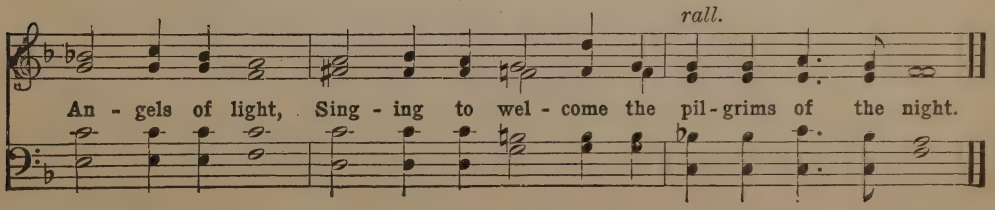
Angelic Songs are Swelling

Rev. F. W. Faber — J. M. Armstrong, arr.









Good-Night, Farewell

F. Kücken

Con anima

1. Good-night, fare - well, my own true heart, A thou - sand times good - night; . . . . Each thought of thee bids grief de - part, And ren - ders joy more bright: Tho' far, thy im - age
2. I see thy heart re - flect - ed by A star with - in the stream; . . . It shines forth from thy clear blue eye, And sheds o'er me its beams: And though no more than

sempre Ped.

rit.

mf *rit.* *dim.*

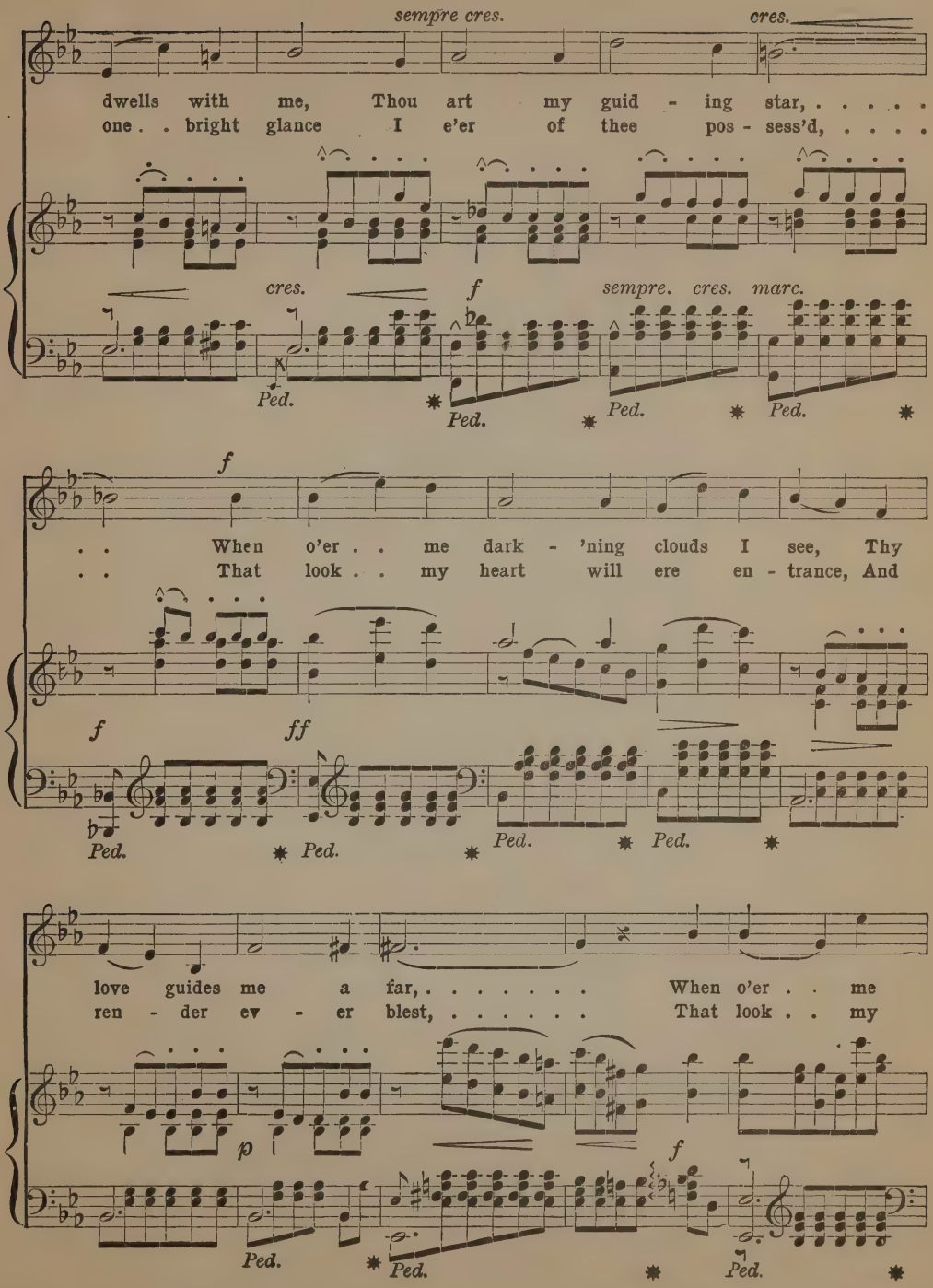
Ped. ✱ *Ped.*

poco animato

stacc.

legato

✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱


sempre cres.
cres.
dwells with me, Thou art my guid - ing star, ...
one . . bright glance I e'er of thee pos - sess'd, ...
cres.
f
sempre. cres. marc.
Ped.
f
. . When o'er . . me dark - 'ning clouds I see, Thy
. . That look . . my heart will ere en - trance, And
f
ff
Ped.
love guides me a far, ... When o'er . . me
ren - der ev - er blest, ... That look . . my
p
f
Ped.

dark - 'ning clouds I see, Thy love . . guides me a - far.
heart will e'er en - trance, And ren - der ev - er blest.

Ped. *Ped.* *p* *rit.* *pp* *stacc.* *Ped.*

cres - cen - do

Fare - well, ... my own true heart, A . .

Ped. *Ped.* *cres.*

f *rit.* *dim.*

thou - sand times fare - well! Good - night, fare - well, my

f *ff* *rit. dim.* *p* *tranquillo dol.* *p* *Ped.* *pp*

own true heart. . . . . .

Andante

Ped. *cres. e sostenuto.* *f marc.*

Ah! So Pure

From FLOTOW's "Martha"

Moderato. Dolce ed espress.

p

Ah! so pure, Ah! so bright, Burst her beauty on my sight; Oh! so mild, so di - vine,

She be - guil'd this heart of mine: . . . Reft of aim, E'er she came, Dark the

p

fu - ture seem'd to loom, Till her clear Bril - liant sphere New with light dis-pelled the

gloom. Woe! she fled, Quick-ly sped All my joy in fleet-ing gleams; As I

wake, Hopes for-sake, Rob-bing me of god-like dreams, of god-like dreams. . .

Ah! so pure, Ah! so bright Burst her beau-ty on my sight, Oh! so mild, so di-

pp

ad lib. *piu animato*

vine, She beguil'd this heart of mine. Mar-tha, Martha! Thou has ta-ken ev-'ry

colla voce.

affret.

bliss a-way with thee! Canst thou leave me, Thus for-sak-en! Come and share thy boon with

cres. *colla voce.*

me, Come, share thy boon with me, Yea, with me.

a tempo

f *ff piu p*

Lauriger Horatius

Male Voices

Pitch in B♭ when possible

1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum! Fu - git Eu - ro
2. Cre - scit u - va mol - li - ter Et pu - el - la cre - scit, Sed po - e - ta
3. Quid ju - vat æ - ter - ni - tas No - mi - nis, a - ma - re Ni - si ter - ræ

CHORUS

ci - ti - us, Tem-pus e - dax re - rum! U - bi sunt O poc - u - la,
tur - pi - ter Si - ti - ens ca - ne - scit.
fi - li - as Li - cet, et po - ta - re!

Dui - ci - o - ra mel - le, Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru-ben - tis pu - el - læ.

The Enchanted Isle

From VERDI'S "Hernani"

Allegro con brio

p

1. The morn is fair, our hearts are light, And mu - sic sings her sweet-est lay; The
2. The air is calm, the sky is clear, That bends a - bove that is - land fair; And

f

lake is sleep - ing calm and bright, Come, let us a - way; We'll ply the
si - ren mu - sic there we hear, Our hearts to en - snare. The flow'rs may

p

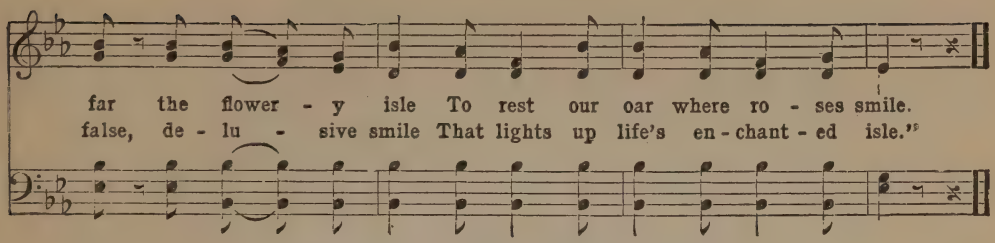
oar, and o - ver the sea Our boat will bear us hap - py and free, And seek a -
bloom, but soon de - cay; The songs be sweet, yet seem to say, "Be - ware the

ff

far the flower - y isle To rest our oar where ro - ses smile; And seek a -
false, de - lu - sive smile That lights up life's en-chant - ed isle; Be- ware the

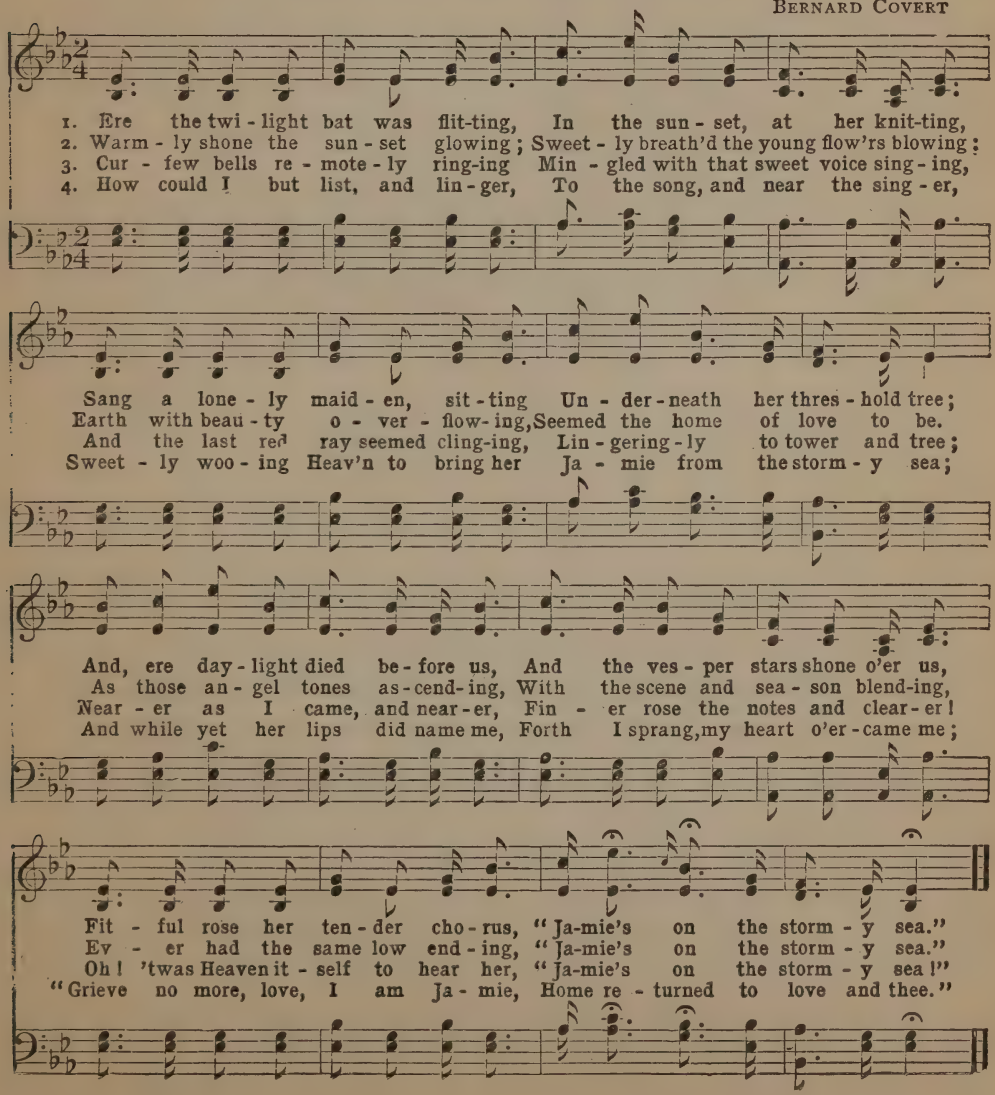
p

far the flower - y isle To rest our oar where ro - ses smile; And seek a -
false, de - lu - sive smile That lights up life's en - chant-ed isle; Be- ware the



Jamie's on the Stormy Sea

BERNARD COVERT



The Heart Bowed Down

M. W. Balfe

Larghetto cantabile

1. The heart bowed down by weight of woe, To
2. The mind, will, in its worst de-spair, Still

p

weak - est hopes will cling; To thought and im - pulse
pon - der o'er the past, On mo - ments of de -

while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, that can, that
light, that were Too beau - ti - ful . . . . to last, too beau - ti -

rallent.

can no com - fort bring, With those ex - ci - ting
ful, too beau-ti- ful to last. To long de - part - ed

pp

scenes will blend, O'er pleas - ure's path - way thrown; But
years ex-tend Its vis - ions with - them flown, For

mem - 'ry is the on - ly friend That grief can call . . . its

p

own; That grief can call its own; . . That

grief can call its own. 2. The own.

Three Fishers Went Sailing

C. Kingsley — J. Hullah

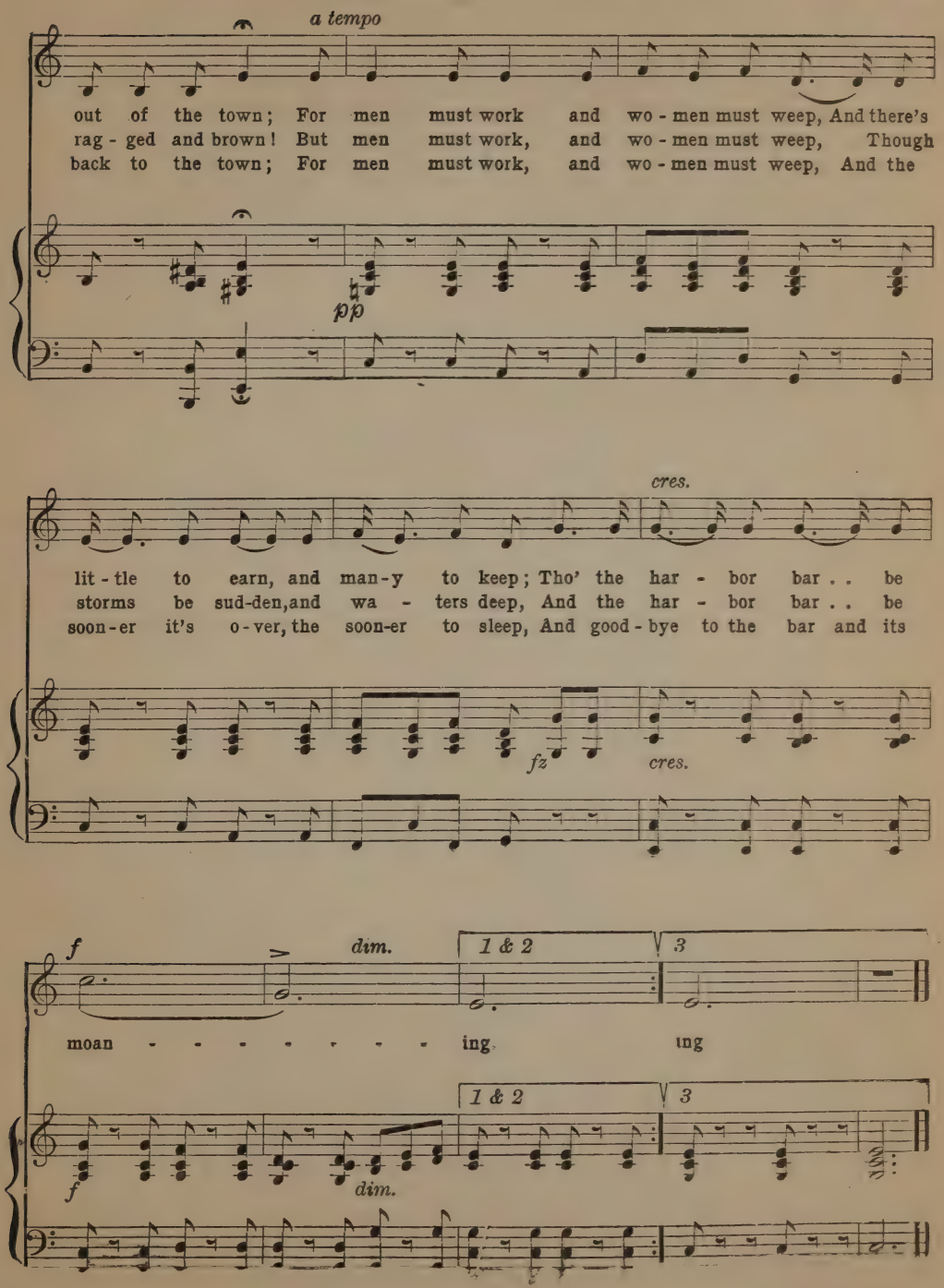
Andantino

1. Three fish - ers went sail - ing out in - to the west, Out in - to the west as the sun went down; Each
2. Three wives sat up in the light - house tow'r And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down; They
3. Three corps - es lay out on the shin - ing sands, In the morn - ing gleam as the tide went down, And the

pp *mf* *un poco rall.*

thought on the wo-man who lov'd him the best, And the chil-dren stood watching them
look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the show'r, And the night-rack came roll - ing up
wo - men are weep-ing and wring - ing their hands For those who will nev - er come

fz *p*


a tempo
out of the town; For men must work and wo - men must weep, And there's
rag - ged and brown! But men must work, and wo - men must weep, Though
back to the town; For men must work, and wo - men must weep, And the
pp
cres.
lit - tle to earn, and man - y to keep; Tho' the har - bor bar . . be
storms be sud-den, and wa - ters deep, And the har - bor bar . . be
soon - er it's o - ver, the soon-er to sleep, And good - bye to the bar and its
fz
cres.
f
dim.
1 & 2
3
moan - - - - - - - - ing ing
f
dim.
1 & 2
3

She Wore a Wreath of Roses

HAYNES BAYLY — J. P. KNIGHT

Andante

1. She wore a wreath of ros - es, The night that first we met; Her love-ly face was
2. A wreath of or - ange blos-soms, When next we met, she wore; Th'ex-pres-sion of her

p

smil - ing Be-neath her curls of jet; Her foot - steps had the light-ness,
fea-tures Was more tho't - ful than be - fore; And stand-ing by her side was one,

Her voice the joy - ous tone, The to - kens of a youth-ful heart, Where
Who strove and not in vain, To soothe her leav - ing that dear home, She

mf

a tempo

sor-row is . un-known. I saw her but a mo-ment, Yet me-thinks see her
ne'er might see a - gain. I saw her but a mo-ment, Yet me-thinks see her

rall. *cres.*

now, With the wreath of sum - mer flow - ers, Up - on her snow - y brow.
now, With the wreath of or - ange blos - som Up - on her snow - y brow

Piu lento e con molto espress.

3. And once a - gain I see that brow, No bri - dal wreath was there, The

wi-dow's som- bre cap con-ceals Her once lux - u - riant hair; She weeps in si - lent

sol - i - tude, And there is no one near, To press her hand with - in his own, And

rall. *p* *a tempo* *cresc.*

wipe a - way . the tear. I saw her bro - ken-heart-ed, Yet me-thinks I see her

rall. *p*

now, In the pride of youth and beau - ty, With a gar - land on her brow.

f

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

Mrs. Emma Willard — Joseph Philip Knight

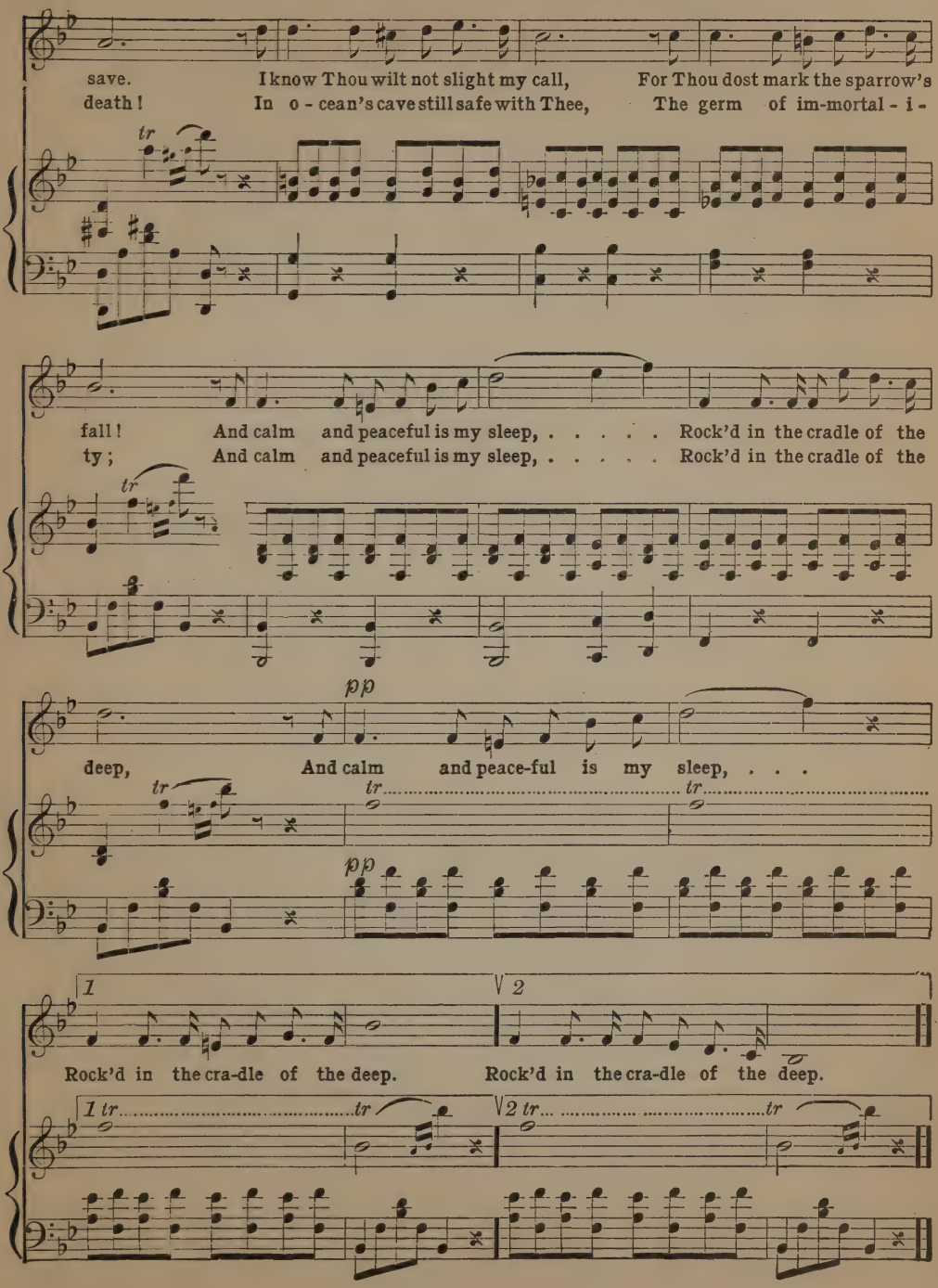
p

1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, . . . I lay me down . . . in peace to
2. And such the trust that still were mine . . . Tho' storm-y winds . . . swept o'er the

p

sleep; Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, . . For thou, O! Lord, hast pow'r to
brine, Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath . Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and

tr *pp*


save. I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's
death! In o - cean's cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mortal - i -
tr
fall! And calm and peaceful is my sleep, ... Rock'd in the cradle of the
ty; And calm and peaceful is my sleep, ... Rock'd in the cradle of the
tr
pp
deep, And calm and peace-ful is my sleep, . . .
tr
tr
tr
pp
1
2
Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.
1 tr
tr
2 tr
tr

I Would That My Love

From the German of H. Heine — Felix Mendelssohn

Allegretto con moto

p

1. I would that my love could si - lent - ly flow in a sin - gle word; I'd
2. To thee on their wings, my fair-est, that soul-felt word they would bear, Should'st

p

cres. *cres.*

give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it a-way in sport, I'd
hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear it ev - 'ry-where, Should'st

cres. *cres.*

f *dim.*

give it the mer-ry breez - es, They'd waft it a-way in sport, a - way in
hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear it ev - 'ry-where, and ev- 'ry

f *dim.*

pp

sport, a-way in sport, they'd waft it a-way in sport. 3. At night, when thine eye-lids in
where, and ev-'ry - where, and hear it ev -'ry-where.

pp

pp sempre *cres.*

slum - ber have closed thine bright heav'nly beams, Still there, my love, it will haunt thee,

pp sempre *cres.*

cres. *f*

e'en in thy deepest dreams, Still there, my love, it will haunt thee, e'en in . . thy deepest

cres. *f*

p *dim.* *pp*

dreams, e'en in thy deep-est, thy deepest dreams, E'en in . . thy deepest, deep - est dreams.

p *dim.* *pp*

Sleep, Beloved, Sleep

W. Taubert

Andantino con moto

1. Sleep, be - lov - ed, sleep; Round thee watch we keep; List how the rain doth fall,
2. Close thy wea - ry eye; Wind doth rus - tle by; Hare doth lift a list- 'ning ear,
3. Sleep, till morn a - rise In yon az - ure skies; Watch-dog now hath ceased to bark;

How the neighbor's dog doth call: He hath bit - ten some one stray- ing, That's the cause of
As the hun-ter's foot draws near; Coat of green is hun - ter wear- ing But the hare is
Beg - gar hides where all is dark; Lit - tle dove her young is tend- ing Where no hun -ter's

rit. *dim.*

all this bay - ing, Round thee care - ful watch we keep. Sleep, be - lov - ed, sleep.
lit - tle car - ing; Hun - ter can - not come him nigh. Close thy wea - ry eye.
foot is wend-ing; Hare is hid in ver - dure deep. Sleep, my dar - ling, sleep.

In Happy Moments Day by Day

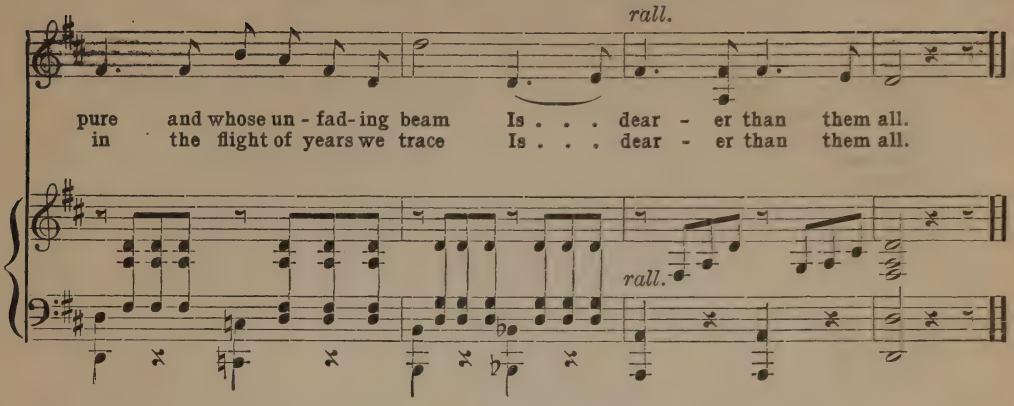
A. Bunn — W. Vincent Wallace

1. In hap - py mo-ments day by day, The sands of life may pass In
2. Tho' anx - ious eyes up - on us gaze, And hearts with fond-ness beat, Whose

swift but tran-quil tide a - way From time's un - err - ing glass. Yet
smile up-on each fea-ture plays With truth - ful - ness re - plete, Some

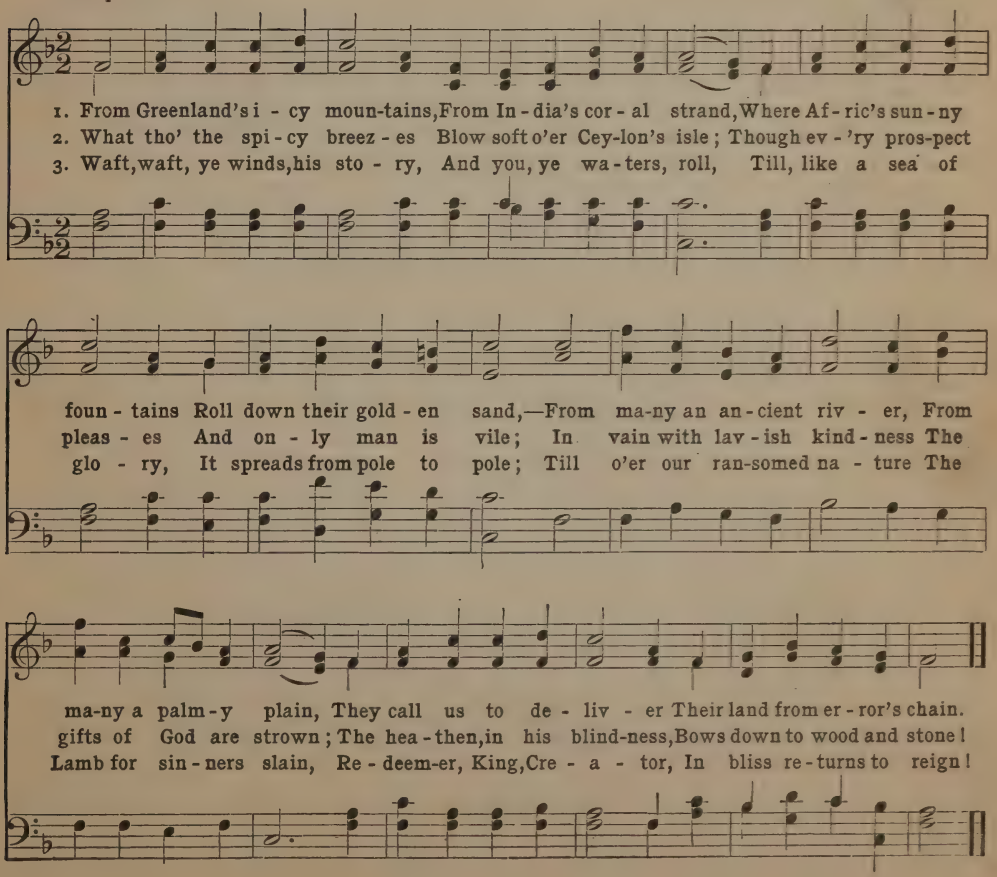
hopes we used as bright to deem, Re-mem - brance will re - call, Whose
thoughts none oth - er can re - place, Re-mem - brance will re - call, Which

pure and whose un-fad-ing beam Is dear - er than them all, Whose
in the flight of years we trace Is dear - er than them all, Which



Missionary Hymn

Bishop Heber — L. Mason



Rory O'Moore

S. Lover

1. Young Ro - ry O - Moore court-ed Kath-leen Bawn, He was bold as a hawk and she
2. "In - deed then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like, For I half gave a prom-ise to
3. "Arrah, Kathleen, my dar - lint, you've teas'd me enough, And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny

soft as the dawn, He wish'd in his heart pret - ty Kath-leen to please, And he
Sooth - er - ing Mike; The ground that I walk on, he loves, I'll be bound;" "Faith" says
Grimes and Jim Duff, And I've made my - self drink- ing your health quite a baste, So I

thought the best way to do that was to tease. "Now Ro - ry, be ai - sy," sweet
Ro - ry, "I'd rath - er love you than the ground." "Now Ro - ry, I'll cry, if you
think af - ter that, I may talk to the Priest." Then Ro - ry, the rogue, stole his

ad lib.

Kath - leen would cry, Re - proof on her lip but a smile in her eye, "With your
don't let me go, Sure I dream ev - 'ry night that I'm hat - ing you so!" "Oh!" says
arm round her neck, So soft, and so white, with-out frec - kle or speck, And he

colla voce.

tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm a-bout, Fait you've teas'd till I've put on my
Ro - ry, "that same I'm de - light - ed to hear, For dhrames al - ways go by con -
looked in her eyes that were beam-ing with light, And he kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you

colla voce.

cloak in - side out." "Oh! jew - el" says Ro - ry "that same is the way, You've
thrair - es, my dear; Oh! jew - el, keep dream-ing that same till you die, And bright
think he was right? "Now Ro - ry, leave off, Sir—you'll hug me no more, That's

thrat-ed my heart for this ma - ny a day, And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why
morn- ing will give dir - ty night the black lie, And 'tis plaz'd that I am, and why
eight times to - day that you've kissed me be-fore;" "Then here goes an - oth - er" says

not to be sure, For 'tis all for good luck" says bold Ro - ry O'- Moore.
not to be sure? Since 'tis all for good luck" says bold Ro - ry O'- Moore.
he "to make sure, For there's luck in odd num-bers," says Ro - ry O'- Moore.

Sweet Hour of Prayer

W. W. Walford — W. B. Bradbury

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and (*Omit* .) wish-es known.
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe- ti - tion bear
To Him whose truth and faith- ful- ness En- gage the wait- ing (*Omit* .) soul to bless:

D.C. *And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet* (Omit . .) *hour of prayer.*
D.C. *I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet* (Omit . .) *hour of prayer.*

D.C.

In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And, since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,

Danish National Hymn

Marziale

JOHANNES ERALD

1. King Chris-tian stood by loft - y mast, In mist and smoke, His sword was ham - mer - ing so fast, Thro' Goth - ic helm and brain it pass'd, Then sank each hos - tile hulk and mast, In mist and smoke. "Fly," shout-ed they; "fly he who can!" Who braves of Denmark's Chris-ti - an, Who braves of Denmark's Chris-ti - an the stroke.
2. Nils Juel gave heed to th' tempest's roar, Now is the hour! He flew his blood-red flag once more, And smote up - on the foe full sore, And shout - ed loud thro' tem - pest's roar, "Now is the hour." "Fly!" shouted they, "for shel - ter fly!" Of Den-mark's Juel who can de - fy, Of Den - mark's Juel who can de - fy the pow'r?
3. North sea! a glimpse of Wes - sel rent Thy murk - y sea! Then cham-pions to thine arms were sent; Death's ter - ror glared wher-e'er he went; And oft was heard a wail, that rent Thy murk - y sky! From Den-mark thun-ders Tor - den - skiol! Let each to Heav'n commend his soul, Let each to Heav'n commend his soul and fly.
4. O Path to Dan - ish fame and might! Dark roll - ing wave! Re - ceive thy friend who, scorn - ing flight, Meets ev - 'ry dan - ger with de - spite, As thou dost meet the tem - pest's might, Dark roll - ing wave! 'Mid min - gled pleasures and a - larms, And war and vic - t'ry, be thine arms, 'Mid war and vic - t'ry be thine arms my grave!

Sally Come Up

T. M. Sewell, arr.

1. Mas - sa's gone de news to hear, An' he has lef' de o - ber-seer To
2. Mon - day night I gave a ball, And I in - vite de nig - gars all; De
3. De fiddle was played by Pom - pey Jones, Un - cle Ned he shook de bones;

:8:

look to all de nig - gers here, While I make lub to Sal - ly.
thick, de thin, de short, de tall, But none come to Sal - ly.
Joe he played de pine stick stones, But I made lub to Sal - ly.

poco piu lento

She's such a belle, A real dark swell, She dress so slick, and look so well, Dar's

a tempo

not a gal like Sal - ly. Sal - ly come up, Sal - ly go down,

Sal - ly come twist your heel a-round; De ol' man he's gone down to town, Oh

Sal - ly, come down the mid - dle.

Interlude ad lib. :S:

Blow the Man Down

(A HOISTING CHANTEY-SONG)

SOLO CHORUS SOLO

1. As I was a-walking down Para-dise Street, (Way! Hey! Blow the man down!) A
2. Says she to me, "Will you stand treat?" (Way! Hey! Blow the man down!) "De-

CHORUS

pret-ty young dam-sel I chanced for to meet. (Give me some time to blow the man down.)
lighted," says I, "for a charm-er so sweet." (Give me some time to blow the man down.)

Scenes that are Brightest

E. Fitzball — W. Vincent Wallace

Cantabile e con molto semplicita

8ve

pp

1. Scenes that are bright - est May charm . . . . a -
2. Words can - not scat - ter The thoughts . . . we

while . . . . Hearts which are light - est, And
fear, ... For though they flat - ter, They

eyes . . . . that smile; Yet o'er . . them a -
mock . . . . the ear. Hopes will still de -

dim.

bove us Though . . na - ture beam, . . . With
ceive us With . . . tear - ful cost, . . . And

none . . . . to love us, How sad . . . . they
when . . . . they leave us, The heart . . . is

seem, ... With none . . . . . to
lost; . . . . . And when . . . . . they

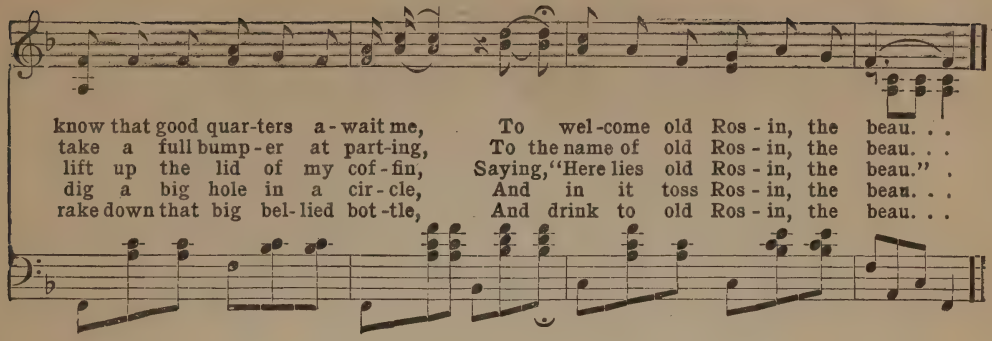
rit.

love us, How sad . . . . . they seem!
leave us The heart . . . . . is lost!

Old Rosin, the Beau

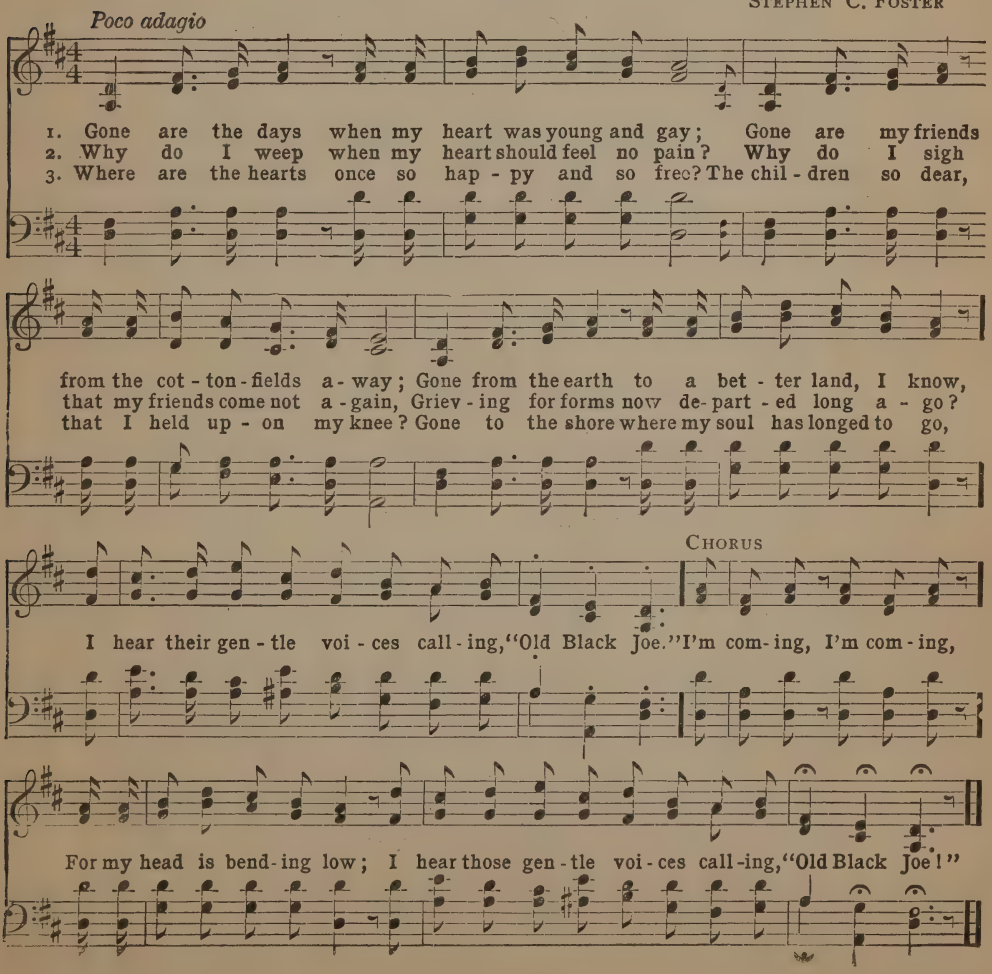
1. I . . live for the good of my na - tion, And my sons are all grow - ing low, But I hope that my next gen - e - ra - tion Will re - sem - ble old Ros - in, the beau. . . I've trav - el'd this coun - try all o - ver, And now to the next I will go. For I
2. In the gay round of pleas - ure I've trav - eled, Nor will I be - hind leave a foe; And when my com - pan - ions are jo - vial, They will drink to old Ros - in, the beau. . . But my life is new drawn to a clos - ing, And all will at last be so: So we'll
3. When I'm dead and laid out on the coun - ter, The peo - ple all mak - ing a show, Just sprin - kle plain whis - key and wa - ter On the corpse of old Ros - in, the beau. . . I'll have to be bur - ied, I reck - on, And the la - dies will all want to know, And they'll
4. Oh! when to my grave I am go - ing, The chil - dren will all want to go; They'll run to the doors and the win - dows, Say - ing, "There goes old Ros - in, the beau." . Then pick me out six trust - y fel - lows, And let them all stand in a row, And
5. Then shape me out two lit - tle do - nochs,* Place one at my head and my toe, And do not for - get to scratch on it The name of old Ros - in, the beau. . . Then let those six trust - y good fel - lows, Oh! let them all stand in a row, And

* Drinking-mugs



Old Black Joe

STEPHEN C. FOSTER



The Hazel Dell

G. F. Root

Moderato

1. In the Ha - zel Dell my Nel-ly's sleep - ing, Nel-ly lov'd so long! And my
2. In the Ha - zel Dell my Nel-ly's sleep - ing, Where the flow - ers wave, And the
3. Now I'm wea-ry, friendless and for - sak - en, Watch-ing here a - lone, Nel - ly,

lone - ly, lone-ly watch I'm keep - ing, Nel-ly lost and gone; Here in
si - lent stars are night - ly weep - ing, O'er poor Nel - ly's grave; Hopes that
thou no more will fond - ly cheer me, With thy lov - ing tone; Yet for -

moon - light oft - en we have wan - der'd Thro' the si - lent shade, Now where
once my bos - om fond - ly cher - ish'd Smile no more for me, Ev - 'ry
ev - er shall thy gen - tle im - age In my mem - 'ry dwell, And my

leaf - y branch-es droop-ing down - ward, Lit-tle Nel - ly's laid.
dream of joy, a - las! has per - ish'd, Nel-ly dear, with thee.
tears thy lone - ly grave shall moist - en, Nel-ly dear, fare - well.

CHORUS *2nd time pp*

All a-lone my watch I'm keep - ing In the Ha - zel Dell, For my

dar - ling Nel - ly's near me sleep - ing, Nel - ly dear, fare - well.

The Bowld Sojer Boy

SAMUEL LOVER

1. O, there's not a thrade that's go - ing, Worth show - ing or know - ing Like
2. But when we get the rout, How they pout and they shout, While
3. Then come a - long with me, Gra - ma - chree, and you'll see How

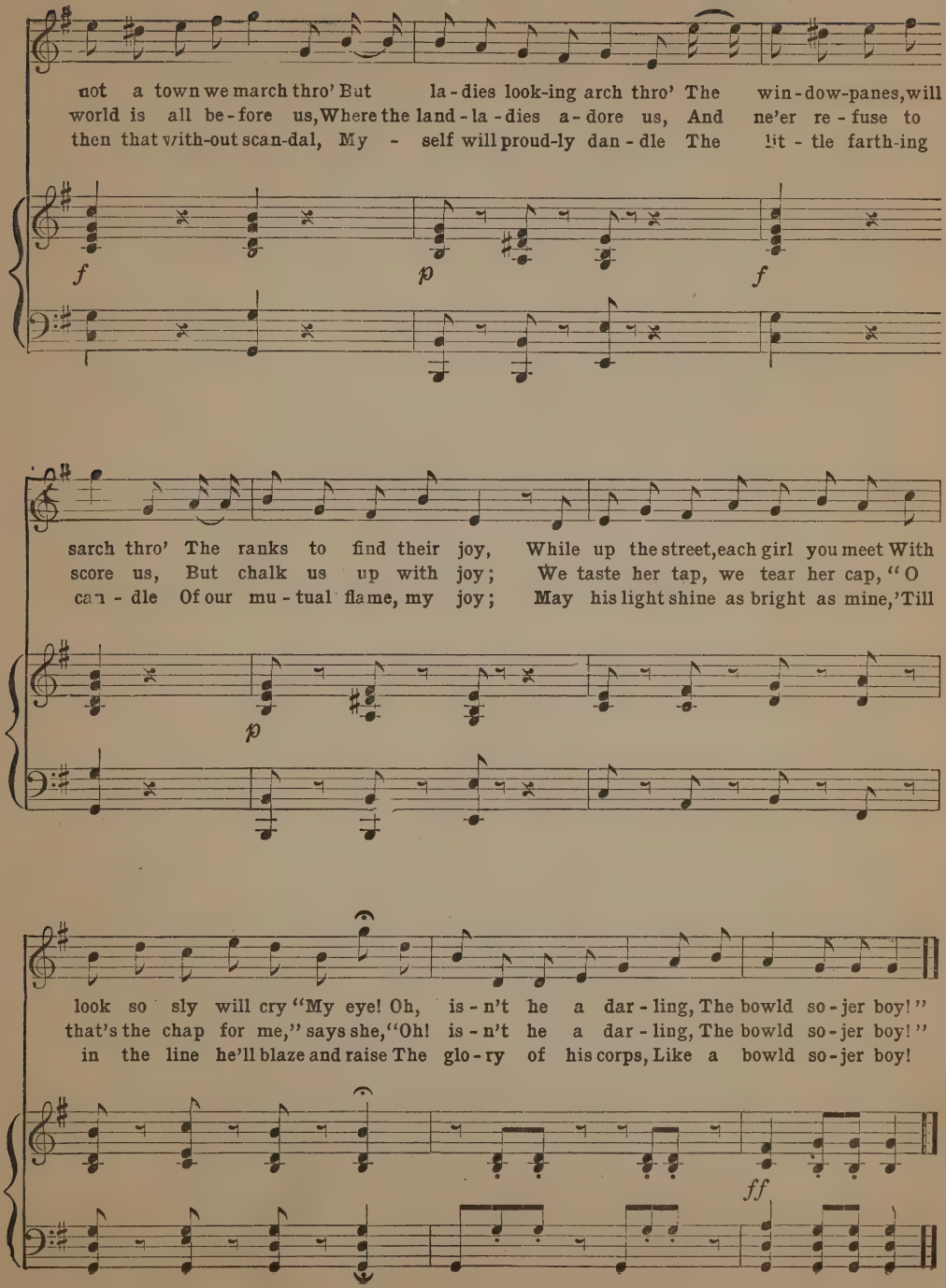
p

that from glo - ry grow-ing For a bowld so - jer boy! Where right or left we go, Sure you
to the right a - bout, Goes the bowld so - jer boy; 'Tis then that la-dies fair, In de -
hap - py you will be, With your bowld so - jer boy; Faith if you're up to fun, With me

ff

know, friend or foe, Will have the hand or toe From the bowld so - jer boy, There's
spair tear their hair, But the Div'l a one I care, Says the bowld so - jer boy; For the
run, 'twill be done In the snap-ping of a gun, Says the bowld so - jer boy. And 'tis

ff


not a town we march thro' But la-dies look-ing arch thro' The win-dow-panes, will
world is all be-fore us, Where the land-la-dies a-dore us, And ne'er re-fuse to
then that with-out scan-dal, My - self will proud-ly dan-dle The lit-tle farth-ing
f
p
f
sarch thro' The ranks to find their joy, While up the street, each girl you meet With
score us, But chalk us up with joy; We taste her tap, we tear her cap, "O
can-dle Of our mu-tual flame, my joy; May his light shine as bright as mine,' Till
p
look so sly will cry "My eye! Oh, is-n't he a dar-ling, The bowld so-jer boy!"
that's the chap for me," says she, "Oh! is-n't he a dar-ling, The bowld so-jer boy!"
in the line he'll blaze and raise The glo-ry of his corps, Like a bowld so-jer boy!
ff

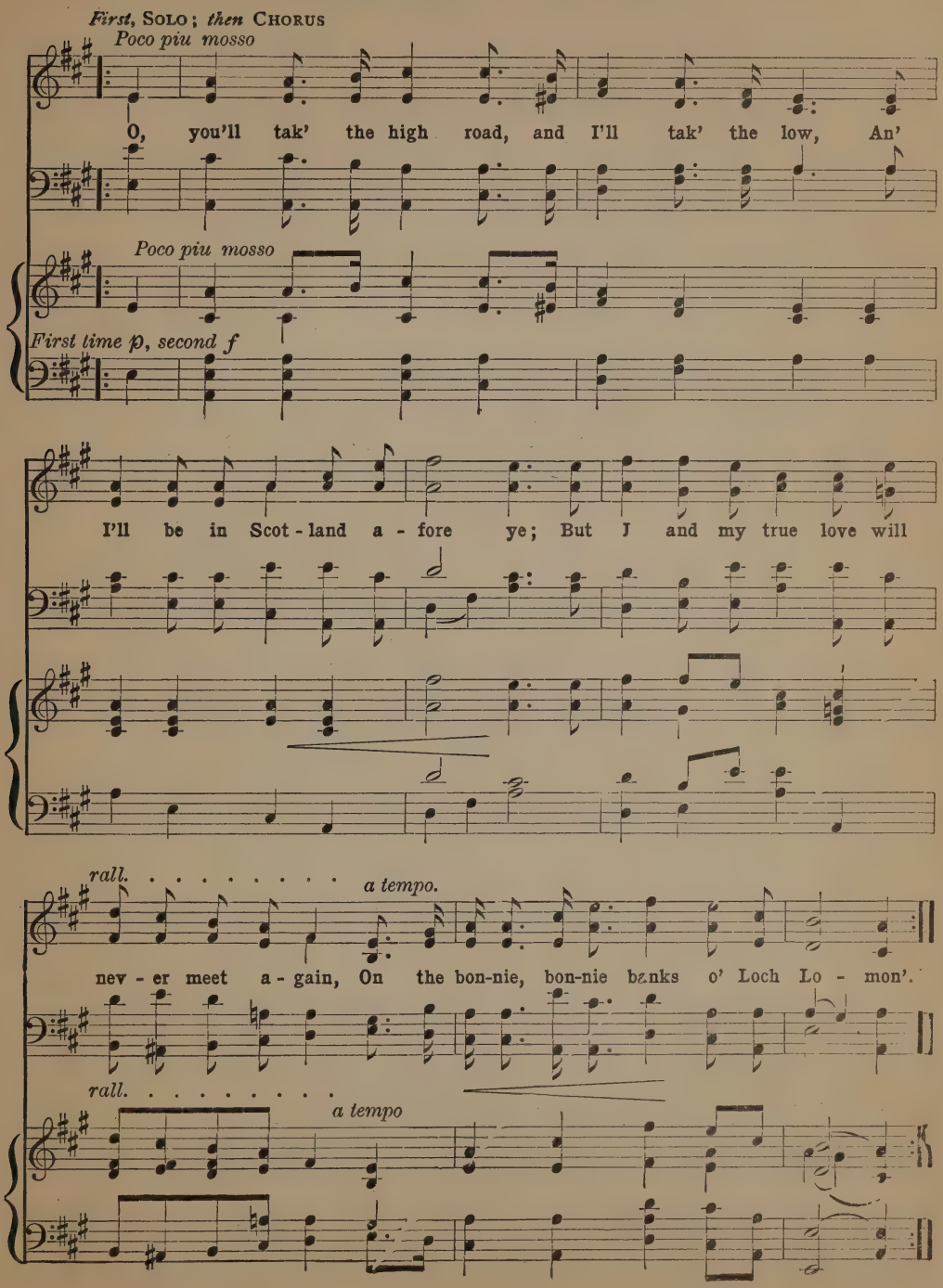
The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomon'

Scotch Folksong

Andante *Con espressione*

1. By yon bon - nie banks, and by yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mon', Where I and my love were ev - er ont to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in yon sha - dy glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mon', Where in pur - ple hue, the high-land hills we view, An' the moon com - in' oot in the gloam - in'.
3. The wee bird - ies sing, and the wild flow - ers spring, An' in sun - shine the wa - ters are sleep - in'; But the bro - ken heart it kens nae se - cond spring, Tho' the wae- fu' may cease frae' their greet - in'.

p


First, SOLO; then CHORUS
Poco piu mosso
O, you'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low, An'
Poco piu mosso
First time p, second f
I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye; But I and my true love will
rall.
a tempo.
nev - er meet a - gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'.
rall.
a tempo

The Rose of Alabama

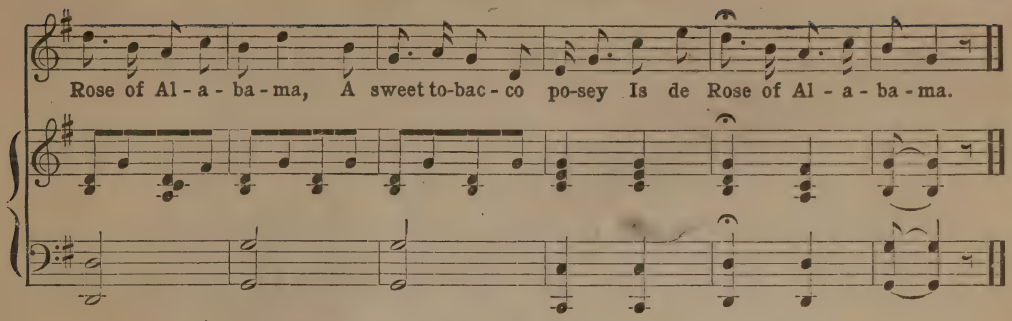
S. S. Steele

With spirit

1. A - way from Mis - sis - sip - pi's vale, Wid my ole hat dar for a sail, I
2. I land - ed on de sand bank, I sat up - on a hol - ler plank, An'
3. Oh, ar - ter d'reck-ly, by an' bye, De moon rose white as Rose's eye, Den
4. De riv - er rolled, de crick - ets sing, De light - nin'-bug he flash'd his wing, And

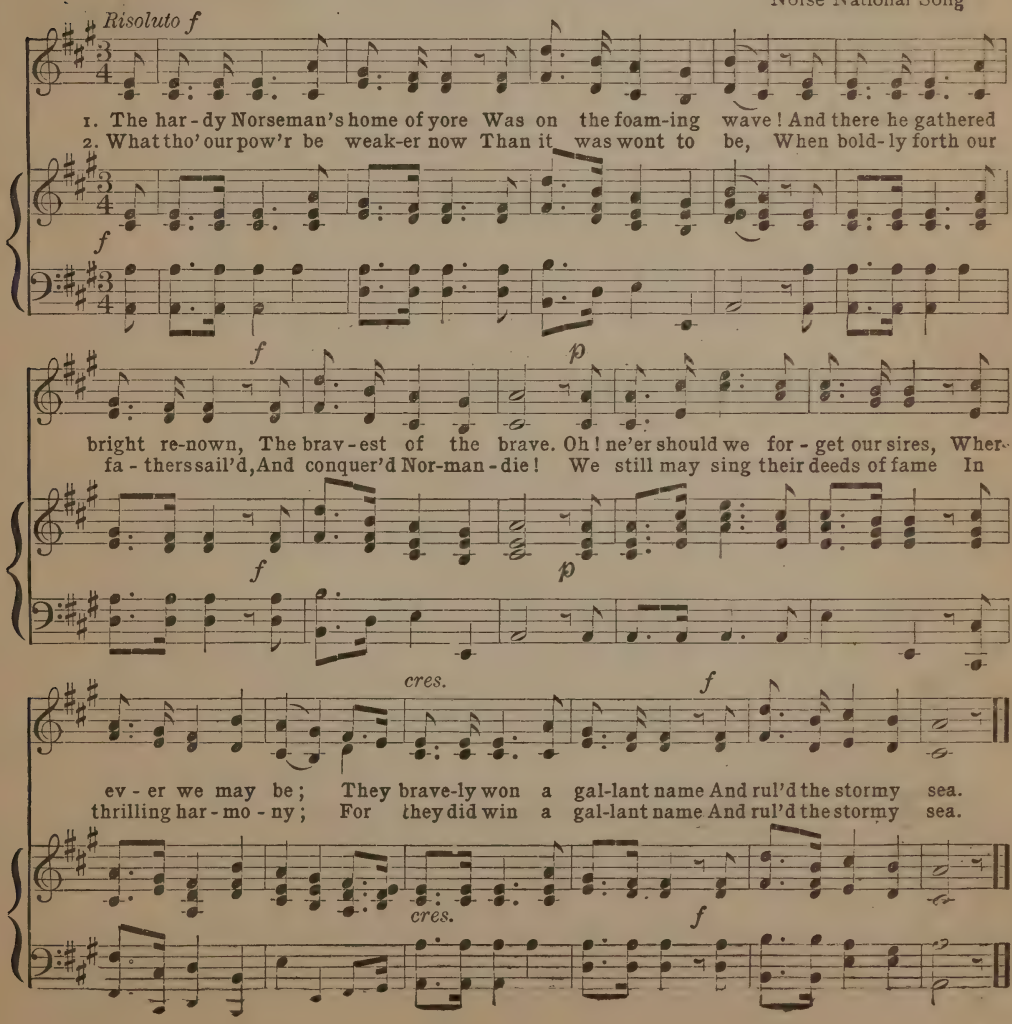
cross'd up - on a cot - ton bale, To Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.
dare I made the ban - jo twank, For Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.
like a young coon out so sly, Stole Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.
like a rope my arms I fling Round Rose ob Al - a - ba - ma.

Oh, brown Ro - sey, The Rose of Al - a - ba-ma, A sweet to-bac-co po-sey Is de



The Hardy Norseman

Norse National Song



Who is Sylvia

SHAKESPEARE — *"One of the world's purest vocal gems"* — SCHUBERT

1. Who is Syl - via? What is she, That all our swains commend her? Ho - ly, fair, and wise is she; The heav'ns such grace did lend her,
2. Is she kind, as she is fair? For beauty lives with kind - ness; To her eyes love doth re - pair, To help him of his blind - ness;
3. Then to Syl - via let us sing, That Syl-via is ex - cel - ling; She ex - cels each mor - - tal thing Up - on the dull earth dwell - ing;

pp

That a - dor - ed she might
And, be - - ing help'd, in - hab - - its
To her gar - lands let us

pp

be, That a - dor - ed She might be.
there, And, be - ing help'd, in - hab - its there.
bring, To her gar - lands let us bring.

FINE

Soldier's Farewell

MALE VOICES

JOHANNA KINKEL

p Andante *poco riten.* *p* *Crescendo e poco accel. al fine*

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part-ing kiss I give thee; And then what-e'er befalls me,
2. Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee; With spear and pennon glancing,
3. I think of thee with longing, Think thou when tears are thronging, That with my last faint sighing,

p *Tempo 1. Tranquillo e molto espress.* *f* *p* *pp*

I go where honor calls me. Farewell, farewell, my owr true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.
I see the foe advancing. Farewell, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.
I'll whisper soft when dying. Farewell, farewell, my own true love, Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

Ever of Thee

George Linley

Foley Hall

1. Ev - er of thee I'm fond - ly dreaming, Thy gen-tle voice my spir - it can cheer,
2. Ev - er of thee, when sad and lone - ly, Wand'ring a - far my soul joy'd to dwell,

pp *f* *p* *p* *p*

Thou wert the star that mild - ly beam - ing, Shone o'er my path when
Ah! then I felt I lov'd thee on - ly All seem'd to fade be -

pp *f* *p*

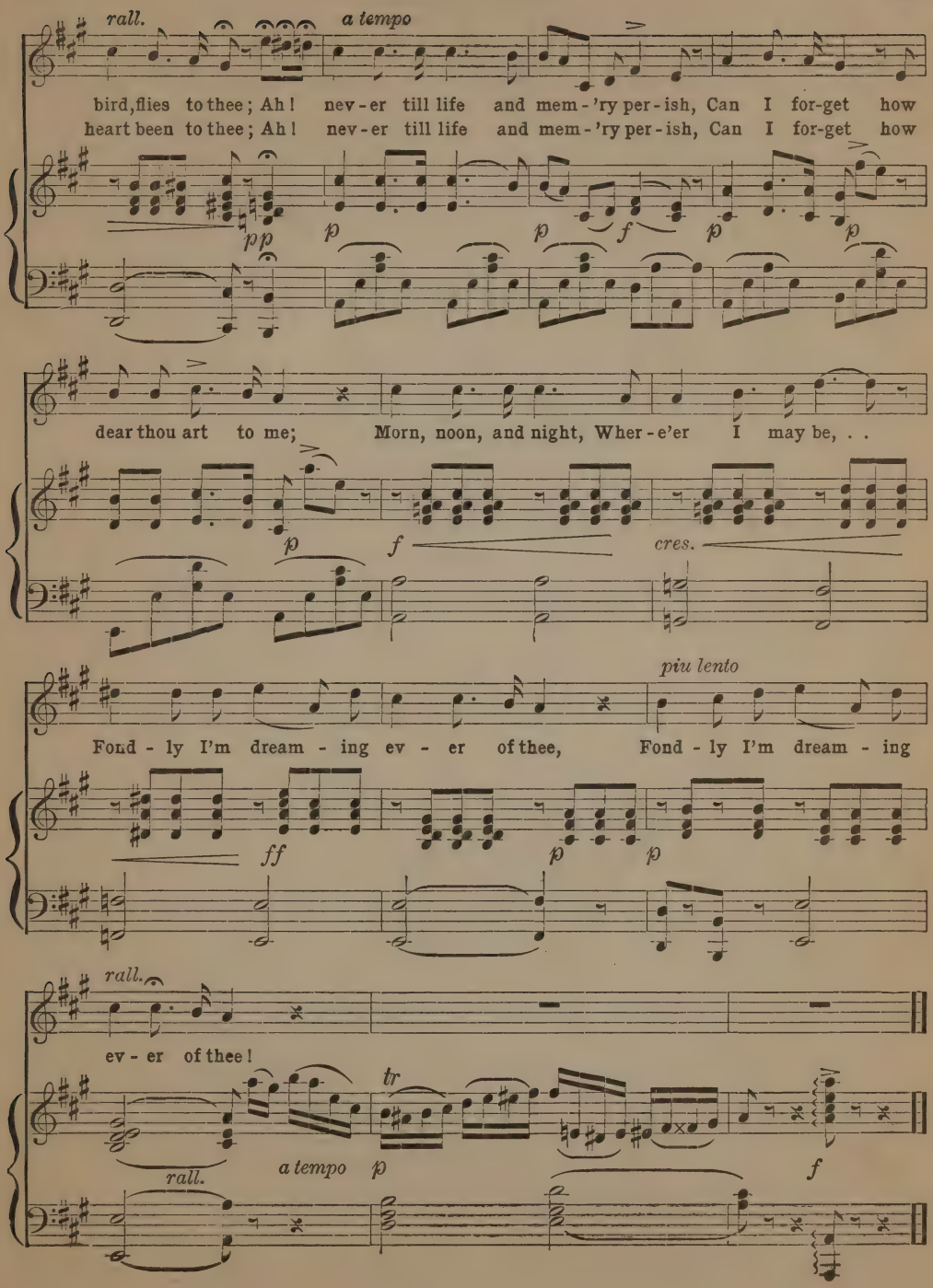
rall.

all was dark and drear.
fore af - fec - tion's spell.

p *rall.* *pp* *a tempo* *tr*

Still in my heart thy form I cher - ish, Ev - 'ry kind thought like a
Years have not chill'd the love I cher - ish, True as the stars hath my

p *p*


rall.
a tempo
bird, flies to thee; Ah! nev-er till life and mem-'ry per-ish, Can I for-get how
heart been to thee; Ah! nev-er till life and mem-'ry per-ish, Can I for-get how
pp p p f p p
dear thou art to me; Morn, noon, and night, Wher-e'er I may be, . .
p f cres.
piu lento
Fond-ly I'm dream-ing ev-er of thee, Fond-ly I'm dream-ing
ff p p
rall.
ev-er of thee!
tr
rall.
a tempo p f

Beautiful Isle of the Sea

GEORGE COOPER — J. R. THOMAS

Allegro moderato

1. Beau - ti - ful isle of the sea! Smile . . on the brow of the
2. Oft . . . on your shell-gird-led shore, Eve - ning has found me re -

wa - ters, Dear . . are your mem'ries to me,
clin - ing, Vi - - sions of youth dreaming o'er,

Sweet as the songs of your daughters; O - ver your mountains and vales,
Down where the lighthouse was shin-ing; Far from the glad-ness you gave,

Down by each murmur-ing riv - er, Cheer'd by the flow'r-lov-ing
Far . . . from all joys worth pos-sess - ing, Still . . o'er the lone wea-ry

calando

gales, ... Oh, . . could I wan-der for-ev - er!
wave. . . . . Comes, to the wand'rer your bless - ing.

calando *a tempo*

Land . . of the True and the Old, Home . . ev-er dear un-to

f

me; . . . . . Foun - tain of pleas-ures un-told, . . .

f

dim. *cres.*

Beau - ti-ful isle of the sea! Foun - tain of pleas-ures un-

dim.

ten. *slentando*

told, . . . Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful isle of the sea!

colla voce.

Integer Vitæ

HORACE, Ode XXII. Translated by W. N. EAYRS — F. FLEMMING

p Andante con moto

1. He who is up - right, kind, and free from er - ror, Needs not the
2. What tho' he jour - ney o'er the burn - ing des - ert, Or climb a -
3. Place me where fate de - nies to man a dwell - ing, Con - scious of

p

aid of arms of men to guard him; Safe - ly he moves, a
lone the dread - ful, dan - g'rous moun - tains, Or taste the wa - ters
right, all oth - er cares neg - lect - ing; There could I live, thy

child to guilt - y ter - rors, Strong in his vir - - tues.
of the famed Hy - das - pes, Gods will at - tend . . him.
charms and vir - tues tell - ing, Sweet smil - ing maid - den.

1 Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis nec arcu
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra.

2 Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

3 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra domibus negata:
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem

Dost Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth

Adapted by JOHN PARRY

From HAYDN'S "Surprise Symphony"

SIMON

RUTH

1. Dost thou love me, Sis-ter Ruth? Say, say, say! As I fain would speak the truth,
2. Wilt thou prom-ise to be mine, Maid-en fair? Take my hand, my heart is thine,
3. Love like ours can nev-er cloy, Humph! humph! humph! While no jeal-ous fears an-noy,

p

SIMON

Yea! yea! yea! Long my heart hath yearn'd for thee, Pret-ty Sis-ter Ruth;
There, there, there. Let us thus the bar-gain seal, O! dear me, high-ho!
Humph! humph! humph! O! how blest we both should be, Hey down, ho down hey!

cres. *ff* *p*

RUTH

Rising alternately on their tip-toes.

That has been the case with me, Dear engaging youth!
Lauk! how ver-y odd I feel! O! dear me, high-ho!
I could almost dance with glee, Hey down, ho down hey!

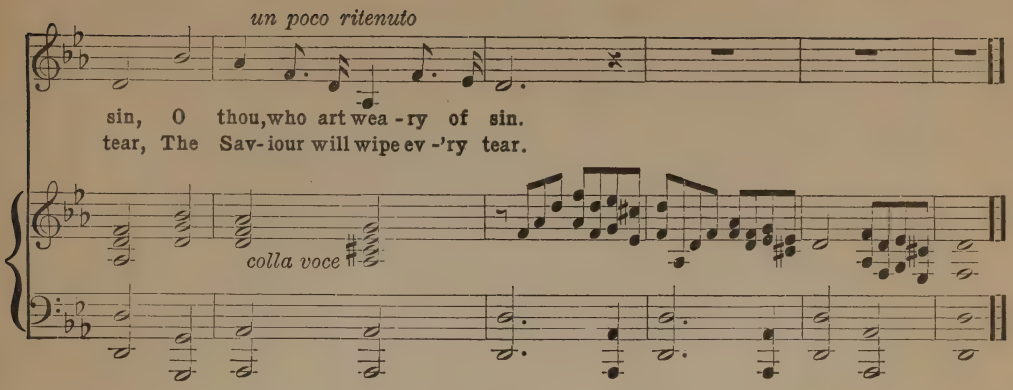
f

Flee as a Bird

Written and adapted by Mrs. M. S. B. Dana

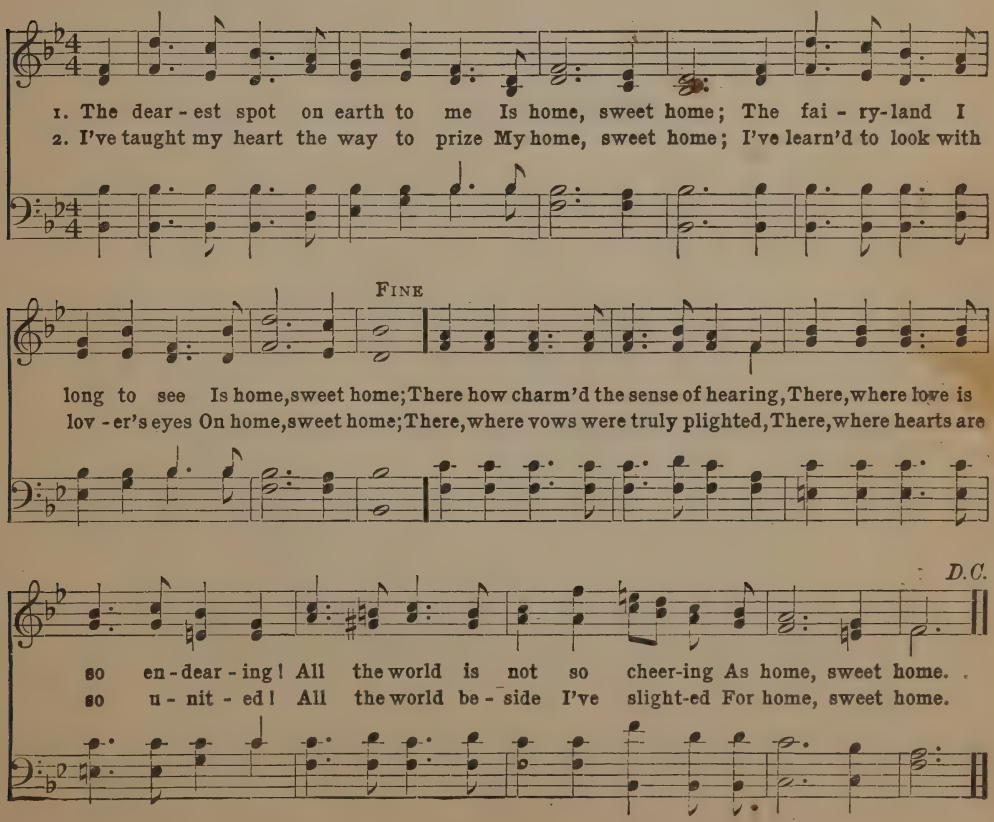
Moderato

1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin; . . Go to the clear flow-ing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean; Fly, for th' aven - ger is near . . thee; Call and the Sav-iour will hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear . . thee, Thou who art wea - ry of
2. He will protect thee for ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear; . He will for-sake thee, O nev - er, Shel-tered so ten - der - ly there; Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in sigh - ing, Cease from your sor- row and cry - ing, The Sav-iour will wipe ev - 'ry



The Dearest Spot on Earth

W. T. Wrighton W. T. Wrighton



Come Home, Father

Words and Music by Henry C. Work

1. Fa -ther, dear fa-ther, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes one; You said you were com-ing right home from the shop, As soon as your day's work was done. Our fire has gone out— our house is all dark—And moth-er's been watch-ing since tea, . . With
2. Fa -ther, dear fa-ther, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes two; The night has grown cold-er, and Ben-ny is worse, But he has been call-ing for you. In-deed he is worse—Ma says he will die, Per-haps be-fore morn-ing shall dawn; And
3. Fa -ther, dear fa-ther, come home with me now! The clock in the steeple strikes three; The house is so lone-ly—the hours are so long For poor weeping moth-er and me. Yes, we are a-lone—poor Ben-ny is dead, And gone with the an-gels of light; And

poor broth-er Ben - ny so sick in her arms, And no one to help her but me. . . Come
this is the mes-sage she sent me to bring—"Come quickly, or he will be gone." Come
these were the ver - y last words that he said—"I want to kiss Pa- pa good-night." Come

home! come home! come home! . Please, fa - ther, dear fa - ther, come home. . .

CHORUS

Hear the sweet voice of the child, . Which the nightwinds re-peat as they roam! . Oh,

who could re- sist this most pleading of prayers? "Please, father, dear fa-ther, come home!"

Canadian Boat Song

THOMAS MOORE — Arr. by C. B. RICH

1. Faint-ly as tolls the
2. Why should we yet our
3. Ot - ta-wa's tide! this

Tranquillamente

mp

eve - ning chime, Our voi - ces keep tune, and our oars keep time, Our
sail un - furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
trem - bling moon Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon, Shall

voi - ces keep tune, and our oars keep time, Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, O,
see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon, Saint of this green isle, hear our prayer,

rit. *mp a tempo.*

sing at St. Ann's our part - ing hymn; Row, broth-ers, row the stream runs fast, The
sweet - ly we'll rest our wea - ry oar; Blow, breez - es, blow, the stream runs fast, The
Grant us cool heav'ns and fav - 'ring air; Blow, breez - es, blow, the stream runs fast, The

rit. *mp* *a tempo.*

rap-ids are near, and the day-light's past, The rap-ids are near, and the day - light's past.

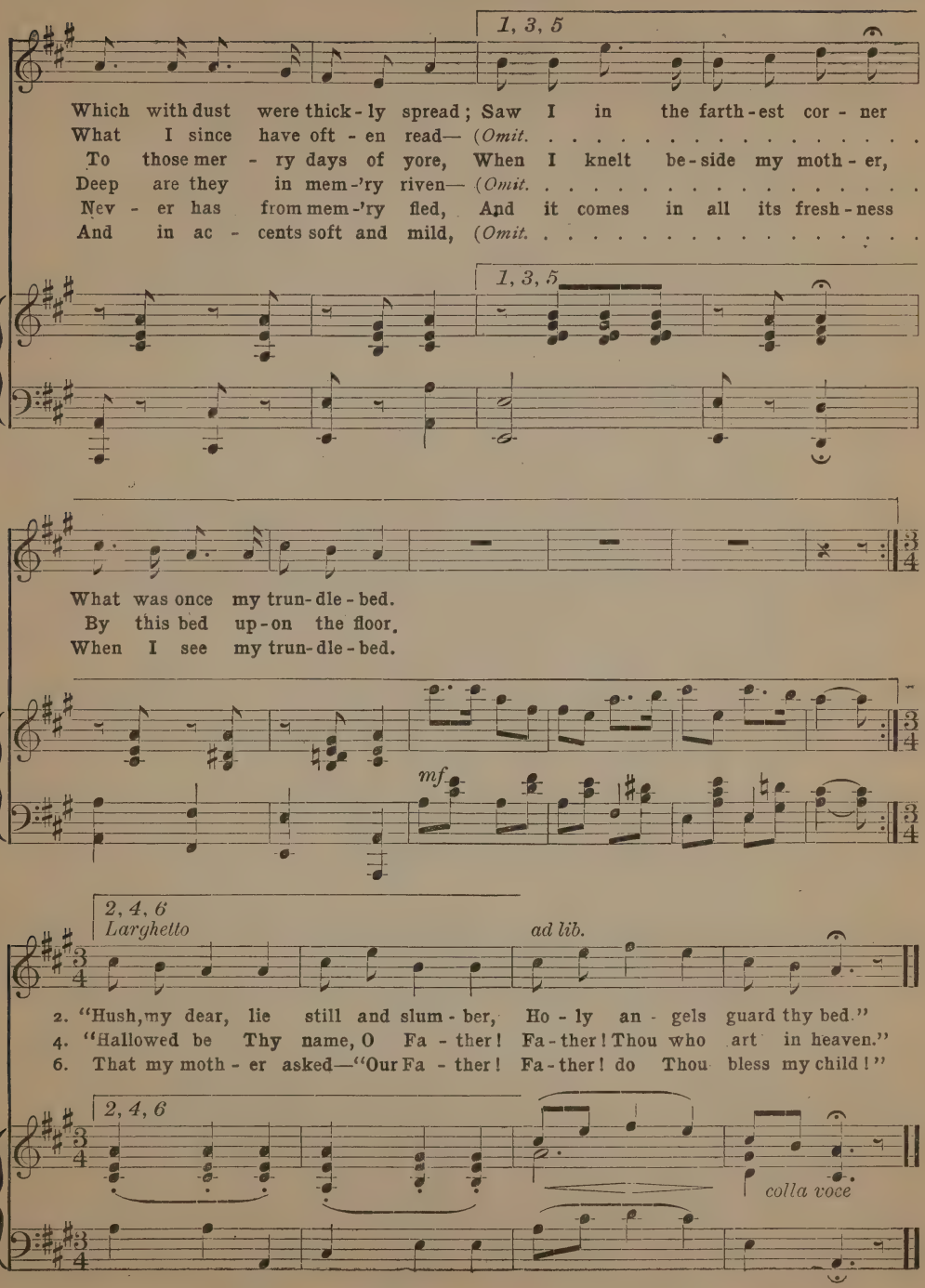
My Trundle-Bed

J. C. Baker

Moderato

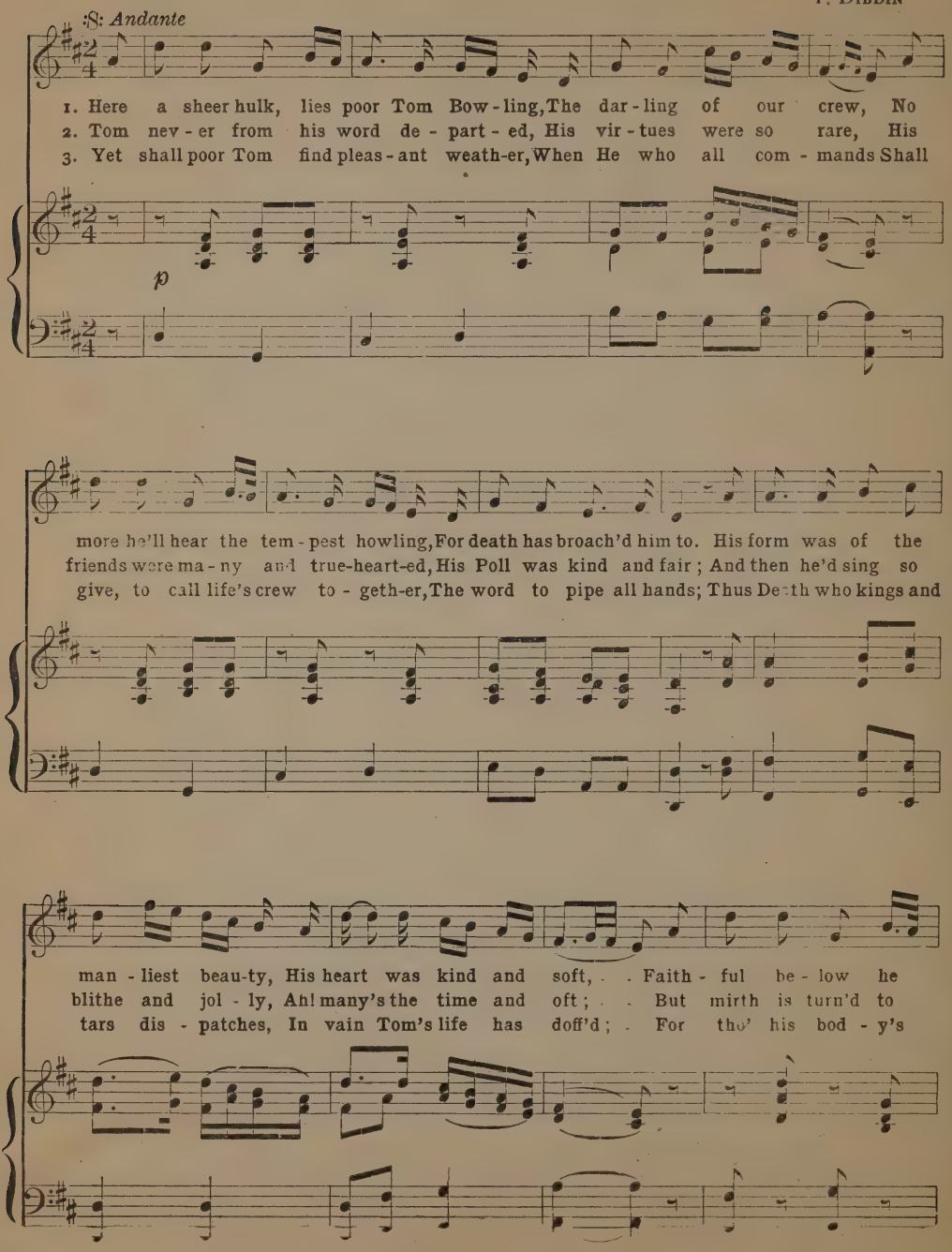
1. As I rum - mag'd thro' the at - tic, List - 'ning to the fall - ing rain, As it pat - ter'd on the shin - gles And a - gainst the win - dow pane; Peep - ing o - ver chests and box - es,
2. So I drew it from the re - cess, Where it had re-main'd so long, Hear - ing all the while the mu - sic Of my moth - er's voice in song; As she sung in sweet - est ac - cents,
3. As I lis - ten'd, rec - ol - lec - tions, That I thought had been for - got, Came with all the gush of mem - 'ry, Rush - ing, throng - ing to the spot; And I wan - der'd back to child - hood,
4. Then it was with hands so gent - ly Placed up - on my in - fant head, That she taught my lips to ut - ter Care - ful - ly the words she said; Nev - er can they be for - got - ten,
5. Years have pass'd, and that dear moth - er Long has mould - er'd 'neath the sod, And I trust her saint - ed spir - it Rev - els in the home of God: But that scene at sum - mer twi - light,
6. This she taught me, then she told me Of its im - port, great and deep— Af - ter which I learned to ut - ter "Now I lay me down to sleep:" Then it was with hands up - lift - ed,

p


1, 3, 5
Which with dust were thick-ly spread; Saw I in the farth-est cor-ner
What I since have oft-en read— (Omit. . . . . .
To those mer-ry days of yore, When I knelt be-side my moth-er,
Deep are they in mem-'ry riven— (Omit. . . . . .
Nev-er has from mem-'ry fled, And it comes in all its fresh-ness
And in ac-cents soft and mild, (Omit. . . . . .
1, 3, 5
What was once my trun-dle-bed.
By this bed up-on the floor.
When I see my trun-dle-bed.
mf
2, 4, 6
Larghetto
ad lib.
2. "Hush, my dear, lie still and slum-ber, Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed."
4. "Hallowed be Thy name, O Fa-ther! Fa-ther! Thou who art in heaven."
6. That my moth-er asked—"Our Fa-ther! Fa-ther! do Thou bless my child!"
2, 4, 6
colla voce

Tom Bowling

T. Dibdin



cres.

did his du - ty, And now he's gone a - loft, . . And now he's gone a - loft.
mel - an - cho - ly, For Tom has gone a - loft, . . For Tom has gone a - loft.
un - der hatch-es, His soul has gone a - loft, . . His soul has gone a - loft.

cres.

Pirates' Chorus

Moderato *p* BALFE

Ev - er be hap - py and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - rate's heart!

f

Long be thy reign, O'er land and main, By the glaive, by the chart, Queen

of the Pirate's heart! Queen! Ev-er be hap- py and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - rate's

f *ff*

heart! Pride, pride of the Pi - rate's heart! Pride, pride of the Pi - rate's heart.

Norah, the Pride of Kildare

J. Parry

Andante

1. As beau - teous as Flo - ra Is charm - ing young No - rah, The
2. Wher - e'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er for - get thee, love, Though

p

joy of my heart and the pride of Kil - dare; I ne'er will de - ceive her, For
beau - ties may smile, and try to en - snare; Yet noth - ing shall ev - er My

sad - ly 'twould grieve her, To find that I sighed for an -
heart from thine sev - er, Dear No - rah, sweet No - rah, the . .

espress.

o - ther less fair: Her heart with truth teem - ing, Her eye with smiles beam-ing, What
pride of Kil - dare: Thy heart with truth teem - ing, Thy eye with smiles beam-ing, What

dolce.

mor - tal could in-jure a blos-som so rare As No - rah, dear No - rah, the

p *p*

rall.

pride of Kil - dare, Oh, No - rah, dear No - rah, the pride of Kil - dare.

f *colla voce.*

List to the Convent Bells

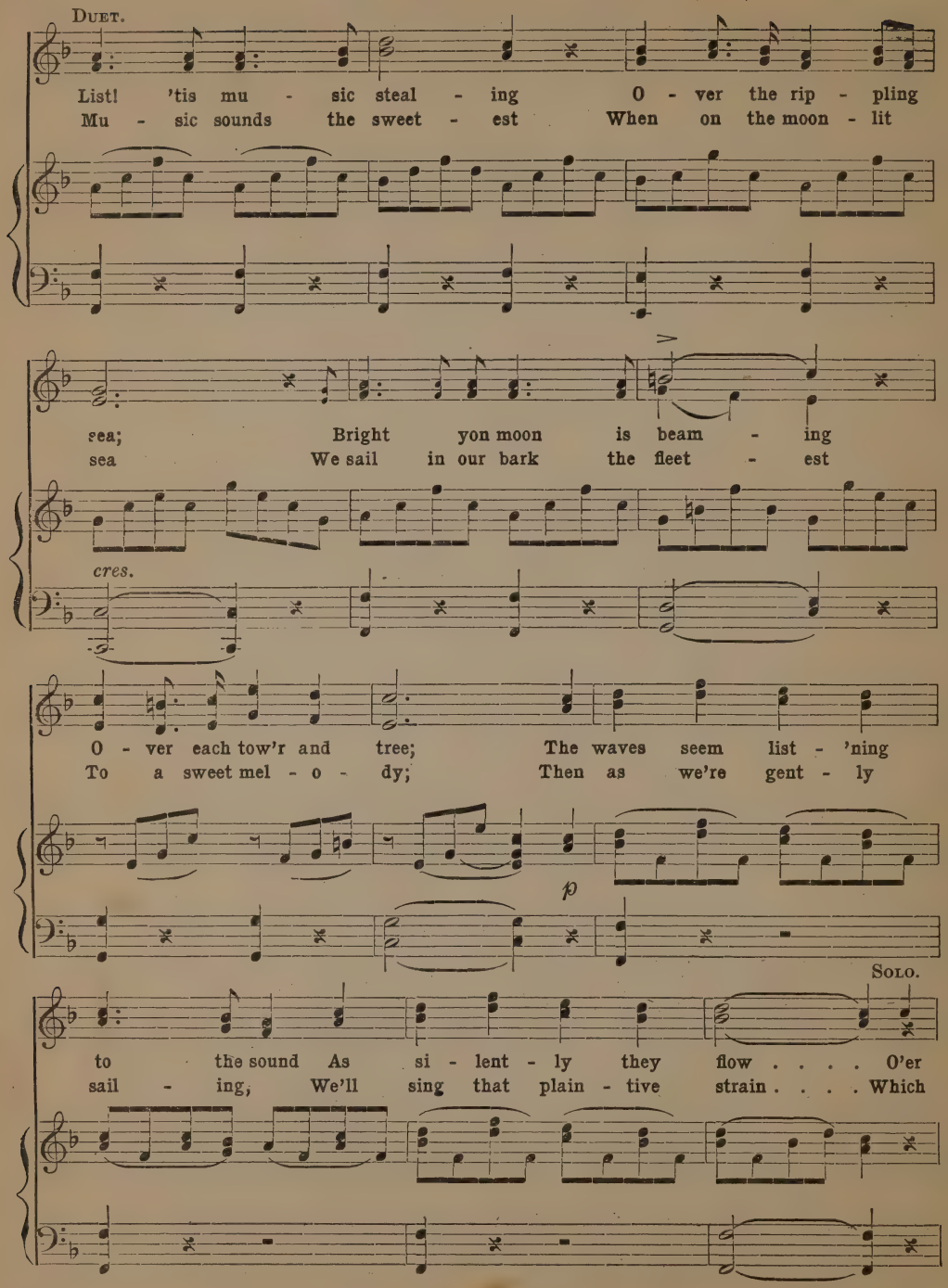
JOHN BLOCKLEY

SOLO.

1. List 'tis mu - sic steal - ing O - ver the rip - pling sea;
2. Mu sic sounds the sweet - est When on the moon - lit sea We

pp

Bright yon moon is beam ing O - ver each tow'r and tree.
sail in our bark the fleet est To a sweet mel - o - dy.


Duet.
List! 'tis mu - sic steal - ing O - ver the rip - pling
Mu - sic sounds the sweet - est When on the moon - lit
sea; Bright yon moon is beam - ing
sea We sail in our bark the fleet - est
cres.
O - ver each tow'r and tree; The waves seem list - 'ning
To a sweet mel - o - dy; Then as we're gent - ly
p
Solo.
to the sound As si - lent - ly they flow . . . . O'er
sail - ing, We'll sing that plain - tive strain . . . . Which

cor - al groves, and fai - ry ground, And spark-ling caves be - low. . . . . .
mem - 'ry makes en - dear - ing, And home re - calls a - gain. . . . . .

colla voce

DUET

List! 'tis mu - sic steal - ing O - ver the rip - pling sea,

pp *cres.*

Bright yon moon is beam ing O - ver each tow'r and tree.

List! List! List to the con - vent bell!

f *cres.*

D.C.

List! List! List to the con - vent bell!

mf colla voce

Lorena

Rev. H. D. L. Webster — J. P. Webster

1. The years creep slow-ly by, Lo - re - na, The snow is on the grass a - gain, The
2. A hundred months have pass'd, Lo - re - na, Since last I held that hand in mine, And
3. We loved each oth - er then, Lo - re - na, More than we ev - er dared to tell; And
4. The sto - ry of that past, Lo - re - na, A - las! I care not to re - peat, The
5. Yes, these were words of thine, Lo - re - na, They burn with-in my mem-'ry yet; They
6. It mat - ters lit - tle now, Lo - re - na, The past — is in th' e-ter - nal Past, Our

sun's low down the sky, Lo - re - na, The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been. But the
felt that pulse beat fast, Lo - re - na, Tho' mine beat fast - er far than thine. A
what we might have been, Lo - re - na, Had but our lov-ings prosper'd well — But
hopes that could not last, Lo - re - na, They lived, but on - ly lived to cheat. I
touched some tender chords, Lo - re - na, Which thrill and tremble with re - gret. 'Twas
heads will soon lie low, Lo - re - na, Life's tide is ebb - ing out so fast. There

heart throbs on as warmly now, As when the summer days were nigh; Oh! the
hundred months,'twas flow-'ry May, When up the hill-y slope we climbed, To
then, 'tis past—the years are gone, I'll not call up their shadowy forms; I'll
would not cause e'en one re-gret To ran - kle in your bo-som now; For
not thy woman's heart that spoke; Thy heart was al-ways true to me; A
is a Fu-ture! O thank God, Of life this is so small a part; 'Tis

sun can nev-er dip so low, . . A-down af-fection's cloud-less sky; The
watch the dy-ing of the day . . And hear the dis-tant church-bells chimed; To
say to them, "lost years, sleep on! Sleep on! nor heed life's pelt-ing storm;" I'll
"if we try, we may for-get" . Were words of thine long years a - go; For
du - ty stern and press-ing, broke The tie which linked my soul with thee; A
dust to dust be-neath the sod; . But there, up there, tis heart to heart: 'Tis

sun can nev-er dip so low, . . . A-down af-fec-tion's cloud - less sky.
watch the dy-ing of the day . . . And hear the dis-tant church - bells chimed.
say to them, "lost years, sleep on! . . Sleep on! nor heed life's pelt - ing storm."
"if we try, we may for-get" . . . Were words of thine long years a - go.
du - ty stern and pressing, broke . . The tie which linked my soul with thee.
dust to dust be-neath the sod; . . . But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls

From BALFE'S "Bohemian Girl"

Andantino

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With
2. I dreamt that suit - ors sought my hand; That

pp

vas-sals and serfs at my side, . . . And of all who as-sem-bled with-in those
knights up-on bend - ed knees, . . And with vows no maid-en heart could with-

walls That I was the hope and the pride. . . I had rich-es too great to
stand, They pledg'd their faith to me, . . . And I dreamt that one of that

count; could boast Of a high an - ces - tral name; . . . But I al - so
no - ble host Came forth my hand to claim; . . . But I al - so

8va

pp

dreamt, which pleas'd me most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you
dreamt, which charm'd me most, that you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you

lov'd me still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me, still the same. same.

Retreat

H. Stowell T. Hastings

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads,
3. There is a scene where spi - rits blend, Where friend holds fel - low - ship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And sense and sin mo - lest no more,

There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all be - sides more sweet; It is the blood - bought mer - cy - seat.
Though sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat!

My Mary Anne

M. Tyte

Moderato

1. Fare-you-well, my own Ma-ry Anne, Fare-you-well a - while, For the ship it is read-y, And the wind it is fair, And I am bound for the sea, Ma-ry Anne, I am bound for the sea. . .
2. Don't you see that tur-tle dove, Sit-ting on yon pine, La - ment-ing the loss of its own true love? And so am I for mine, Ma-ry Anne, So am I for mine. .
3. A lob-ster in a lob-ster pot, A blue fish wrig-gling on a hook, May suf - fer some, but oh, no, not What I do feel for my Ma-ry Anne! What I feel for Ma-ry Anne. .
4. The pride of all the pro-duce rare, That in the kit-chen gar-den grow'd, Was pump-kins, but none could com - pare, In an - gel form to my Ma-ry Anne! Could compare with Ma-ry Anne. .

p

mf

Barbara Allen

Old Song

Andante

1. In Scar - let town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwell-in', Made
2. And death is print - ed on his face, And o'er his heart is steal-in', Then
3. When he was dead nd in his grave, Her heart was struck with sor - row; "O

ev-'ry youth cry "well-a-way;" Her name was Barb'ra Al-len. All in the mer - ry
haste a - way to com-fort him, O love-ly Bar-b'ra Al-len. So slow-ly, slow - ly
moth-er, moth-er, make my bed, For I shall die to-mor-row. Fare-well," she said, "ye

month of May, When green buds then were swell-in', Young Jem-my Grove on his
she came up, And slow-ly she came nigh him; And all she said, when
vir-gins all, And shun the fault I fell in; Hence-forth take warn - ing

death-bed lay, For love of Bar - b'ra Al - len.
there she came, "Young man, I think you're dy - ing."
by the fall Of cru - el Bar - b'ra Al - len."

mf

Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms

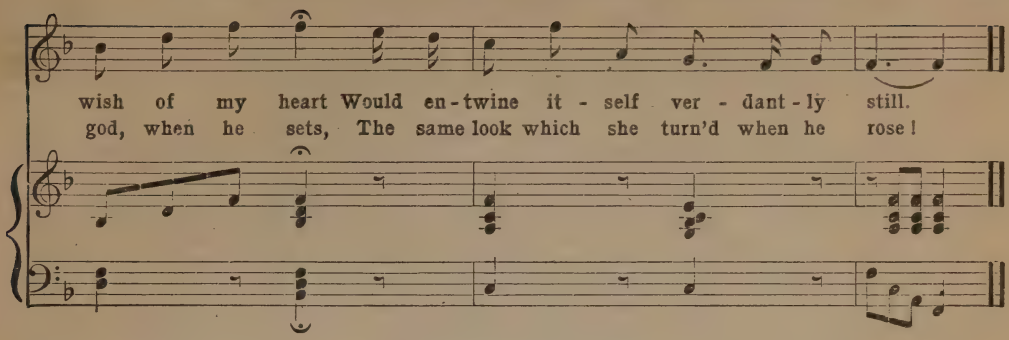
TOM MOORE

1. Be - lieve me if all those en - dearing young charms Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -
2. It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unpro-fan'd by a

day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts
tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but

fad - ing a - way, . Thou would'st still be a - dor'd, as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy
make thee more dear. . . Oh! the heart that has tru - ly lov'd nev - er for - gets, But as

love - li - ness fade as it will; . . And a - round the dear ru - in each
tru - ly loves on to the close; . . As the sun - flow - er turns on her



Fair Harvard

1 Fair Harvard! thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
And with blessings surrender thee o'er,
By these festival rites, from the age that is past,
To the age that is waiting before.
O relic and type of our ancestor's worth,
That has long kept their memory warm,
First flower of their wilderness! star of their night,
Calm rising through change and through storm!

2 To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth,
From the home of our infantile years,
When our fathers had warned, and our mothers had prayed,
And our sisters had blest, through their tears;
Thou then wert our parent, the nurse of our souls,
We were moulded to manhood by thee,
Till freighted with treasure-thoughts friendships, and hopes,
Thou did'st launch us on Destiny's sea.

3 Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,
As the world on truth's current glides by;
Be the herald of light, and the bearer of love,
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

The Graduates' Farewell

W. T. Adams

1 How sad mid the sunshine that gladdens this scene,
Comes the thought that to-day we must part;
That the bond which affection has ever kept green
Must be severed to-day in the heart;
That we meet in this home of our childhood no more.
As we lovingly meet to the last;
That we never again on this time-bounded shore
May unite in the songs of the past!

2 But fondly our thoughts will return to the spot
On the wings of remembrance borne up;
And our hearts shall rejoice, while we cherish the lot
That permits us to drink of this cup.
Then farewell to our school, and farewell to the friends
Who have lighted our pathway with love;
Though to-day we must part, yet our prayers will ascend
That our school be united above!

Tom-Big-Bee River

S. S. Steele

1. On Tom-big-bee riv-er so bright I was born, In a hut made eb husks ob de tall yal-ler corn, And dar I fust meet wid my Ju-la so true, An I row'd her a-bout In my gum-tree ca-noe. Sing-ing row a-way, row, O'er de wa-ters so blue, Like a fea-ther we'll float, In my gum-tree ca-noe.

2. All de day in de field de soft cot-ton I hoe, I tink ob my Ju-la an sing as I go; Oh, I catch her a bird, wid a wing ob true blue, An at night sail her round In my gum-tree ca-noe.

p

Chorus

f

3 Wid my hands on de banjo and toe on de oar,
I sing to de sound ob de river's soft roar;
While de stars dey look down at my Jula so true,
An' dance in her eye in my gum-tree canoe.
Singing row away, etc.

4 One night de stream bore us so far away,
Dat we couldn't cum back, so we thought we'd jis stay,
Oh, we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue,
An' it took us in tow wid my gum-tree canoe.
Singing row away, etc.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Slave Hymn

p

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot,——Com-ing for to car - ry me home,

p

FINE

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

mf

1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see, Com-ing for to car - ry me
2. If you get there be - fore I do, Com-ing for to car - ry me
3. The bright - est day that ev - er I saw, Com-ing for to car - ry me
4. I'm some - times up and some - times down. Com-ing for to car - ry me

mf

D.C.

home? A band of an - gels com-ing af-ter me, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.
home? Tell all my friends I'm com - ing too, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.
home? When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.
home? But still my soul feels heav-en - ly bound, Com-ing for to car - ry me home.

Good-Bye

J. C. Engelbrecht

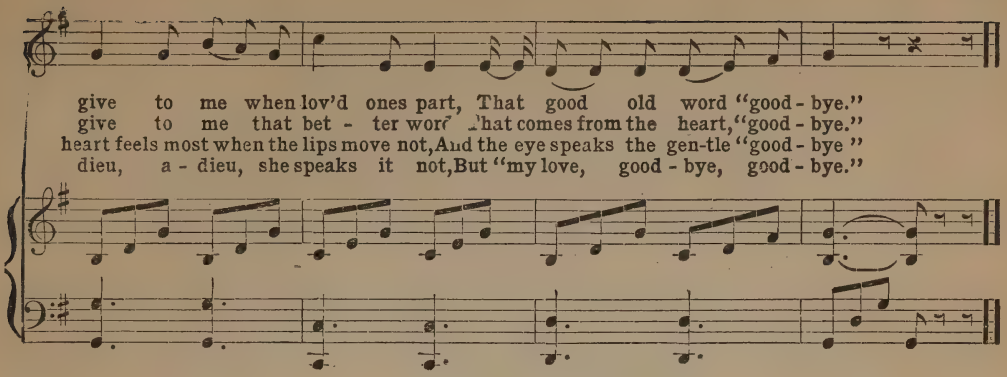
Andante

1. Fare-well, fare- well is a lone-ly sound And al - ways brings a sigh, But
2. Fare-well, fare- well may do for the gay When pleas-ure's throng is nigh, But
3. A - dieu, a - dieu, we hear it oft With a tear, per-haps with a sigh, But the
4. Fare-well, fare - well is nev-er heard When the tear's in the moth-er's eye, A -

p

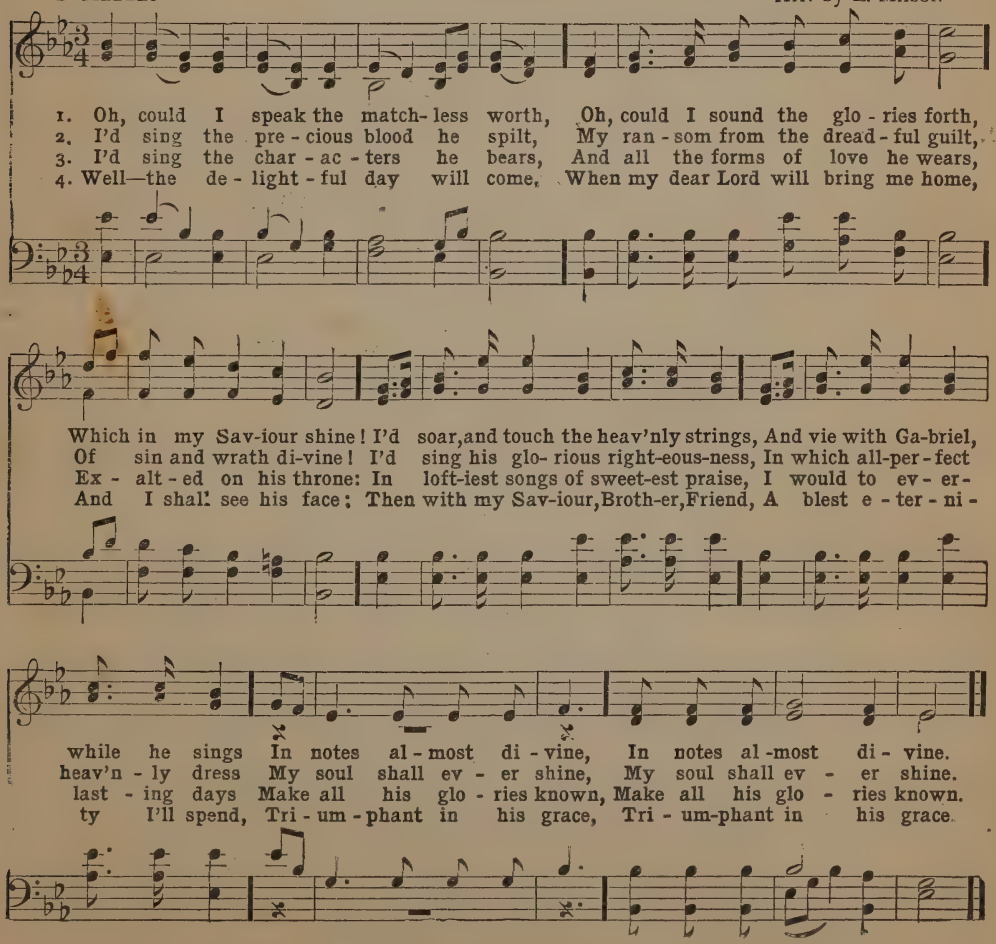
give to me when lov'd ones part, That sweet old word, "good-bye," That
give to me that bet - ter word That comes from the heart, "good-bye," That
heart feels most when the lips move not, And the eye speaks the gen-tle "good-bye," And the
dieu, a - dieu, she speaks it not, But "my love, good-bye, good- bye," But "my

sweet old word, "good-bye," That sweet old word, "good- bye," But
comes from the heart, "good-bye," That comes from the heart "good-bye," But
eye speaks the gen-tle "good-bye," And the eye speaks the gen-tle "good-bye," But the
love, good - bye, good - bye," But "my love, good - bye, good - bye," A -



Ariel

S Medley — Arr. by L. Mason



I Wandered by the Sea-Beat Shore

J. W. Cherry

Moderato con espressione

1. One sum-mer eve, with pen-sive thought, I wander'd on the sea-beat shore, Where oft in heed - less in-fant sport I gath-er'd shells in days be - fore, I gath-er'd shells in days be-fore. The plash-ing waves like mu-sic fell, Re-spon-sive to my fan-cy wild, A dream came o'er me like a
2. I stoop'd up-on the peb-bly strand To cull the toys that round me lay, But as I took them in my hand, I threw them one by one a - way, I threw them one by one a-way. "Oh! thus," I said, "in ev-'ry stage By toys our fan - cy is be - guil'd, We gath-er shells from youth to

8va

8va

spell, I thought I was a - gain a child; A dream came o'er me like a
age, And then we leave them like a child; We gath- er shells from youth to

fz

espressivo *ad lib.*

spell, I thought I was a - gain, a - gain a child.
age, And then we leave them, leave them like a child."

colla voce

The Independent Farmer

W. W. Fosdick G. F. Root

Allegretto

Let sail - ors sing of o - cean deep, Let sol - diers praise their ar - mor, But

1st Division

in my heart this toast I'll keep, The In - de-pend-ent Farm - er. He cares not how the

world may move, No doubts nor fears con - found him, His lit - tle flock is linked in love as

2D DIVISION

house-hold an - gels round him. The gray old barn whose doors en-fold His am - ple store in

8va. bassa

meas - ure, More rich than heaps of hoard-ed gold, A pre-cious, bless-ed treas - ure.

CHORUS

He loves his coun - try and his friends, His hon - es - ty's his ar - mor, He's

na - ture's no - ble - man in life, The in - de - pend - ent farm - er.

He is na - ture's no - ble - man, The in - de - pend - ent farm - er.

Song of a Thousand Years

HENRY C. WORK

Maestoso

1. Lift up your eyes, de-spond-ing free-men! Fling to the winds your need-less
2. What if the clouds, one lit-tle mo-ment, Hide the blue sky where morn ap-
3. Tell the great world these bless-ed ti-dings! Yes, and be sure the bond-man

fears! He who un-furl'd your beauteous ban-ner, Says it shall wave a thou-sand years!
pears,—When the bright sun, that tints them crimson, Ri-ses to shine a thou-sand years?
hears; Tell the op-pressed of ev-'ry na-tion, Ju-bi-lee lasts a thou-sand years!

CHORUS

"A thou-sand years!" my own Co-lum-bi-ia! 'Tis the glad day so long fore-

told! 'Tis the glad morn whose ear-ly twi-light Wash-ing-ton saw in times of old.

You Never Miss the Water

HARRY LINN — R. HOWARD

1. When a child, I lived at Lin - coln with my par - ents at the farm, The
2. As years roll'd on, I grew to be a mis - chief - mak - ing boy, De -
3. When I ar - riv'd at man - hood, I em - bark'd in pub - lic life, And
4. Then I stud - ied strict e - con - o - my, and found to my sur - prise, My
5. I'm mar - ried now and hap - py, I've a care - ful lit - tle wife, We

mf

les - sons that my moth - er taught to me were quite a charm; She would
struc - tion seem'd my on - ly sport, it was my on - ly joy; And
found it was a rug - ged road, be - strewn with care and strife; I
funds in - stead of sink - ing, ve - ry quick - ly then did rise; I
live in peace and har - mo - ny, de - void of care and strife; Kind

of - ten take me on her knee when tir'd of child - ish play, And
well do I re - mem - ber, when oft - times well chas - tised, How
spec - u - la - ted fool - ish - ly, my loss - es were se - vere, But
grasp'd each chance, and al - ways struck the i - ron while 'twas hot, I
For - tune smiles up - on us, we have lit - tle chil - dren three, The

as she press'd me to her breast, I've heard my moth - er say:
fa - ther sat be - side me then, and thus has me ad - vised:
still a ti - ny lit - tle voice kept whis - p'ring in my ear:
seiz'd my op - por - tu - ni - ties, and nev - er once for - got:
les - son that I teach them, as they prat - tle round my knee:

CHORUS

Waste not, want not, is the max - im I would teach, Let your watch-word be des-patch, and

f

prac - tise what you preach; Do not let your chan - ces like

sun-beams pass you by, For you nev - er miss the wa - ter till the well runs dry.

Co-ca-che-lunk

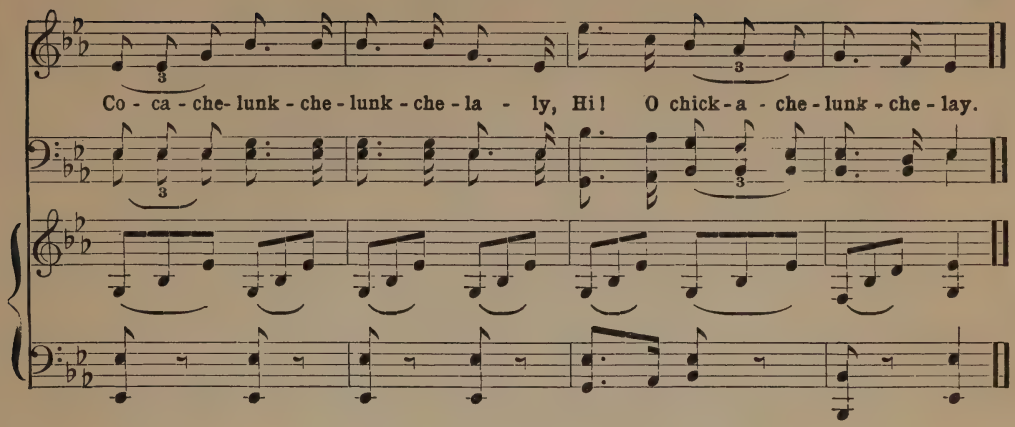
Solo

1. When we first came on this cam - pus, Fresh - men we, as green as grass;
2. We have fought the fight to - geth - er, We have strug - gled side by side;
3. Some will go to Greece or Hart - ford, Some to Nor - wich or to Rome;
4. When we come a - gain to - geth - er, Vi - gin - ten - ni - al to pass,

Now, as grave and rev - er - end sen - iors, Smile we o - ver the ver - dant past.
Bro - ken is the bond that held us— We must cut our sticks and slide.
Some to Green - land's i - cy mountains—More, per - haps, will stay at home.
Wives and chil - dren all in - clud - ed,—Won't we be an up - roar - ious class?

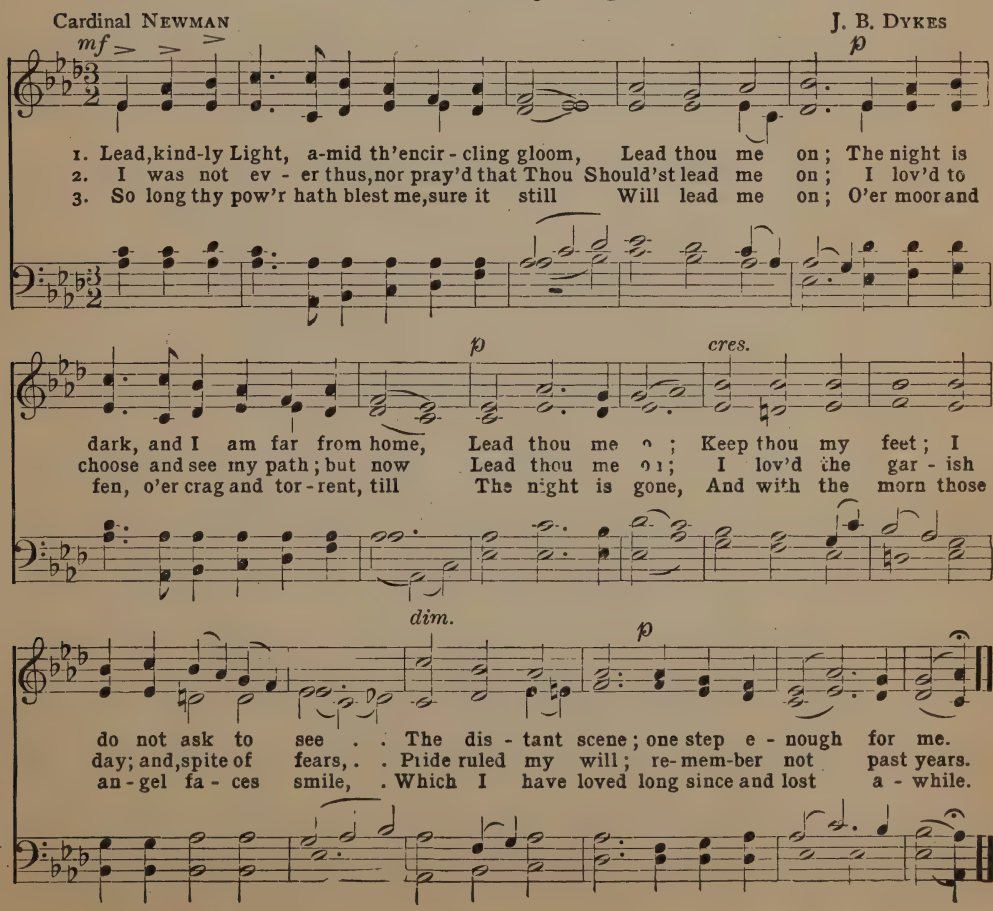
Chorus (Male Voices)

Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - lay,



Lead, Kindly Light

Cardinal NEWMAN — J. B. DYKES



It's a Way We Have at Old Harvard*

1. It's a way we have at old Har-vard, It's a way we have at old Har-vard, It's a
2. For we think it is . . no sin, sir, To take the Fresh - men in, sir, And
3. For we think it is . . but right, sir, On Wednesday and Saturday night, sir, To . .

p

CODA

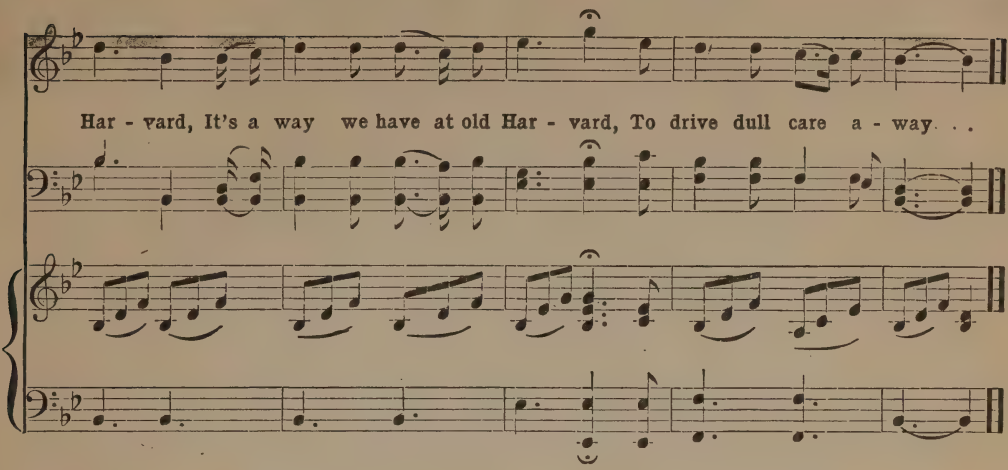
way we have at old Har-vard, To drive dull care a - way; To drive dull care a -way, To
ease them of their tin, sir, To drive dull care a - way; To drive dull care a -way, To
get most glorious-ly tight sir, To drive dull care a - way; To drive dull care a -way, To

f *p*

drive dull care a - way, . It's a way we have at old Har-vard, It's a way we have at old

f

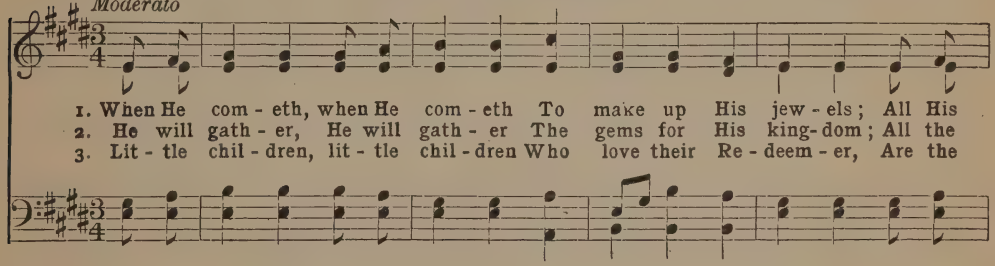
*The name "Harvard" may be changed to that of any college

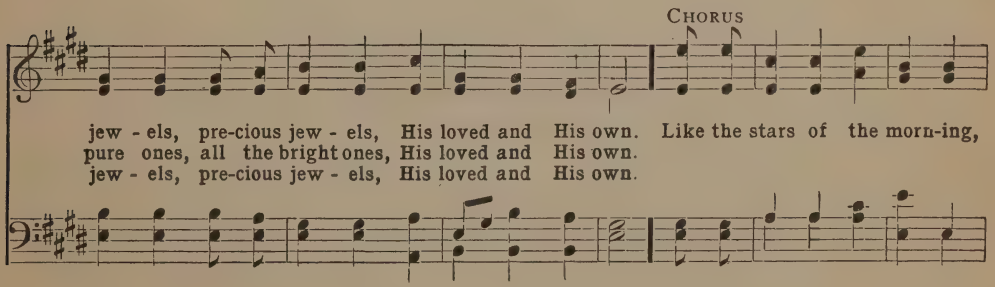


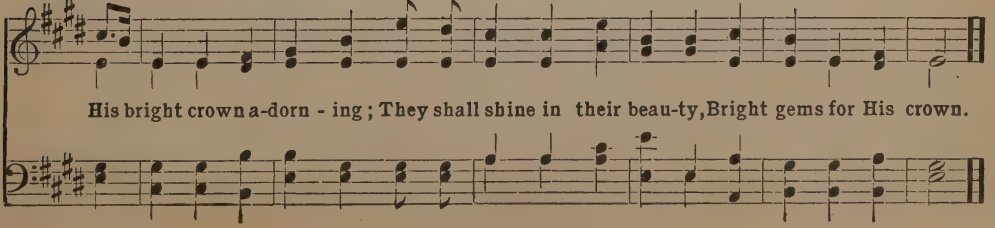
When He Cometh

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing — Geo. F. Root

Moderato







Tapping at the Garden Gate

J. Loker — S. W. New

1. Who's that tap-ping at the gar-den gate? Tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar-den gate?
2. Oh, you sly lit-tle "Fox" you know, Fid-get-ting a-bout un-til you go,

p

Ev-'ry night I have heard of late, Some-bod-y tap-ping at the gar-den gate.
Drop'd the sugar spoon! Why, there it lies! Bless the girl, where are your eyes?

What? you, sly lit-tle puss, don't know Why do you blush and fal-ter so?
Were I a-ble to leave my chair, Soon would I find out who is there;

f

rall.

What are you look-ing for un-der the chair? The tap, tap, tap-ping comes not from there.
Don't tell me you think it's the cat, Cats don't tap, tap, tap like that.

rall.

p a tempo.

Ev - 'ry night a - bout half past eight There's tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar - den gate,
Cats don't know when it's half past eight, And come tap, tap-ping at the gar - den gate,

p a tempo.

f

Ev - 'ry night a - bout half past eight, There's tap, tap, tap-ping at the gar - den gate.
Cats don't know when it's half past eight, And come tap, tap-ping at the gar - den gate.

f

Take Back the Heart

CLARIBEL

1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is my an-guish to thee? . .
2. Then, when at last o - ver - tak - en, Time flings its fet-ters o'er thee, . .

Take back the free-dom thou crav - est, Leav - ing the fet - ters to me. . .
Come with a trust still un - shak - en, Come back a cap-tive to me. . .

sf *dim.*

Take back the vows thou hast spo - ken, Fling them a - side and be free. . . . .
Come back, in sad - ness or sor - row, Once more my dar - ling to be; . . . . .

Stringendo *rall.*

Smile o'er each pit - i - ful to - ken, Leaving the sor - row for me. . . . . .
Come as of old, love, to bor - row Glimpses of sun-light from me. . . . . .

rall. colla parte

Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - sion, Gaze on the storm-cloud, and flee, ...
Love shall re-sume her do - min - ion, Striv-ing no more to be free, ...

rit. *lento*

Swift-ly thro' strife and con - fu - sion, Leav-ing the bur-den to me. . .
When on her world wea-ry pin - ion Flies back my lost love to me. . .

My Ain Countrie

MARY LEE DEMAREST

1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea - ry aft - en-whiles, For the
An' I'll ne'er be fu' con - tent, un - til mine een do see The
D.C. *But these sights an' these soun's will as naeth-ing be to me, When I*

1 2 FINE

langed-for hame-bring - in', an' my Fai - ther's wel-come smiles, }
gow - den gates o' heav'n an' my { *Omit* . . . . . } ain coun - trie.
hear the an - gels sing-in' in my { Omit . . . . . *ain coun - trie.*

D.C.

{ The earth is fleck'd wi' flow - ers, mon - y tint - ed, fresh an' gay. }
{ The bird - ies war - ble blithe - ly, for my Fai - ther made them sae : }

2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' ower, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair,
For His bluid has made me white, and His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

3 Sae little noo I ken o' yon blessed, bonnie place,
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch forever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.
Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.

4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate.
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie

My Last Cigar

mf

1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, A glo - rious sum - mer day, I sat up - on the quar - ter - deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And as the vol-umed smoke a - rose, Like in - cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar, It was my last ci - gar; I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar.

2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter - rail, And looked down in the sea, E'en there the pur - ple wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. O, what had I at such a time, To do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem-bling tear pro-claimed It was my last ci - gar.

3. I watched the ash - es as it came Fast draw - ing to the end; I watched it as a friend would watch Be - side a dy - ing friend; But still the flame crept slow - ly on, It van-ished in - to air, I threw it from me, spare the tale, It was my last ci - gar.

4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis - tance dim, I've watched a - bove the blight - ed heart, Where once proud hope had been; But I've nev - er known a sor - row That could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, I smoked my last ci - gar.

f REFRAIN.

My Moustache

(Male Voice

Tune in Second Tenor

1. My mous-tache is grow-ing, Its ge nial warmth be-stow-ing; Its
2. But when I am drink-ing, I oft - times am think-ing, There's

beau-ty charms the eye of all Broad-way. Come forth like a fair-y so
one thing you will hin-der ve-ry much; The rap-tur-ous bliss-es of

light and so air-y, And ram-ble o'er my up-per lip so gay.
sweet stol-en kiss-es, You'll scarce-ly let the girls our two lips touch.

Refrain

Come! come! mous-tache come, Come e'er the dye on thee fades; Come

O come, come, come, come

forth like a fai-ry, so light and so air-y, And ram-ble o'er my up-per lip so gay.

The Old Arm Chair

ELIZA COOKE — HENRY RUSSELL

Andante con espressione

1. I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for lov - ing that old arm chair! I've treas-ured it long as a ho - ly prize, I've be - dew'd it with tears, and em - balm'd it with sighs; 'Tis
2. I sat and watch'd her man - y a day, When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey, And I al - most wor-shipp'd her when she smil'd, And turn'd from her bi - ble to bless her child.
3. 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With quiv - er - ing breath and throb-bing brow; 'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas there she died; And mem-'ry flows with la - va tide.

bound by a thou - sand bonds to my heart, Not a
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped, My
Say it is fol - ly, and deem me weak, While the

tie will break, not a link will start! Would ye learn the spell? A
i-dol was shatter'd, my earth - star fled; I learnt how much the
scald - ing drops start down my cheek; But I love it, I love it, and

f

moth-er sat there, And a sa - cred thing is that old arm chair.
heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm chair.
can - not tear My soul from a moth - er's old arm chair.

f *p* *p*

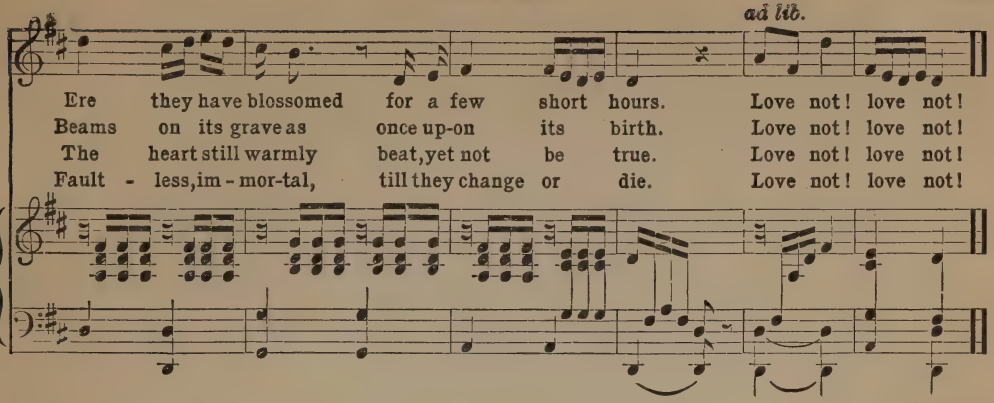
Love Not

CAROLINE NORTON — JOHN BLOCKLEY

Andantino

1. Love not! love not! ye hap-less sons of clay; Hope's gay-est wreaths are made of earth-ly flow'rs; Things that are made to fade and fall a-way, Ere they have blossomed, for a few . . short hours,
2. Love not! love not! the thing you love may die, May per-ish from the gay and glad-some earth; The si-lent stars, the blue and smiling sky, Beams on its grave as once up-on . . its birth,
3. Love not! love not! the thing you love may change, The ro-sy lip may cease to smile on you, The kind-ly beam-ing eye grow cold and strange, The heart still warmly beat, yet not . . be true,
4. Love not! love not! O warn-ing vain-ly said! In pres-ent hours, as in the years gone by, Love flings a ha-lo round the dear one's head, Fault-less, im-mor-tal, till they change or die,

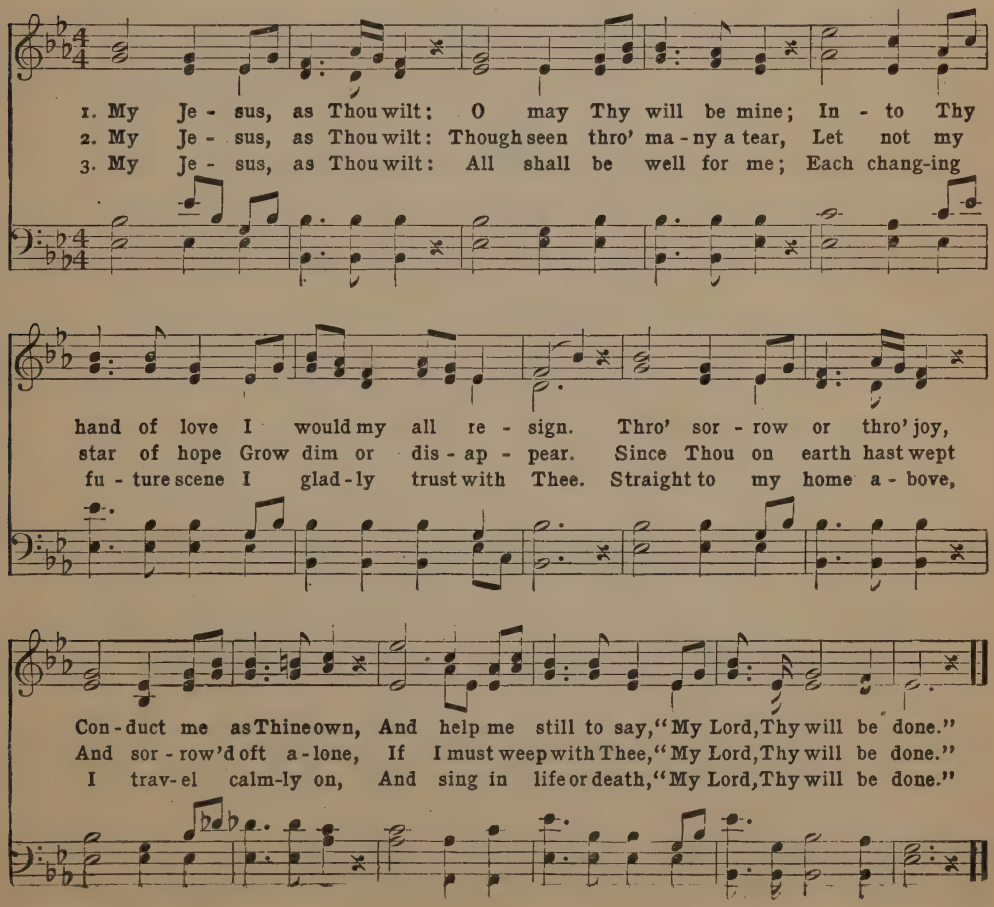
p



My Jesus, as Thou Wilt

SCHMOLKE
Tr. BORTHWICK

WEBER



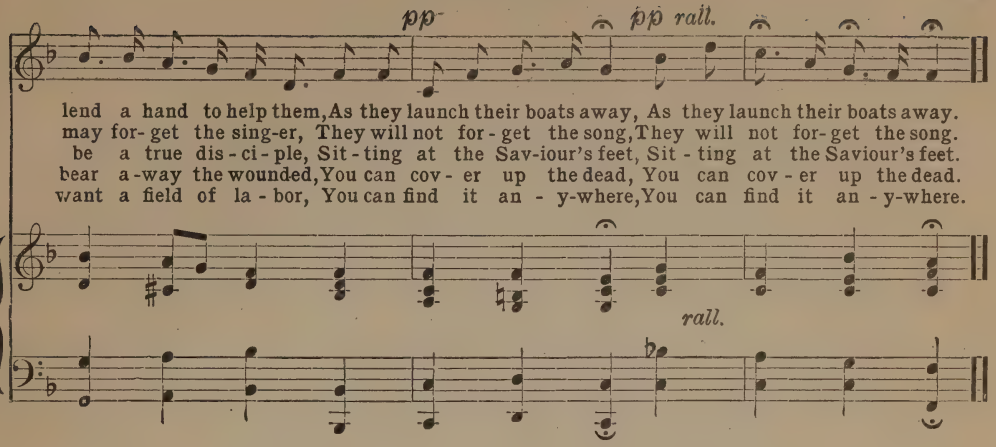
Your Mission

JESSIE R. GATES — S. M. GRANNIS

Moderato

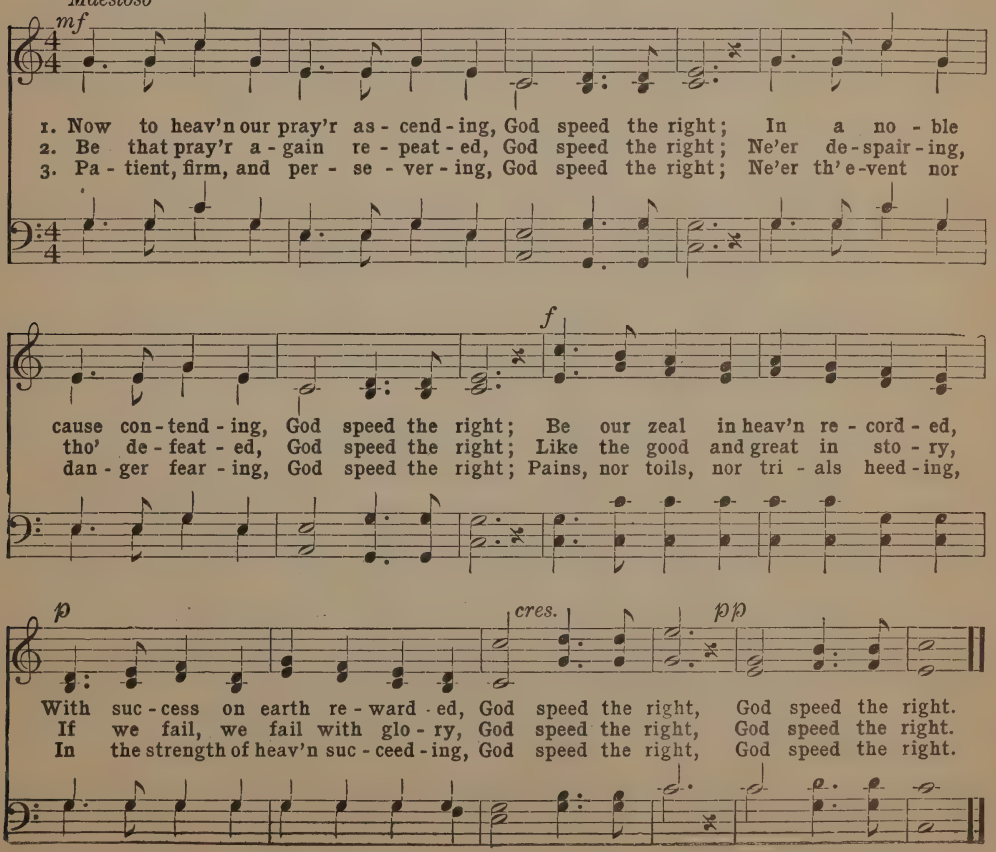
1. If you can not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift - est fleet, Rock - ing on the high - est bil - lows, Laugh - ing at the storms you meet; You can stand with - in the val - ley, While the mul - ti - tudes go by; You can stand a - mong the sail - ors, An - chor'd yet with - in the bay, You can
2. If you are too weak to jour - ney Up the moun - tain, steep and high; You can can not t'wards the need - y, Reach an ev - er o - pen hand; You can chant in hap - py meas - ure, As they slow - ly pass a - long, Though they
3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er read - y to command; If you fire and smoke are thick - est, There's no work for you to do; When the vis - it the af - flict - ed, O'er the err - ing you can weep, You can
4. If you can not in the con - flict Prove your - self a sol - dier true, If, where is a la - zy god - dess, She will nev - er come to you. Go and bat - tle - field is si - lent, You can go with care - ful tread, You can
5. Do not, then, stand i - dly wait - ing, For some great - er work to do; For - tune toil in an - y vine - yard, Do not fear to do or dare, If you

cres. *dim.* *ritard.*



God Speed the Right

W. E. Hickson — German Air



Alas! Those Chimes so Sweetly Stealing

E. Fitzball — W. Vincent Wallace

Andante moderato

pp

Bass with octaves

1. A - las! those chimes so sweet-ly steal - ing,
2. Yes, yes, those chimes so soft-ly swell - ing,

Gent-ly dul - cet, gen - tly dul-cet to the ear,
As from some ho - ly sphere, as from some ho-ly sphere,

Sound like pi - ty's voice re - veal - ing,
Sound like hymns of spi - rits tell - ing,

To the dy-ing death is near. Still he slumbers, how se-rene - ly!
To the dy-ing peace is here. Come! a-bide with us in hea - ven,

Not a sigh dis-turbs his rest; Oh! that an-gels now might
Here no grief can reach thy breast; Come! ap-prov-ing an - gels

waft him To the man-sions of the blest, Oh! that
waft thee In the man-sions of the blest, Come! ap -

an - gels now might waft him To the man-sions of the blest. . . .
prov-ing an - gels wait thee In the man-sions of the blest. . . .

rit.

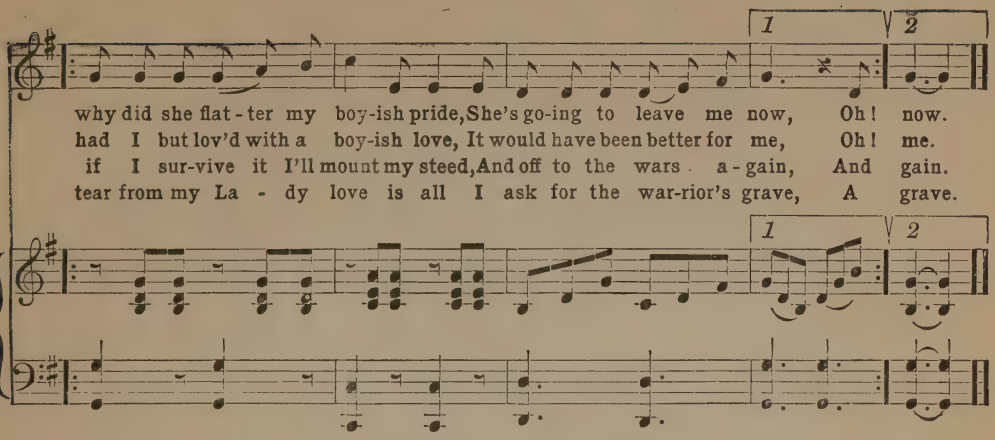
I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree

W. Guernsey.

Andante moderato

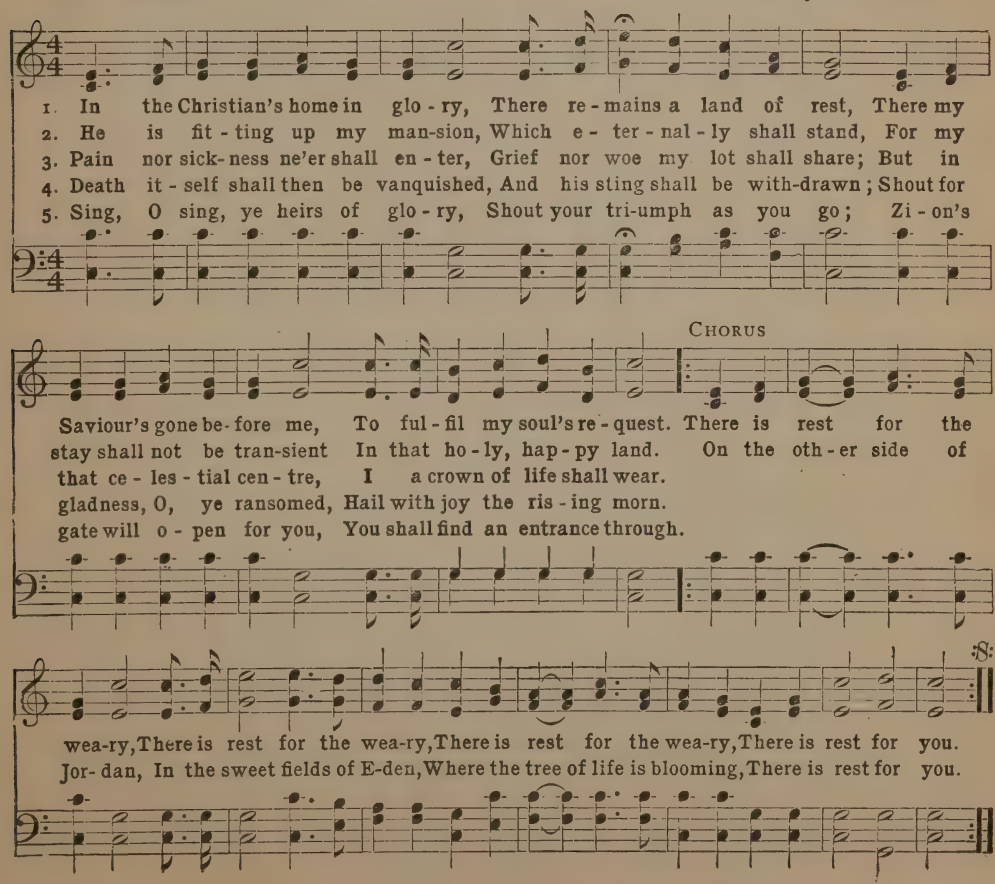
1. I'll hang my harp on a wil - low tree, I'll off to the wars a - gain, My peace-ful home has no charms for me, The bat - tle field no pain; The la - dy I love will soon be a bride, With a di - a - dem on her brow. Oh!
2. She took me a - way from my war - like lord, And gave me a silk - en suit, I tho't no more of my mas - ter's sword, But play'd my mas - ter's lute; She seem'd to think me a boy a - bove Her pa - ges of low de - gree, Oh!
3. Then I'll hide in my breast ev - 'ry self - ish care, I'll flush my pale cheek with wine; When smiles a - wake the bri - dal pair, I'll has - ten to give them mine. I'll laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed, And I'll walk in the fes - tive train, And
4. But one gold - en tress of her hair I'll twine, In my hel - met's sa - ble plume, And then on the field of Pal - es - tine I'll seek an ear - ly doom; And if by the Sar - a - cen's hand I fall, 'Mid the no - ble and the brave, A

p



Rest for the Weary

S. Y. Harmer. Rev. J. W. Dadmun



Twenty Years Ago

WILLIAM WILLING

Not too fast

1. I've wan-der'd to the vil-lage, Tom, I've sat be-neath the tree, Up-
2. The grass is just as green, dear Tom, bare-foot-ed boys at play Were
3. The riv-er's run-ning just as still; the wil-lows on its side Are
4. The spring that bub-bled 'neath the hill, close by the spread-ing beech, Is
5. Near by the spring, up-on an elm, you know I cut your name, Your
6. My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears came in my eyes; I
7. Some now are in the church-yard laid, some sleep be-neath the sea, But

on the school-house play-ing ground, which shel-ter'd you and me. But
sport-ing just as we did then, with spir-its just as gay; But the
larg-er than they were, dear Tom, the stream ap-pears less wide. The
ve-ry low, 'twas once so high that we could al-most reach; And
sweet-heart's just be-neath it, Tom, and you did mine the same; Some
thought of her I loved so well, those ear-ly bro-ken ties; I
few are left of our old class, ex-cept-ing you and me; And

none were there to greet me, Tom; and few were left to know, That
Mas-ter sleeps up-on the hill which, coat-ed o'er with snow, Af-
grape-vine swing is ru-ined, now where once we played the beau, And
kneel-ing down to get a drink, dear Tom, I start-ed so To
heart-less wretch had peeled the bark, 'twas dy-ing sure but slow, Just
vis-it-ed the old church-yard, and took some flow'rs to strew Up-
when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to go, I

play'd with us up - on the grass, some twen - ty years a - go.
ford - ed us a slid - ing place just twen - ty years a - go.
swung our sweet-hearts, "pret - ty girls," just twen - ty years a - go.
see how much that I was changed since twen - ty years a - go.
as that one, whose name was cut, died twen - ty years a - go.
on the graves of those we loved some twen - ty years a - go.
hope they'll lay us where we played just twen - ty years a - go.

O Weary Feet

CLARA L. HAYES — ALFRED BEIRLY

1. O wea - ry feet, the way seems drear and long; O tir - ed eyes, you peer in - to the night; Soul, sing a - gain hope's long - for - got - ten song; Look up, d ar heart, be - hold the per - fect Light.
2. In self - ish toil you can - not find the way; To seek re - ward will nev - er bring you gain; O trust God's love, your ef - f rt H 'll re - pay, He giv - th smiles for tears, and joy for pain.
3. Be strong in hope, nor doubt your Fa - ther's care; Bright is God's world, the clouds a: all your own; Sun - shine, and joy, and glo - ry ev - 'ry - wh re, Make earth a heav'n where dark-ness is un - known.

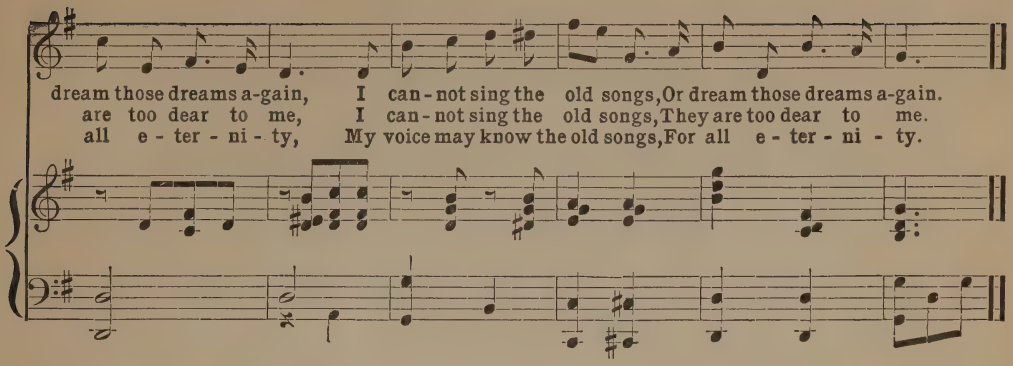
I Cannot Sing the Old Songs

CLARIBEL

1. I can - not sing the old songs I sung long years a - go, For heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For by - gone hours come o'er my heart, With each fa - mil - iar strain, I can - not sing the old songs, Or

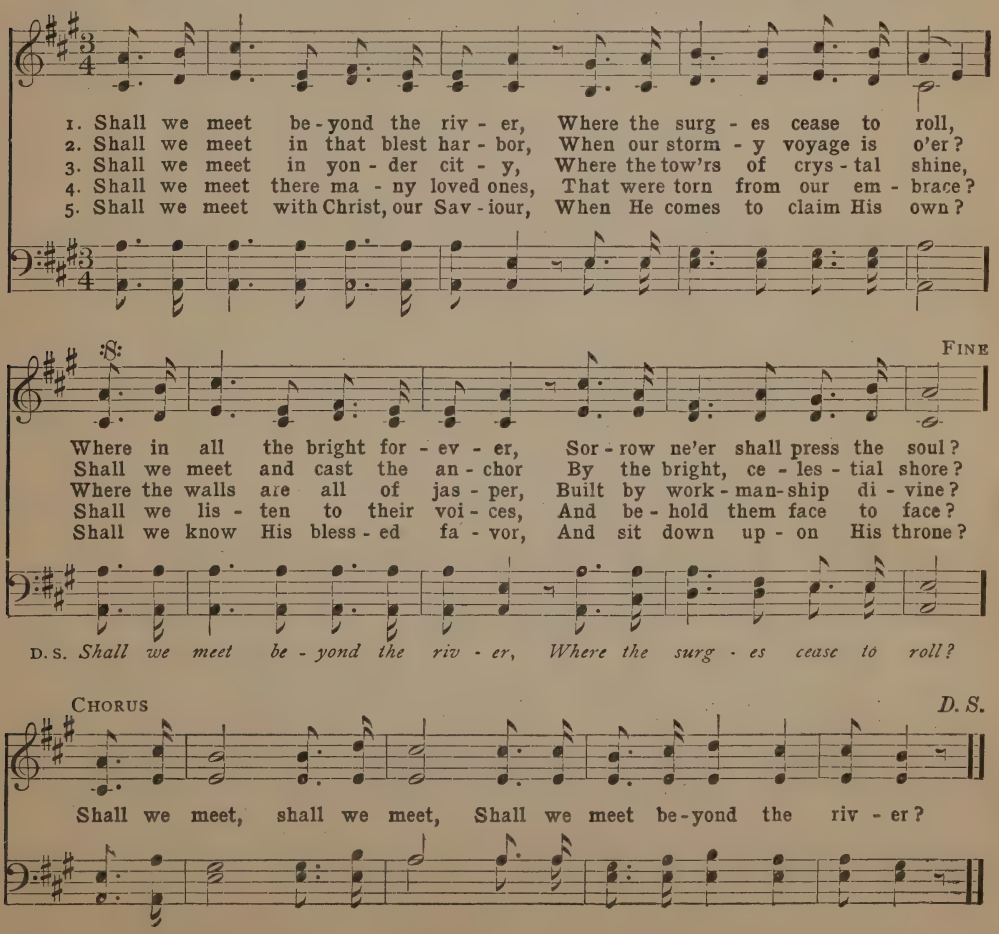
2. I can - not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their mel - o - dies would wak - en Old sor - rows from their sleep; And tho' all un - for - got - ten still, And sad - ly sweet they be, I can - not sing the old songs, They

3. I can - not sing the old songs, For vis - ions come a - gain, Of gold - en dreams de - part - ed, And years of wea - ry pain; Per - haps when earth - ly fet - ters shall Have set my spir - it free, My voice may know the old songs, For

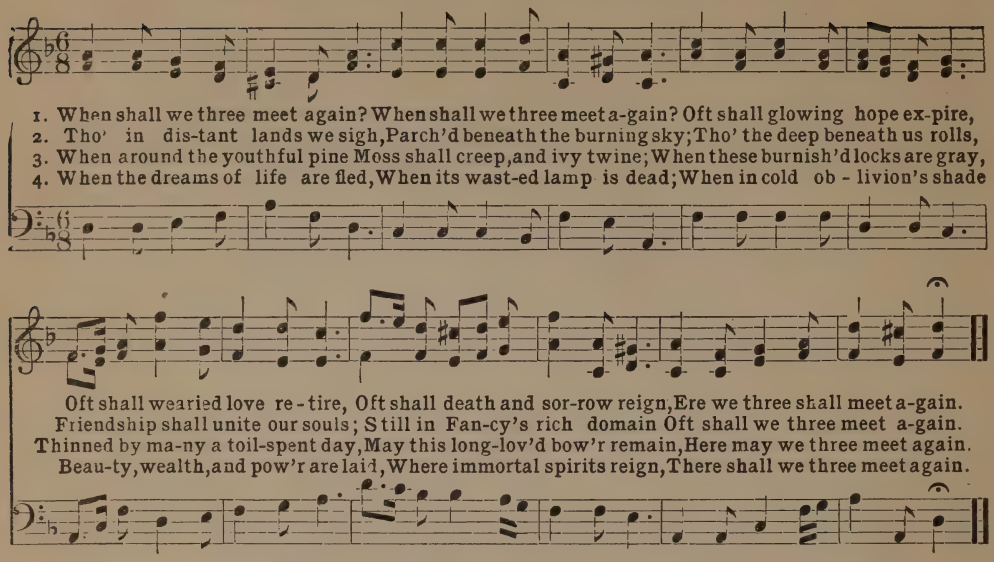


Shall We Meet

H. L. Hastings — Elisha S. Rice



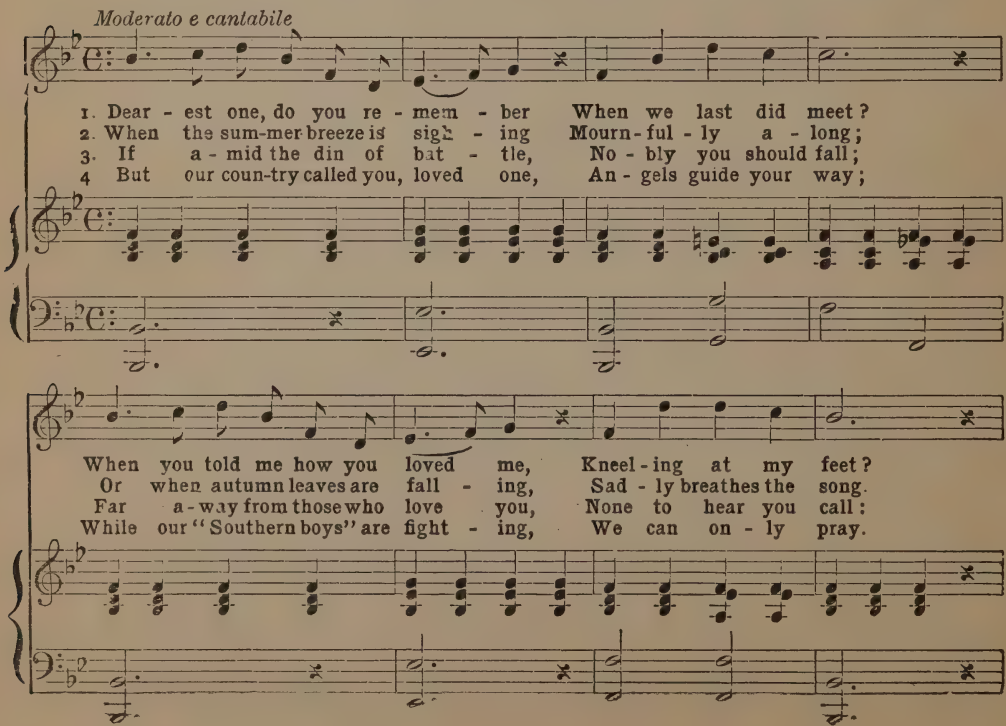
When Shall We Three Meet Again

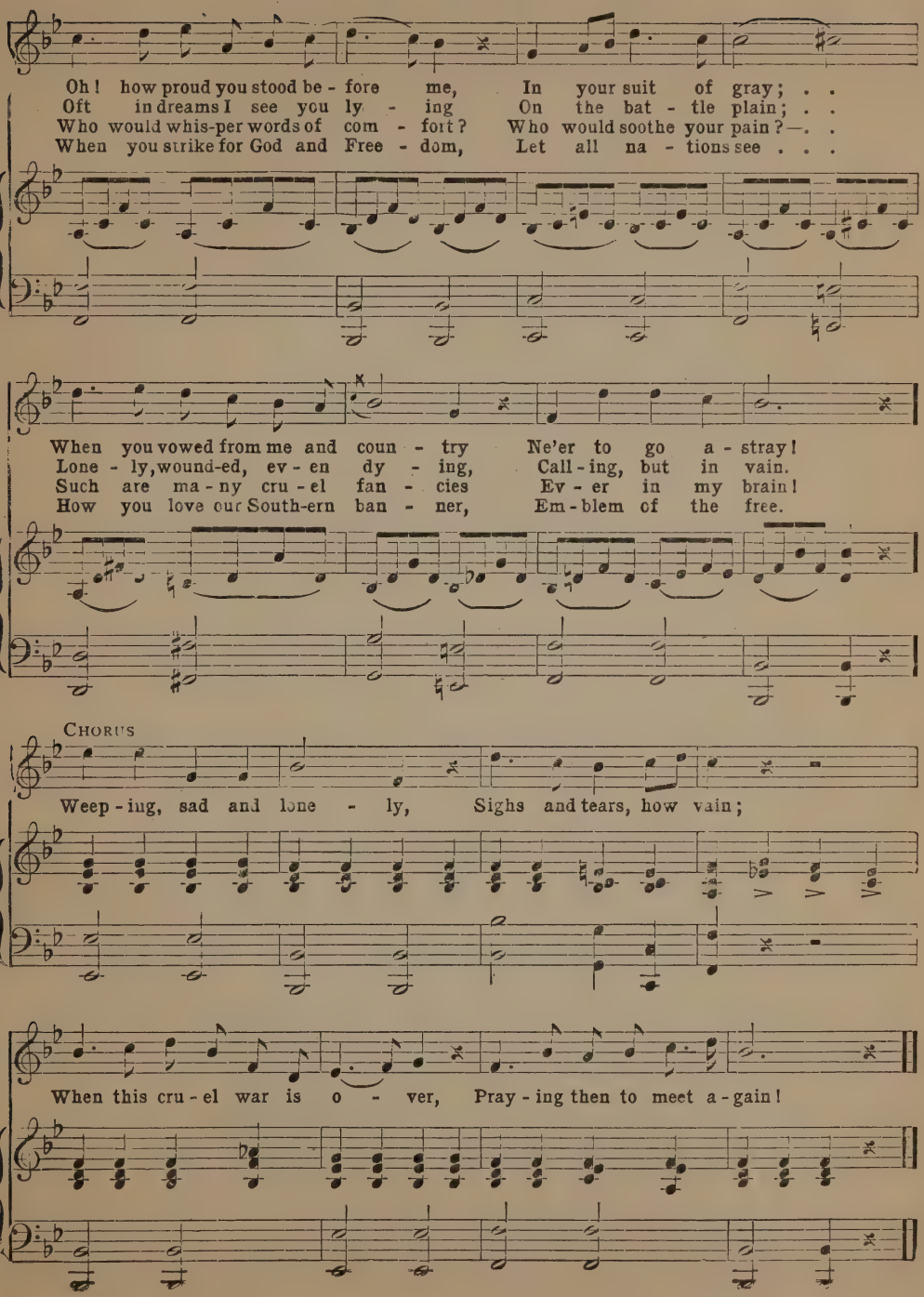


When This Cruel War is Over

CHAS. C. SAWYER — HENRY TUCKER

Moderato e cantabile




Oh! how proud you stood be - fore me, In your suit of gray; . .
Oft in dreams I see you ly - ing On the bat - tle plain; . .
Who would whis-per words of com - fort? Who would soothe your pain?—. .
When you strike for God and Free - dom, Let all na - tions see . . .
When you vowed from me and coun - try Ne'er to go a - stray!
Lone - ly, wound-ed, ev - en dy - ing, Call - ing, but in vain.
Such are ma - ny cru - el fan - cies Ev - er in my brain!
How you love our South-ern ban - ner, Em - blem of the free.
CHORUS
Weep - ing, sad and lone - ly, Sighs and tears, how vain;
When this cru - el war is o - ver, Pray - ing then to meet a - gain!

Paddle Your Own Canoe

H. Clifton — M. Hobson

1. I've trav-ell'd a-bout a bit in my time And of trou-bles I've seen a few, ... But found it bet-ter in ev-'ry clime To pad-dle my own ca-noe. . . My wants are small, I
2. I have no wife to both-er my life, No lov-er to prove un-true, ... But the whole day long with a laugh and a song, I pad-dle my own ca-noe. . . I rise with the lark, and from
3. It's all ve-ry well to de-pend on a friend,— That is, if you've prov'ed him true,— . . . But you'll find it bet-ter by far, in the end, To pad-dle your own ca-noe. . . "To bor-row is dear-er by
4. If a hur-ri-cane rise in the mid-day skies, And the sun is lost to view, . . . Move stead-i-ly by with a stead-fast eye, And pad-dle your own ca-noe. . . The dai-sies that grow in the

care not at all If my debts are paid when due. . . . I
day-light till dark I do what I have to do. . . . I'm
far than to buy,"— A max-im, tho' old, still true; . . . You
bright green fields, Are bloom-ing so sweet for you. . . . So

drive a-way strife, in the o-cean of life While I pad-dle my own ca-noe.
care-less of wealth, if I've on-ly the health To pad-dle my own ca-noe.
nev-er will sigh, if you on-ly will try To pad-dle your own ca-noe.
nev-er sit down, with a tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ca-noe.

rit.

CHORUS

Then love your neigh-bor as your-self, As the world you go trav-el-ing through, And

nev-er sit down, with a tear or a frown, But pad-dle your own ca-noe. . .

Robin Adair

Andante affettuoso

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near; What was't I wish'd to see?
2. What made th' As-sembly shine? Rob-in A - dair! What made the ball so fine?
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair! But now thou'rt cold to me,

What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town a
Rob - in was there! What, when the play was o'er, What made my
Rob - in A - dair! Yet, him I lov'd so well Still in my

Heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Rob - in A - - - dair!
heart so sore?—Oh! it was part-ing with Rob - in A - - - dair!
heart shall dwell! Oh! I can ne'er for-get Rob - in A - - - dair!

Miss Lucy Long

Allegretto

1. I jist come out a - fore you, To sing a lit - tle song, I plays it on de
2. I ask her for to mar - ry, She hadn't much to say, But said she'd rath - er
3. My mam-ma's got de tis - ic, My dad-dy's got de gout, Good morn-ing, Mis - ter
4. If I had a scold-ing wife, As sure as she was born, I'd take her down to

p

CHORUS

ban - jo, And dey calls it Lu - cy Long. Oh, take your time, Miss Lu - cy, Take your
tar - ry, So I let her have her way.
Phis-ick, Does your mother know you're out?
New-Orleans And trade her off for corn.

time, Miss Lu-cy Long, Oh, take your time, Miss Lu-cy, Take your time, Miss Lu-cy Long.

Stonewall's Requiem

M. Deeves

1. The muf - fled drum is beat - ing, There's a sad and sol - emn tread, Our
2. They've borne him to an hon - or'd grave, The lau - rel crowns his brow, By

Ban-ner's draped in mourn-ing, As it shrouds "th'illustrious dead." Proud forms are bent with
hal - low'd James's si - lent wave He's sweet-ly sleep - ing now; Vir - gin - ia to the

very slow

sor- row, And all South-ern hearts are sore, The He - ro now is sleep-ing, No - ble
South is dear, She holds a sa - cred trust, Our fall - en braves from far and near Are

a tempo

Stone -wall is no more. 'Mid the rat - tling of the mus - kets And the
cov - ered with her dust; She . . shrines the spot where now is laid The

can - non's thun - drous roar, He stained the field of glo - ry With his
brav - est of them all, The mar - tyr of our coun-try's cause, Our

ritard.

brave life's pre - cious gore, And though our flag waved proud - ly, We were
i - dol - ized Stone-wall; But though his spir - it's waft - ed To the

ritard.

vic - tors ere sun - set, The gal-lant deeds of Chance-lors-ville Will min-gle with re - gret.
hap-py realms a - bove, His name shall live for - ev - er link'd With rev - er - ence and love.

The Lord's Prayer

1 Our Father, who art in *heaven*, | hallowed | be Thy | name; || Thy kingdom come, Thy will be *done* in | earth, as it | is in | heaven;

2 Give *us* this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we for*give* | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, *but* de- | liver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, *and* the | glory, for- | ever. A- | men.

The First Nowell

Ancient Song

Moderato

1. The first Now-ell the an-gels did say, Was to cer-tain poor
2. They looked a-bove, and there saw a star, As it shone in the
3. And by the light of that same bright star There were three wise men
4. The star drew nigh un-to the north-west; O-ver Beth-le-hem
5. Then en-tered in those wise men all three Ver-y rev-er-ent-
6. Then let us all with one . . ac-cord Sing prais-es un-

shep-herds in fields as they lay— In fields where they lay keep-ing their
east but be-yond them a-far; And to the earth it gave forth great
came from the east coun-try far; To seek the King it was their in-
paus-ed, and there it did rest; And there did shine most bright, and did
ly up-on bend-ed knee, And of-fered there in His pres-
to . . our heav-en-ly Lord, That made the heav-ens and earth of

sheep, On a cold win-ter's night, that was so deep.
light, And con-tin-u-ed so both day and night.
tent, And to fol-low the star wher-ev-er it went.
stay O-ver where the young Child and His moth-er lay.
ence Gifts of gold and of myrrh and of frank-in-cense.
naught, And with His blood man-kind hath bought.

CHORUS *f*

Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Born is the King of Is-ra-el.

'Tis Midnight Hour

Moderato scherzando simplice

1. 'Tis midnight hour, the moon shines bright, The dew-drops blaze be-neath her ray, The
2. 'Tis midnight hour, from flow'r to flow'r The way-ward ze - phyr floats a - long, Or

twink-ling stars their trembling light Like beau-ty's eyes dis-play; Then
lin - gers in the shad-ed bow'r To hear the night - bird's song; Then

sleep no more, tho' round thy heart Some ten - der dream may i - dly play, For

ritard. *ad lib.*

mid - night song with mag - ic art Shall chase that dream a - way.

Rule, Britannia

THOMSON — DR. ARNE

Maestoso

f

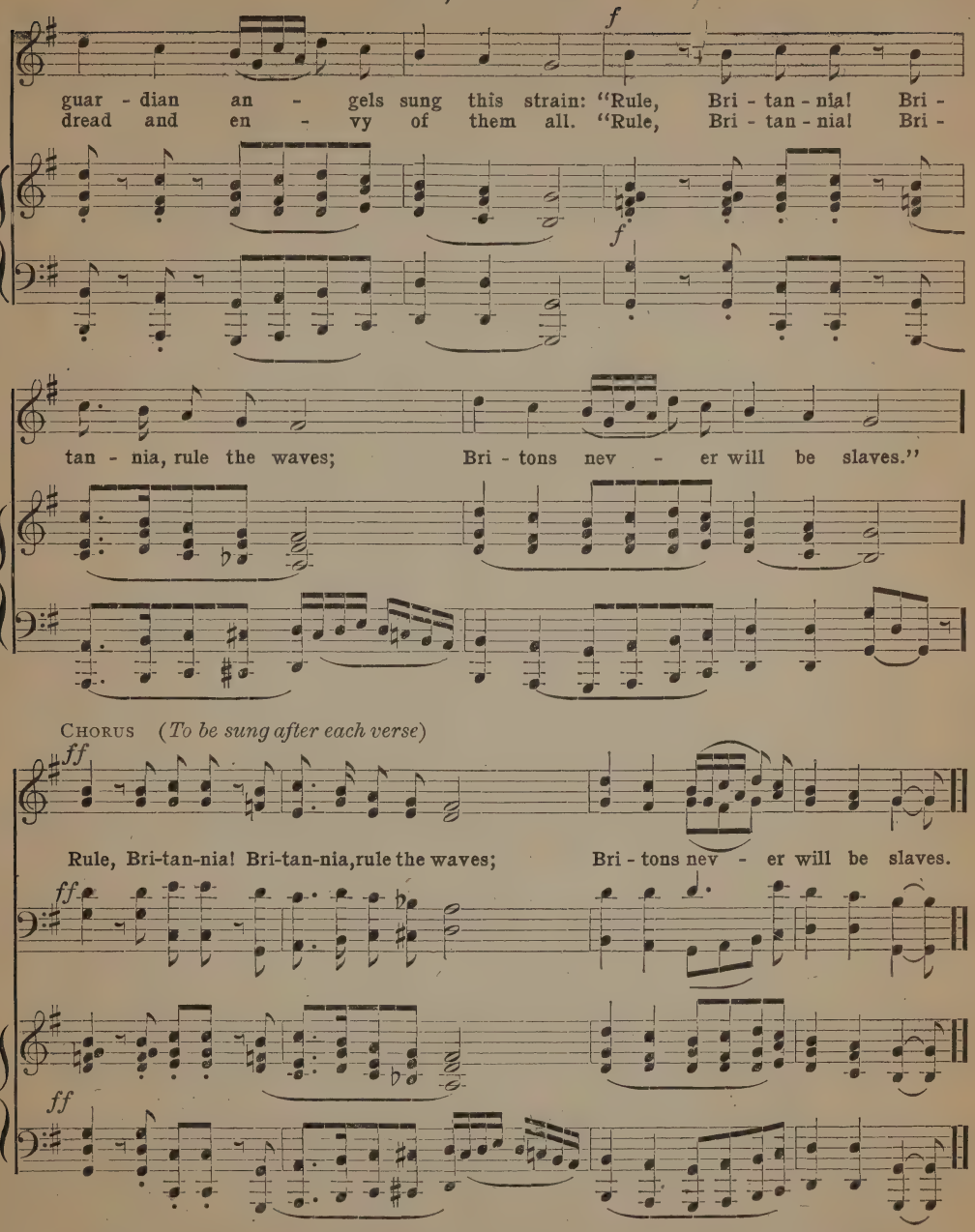
mp

1. When Bri - tain first . . . at Heav'n's com-mand, A-
2. The na - tions not . . . so blest as thee, Must

mp

rose . . . . from out the az - ure main, A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the
in . . . . their turn to ty - rants fall, Must in . . their turn to

az - ure . main, This was the char - ter the char - ter of the land, And
ty - rants . fall; While thou shalt flour-ish, shalt flour - ish great and free, The



3 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast, that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, etc.

4 The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, etc.

The Maple Leaf for ever

ALEXANDER MUIR

Con spirito

1. In days of yore, from Bri - tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt - less he - ro came, And plant - ed firm Bri - tan - nia's flag, On Ca - na - da's fair do - main.
2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lun - dy's Lane, Our brave fa - thers, side by side, For free - dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm - ly stood and no - bly died;
3. Our fair Do - min - ion now ex - tends From Cape Race to Noot - ka Sound; May peace for ev - er be our lot, And plen - teous store a - bound:
4. On mer - ry Eng - land's far-famed land May kind Heav - en sweet - ly smile; God bless Old Scot - land ev - er - more, And Ire - land's Em - er - ald Isle!

Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love to - And those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them And may those ties of love be ours Which dis - cord can - not Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for - est

geth- er, The This - tle, Sham-rock, Rose en - twine The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
nev - er! Our watch-word ev - er - more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
sev - er, And flour - ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
quiv - er, God save our King, and Heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!

CHORUS

The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! God
The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! God
The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! And
The Ma - ple Leaf, our em - blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er! God

f

save our King, and Heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
save our King, and Heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
flour - ish green o'er Free-dom's home, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!
save our King, and Heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er!

God Save the King

Majestically

mf

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,
2. O Lord our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his en - e - mies,
3. Thy choic - est gifts in store, On him be pleas'd to pour;

mf

ff

God save the King. Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and
And make them fall. Con - found their po - li - tics, Frus - trate their
Long may he reign, May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er

ff

rall.

glo - ri - ous, Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King.
knav - ish tricks, On Thee our hopes we fix, God save us all.
give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the King.

rall.

Lilly Dale

H. S. Thompson

Andante

1. 'Twas a calm, still night, and the moon's pale light Shone soft o'er hill and vale; When friends mute with grief stood around the death-bed Of my poor lost Lil-ly Dale.
2. Her cheeks that once glowed with the rose tint of health, By the hand of disease had turned pale, And the death damp was on the pure white brow Of my poor lost Lil-ly Dale.
3. "I go, she said, to the land of rest," And ere my strength shall fail, I must tell you where, near my own loved home, You must lay poor Lilly Dale.
4. 'Neath the chest-nut tree, where the wild flow'rs grow, And the stream rip-ples forth thro' the vale, Where the birds shall war-ble their songs in spring, There lay poor Lil-ly Dale.

Oh! Lil-ly, sweet Lil-ly, dear Lil-ly Dale, Now the wild rose blossoms o'er her lit-tle green grave, 'Neath the trees in the flow-'ry vale.

Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon

ROBERT BURNS

p

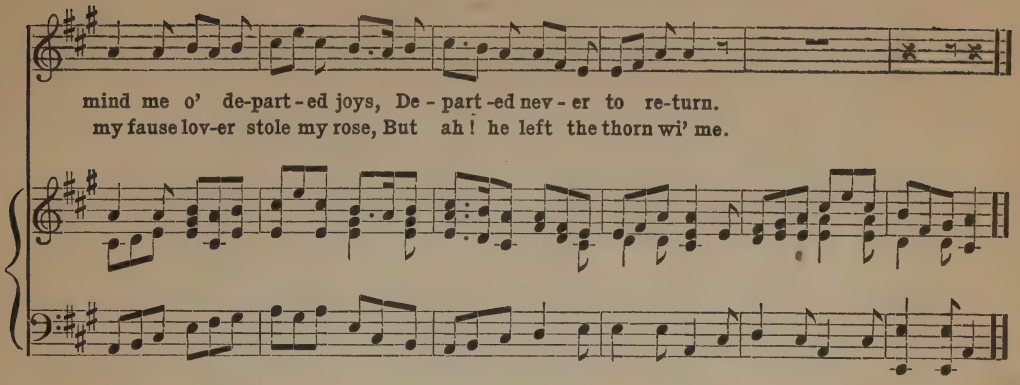
1. Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
2. Oft hae I rov'd by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and wood - bine twine. And

p

can ye chaunt, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry fu' o' care? Ye'll
il - ka bird sang o' its love And fond - ly sae did I o' mine. Wi'

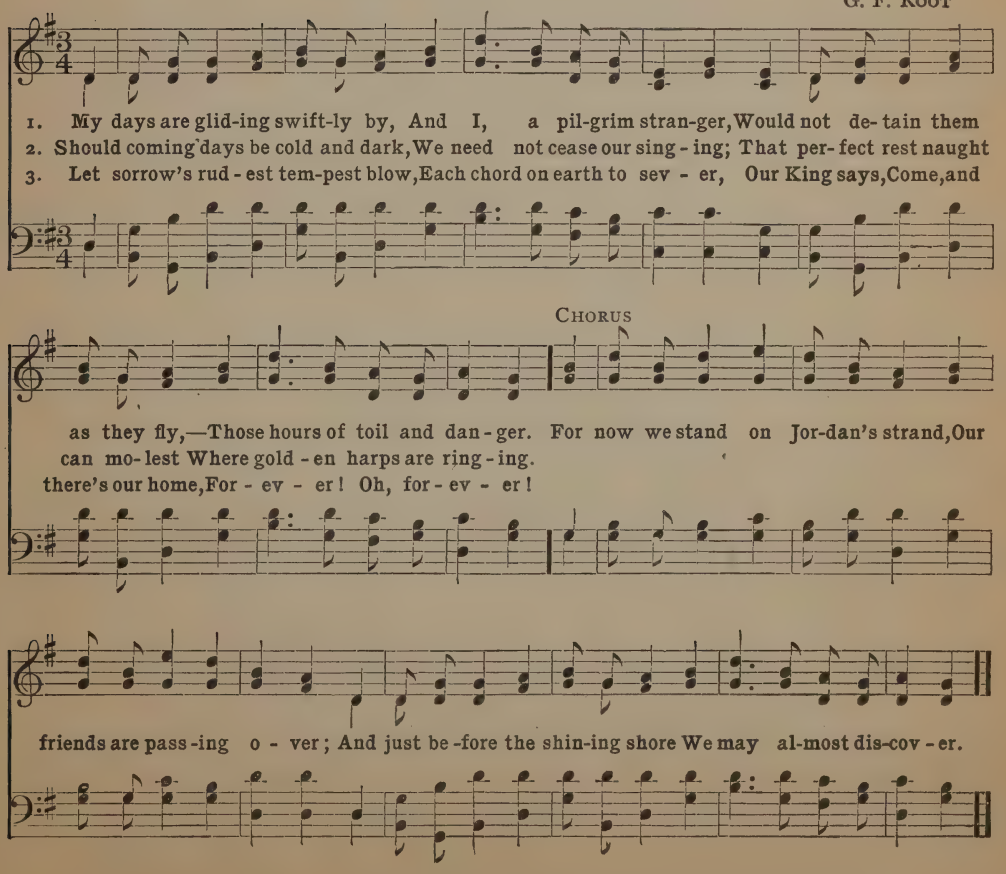
break my heart, ye warb - ling bird, That wan - tons thro' the flow -'ry thorn, Ye
light - some heart I pu'd a rose Fu' sweet up - on its thorn-y tree; And

p dolce



Shining Shore

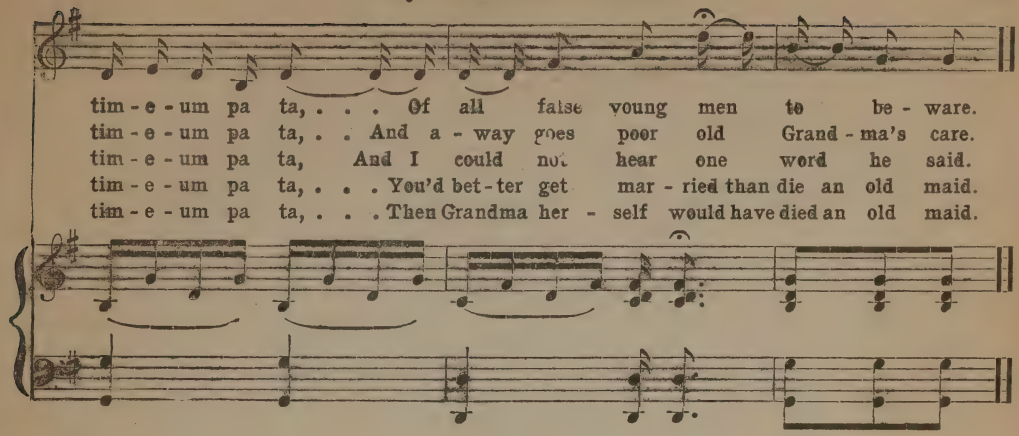
G. F. Root



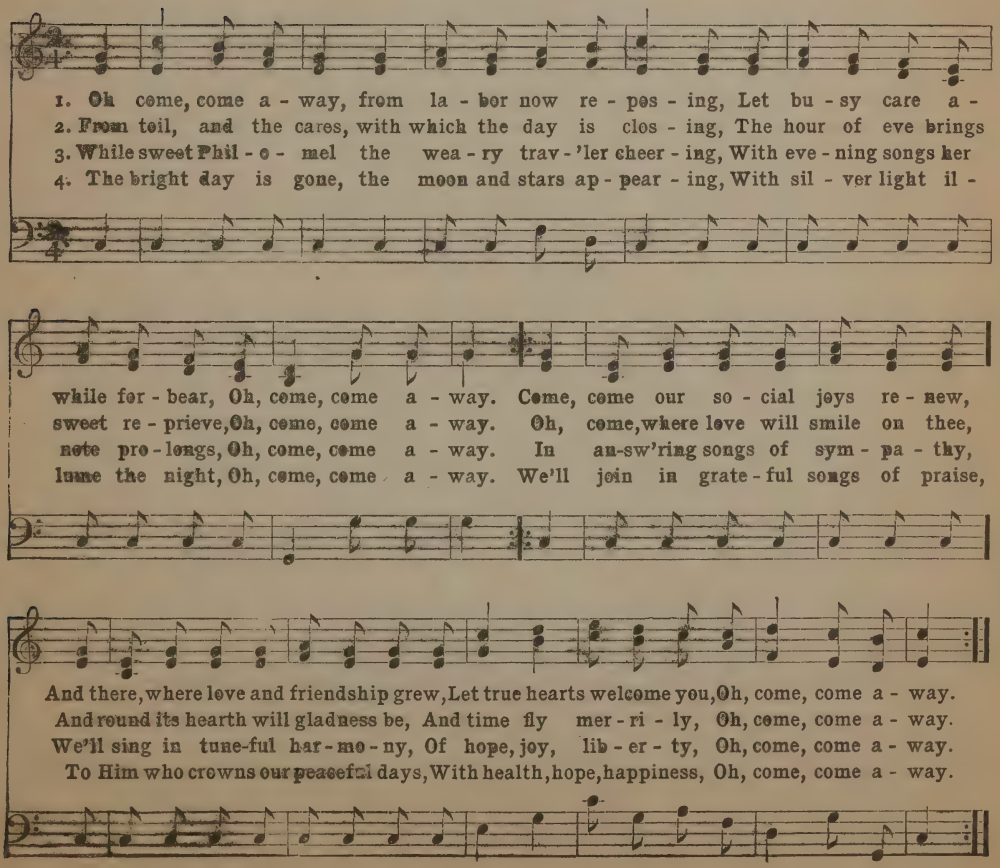
My Grandma's Advice

Anonymous

1. My Grand - ma lives on yon- der lit-tle green, Fine old la - dy as ev - er was seen; She of - ten cau - tioned me with care, Of all false young men to be - ware. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
2. These false young men they flat - ter and de-ceive, So, my love, you must not be - lieve; They'll flat - ter, they'll coax, till you are in their snare, And a - way goes poor old grand - ma's care. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
3. The first came a court - ing was lit - tle Johny Green, Fine young man as ev - er was seen; But the words of my Grand - ma ran in my head, And I could not hear one word he said. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
4. The next came a court - ing was young El-lis Grove, 'Twas then we met with a joy - ous love; With a joy - ous love I couldn't be a - fraid, You'd bet - ter get mar - ried than die an old maid. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum
5. Thinks I to my-self, there's some mis - take: What a fuss these old folks make! If the boys and the girls had all been so a - fraid, Then Grand-ma her - self would have died an old maid. Tim - e - i tim - e - um tum



O Come, Come Away



Embarrassment

1. Air

Andantino grazioso

p

1. I fain a winning tale would tell thee, And know my-self scarce what it is! And
2. I fain would sing in plain-tive mea-sure A lay that to thy heart should go, But
3. I fain would write a lov-ing let - ter That might to me thy heart in-cline, But

Con leggerezza

pp *pp* *pp*

pp *poco rit.*

if the question thou shouldst ask me, My an - swer should be on-ly this: 'Tis
when I seek the tuneful trea - sure, A voice within me an-swers so: 'Tis
here a - gain I fare no bet - ter For all my tho'ts in this com-bine: I

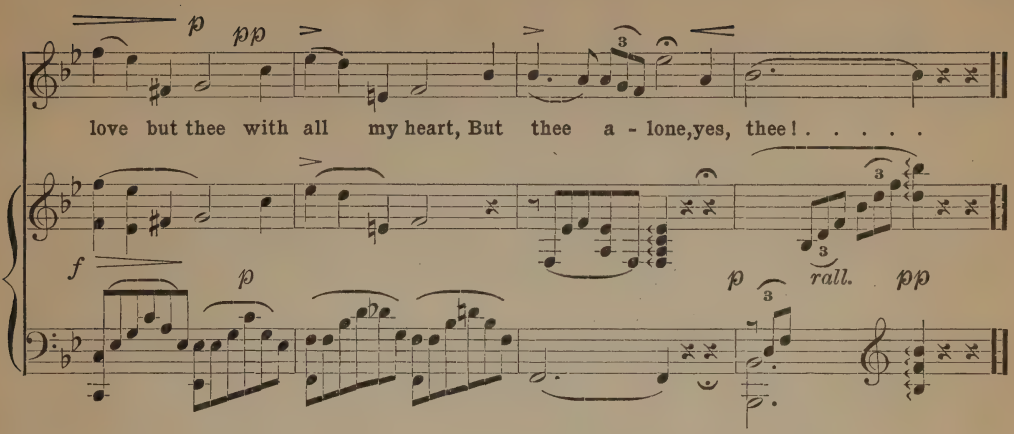
pp *pp poco rit.* *pp rit.*

molto espressivo *molto cres. e appassionato*

f

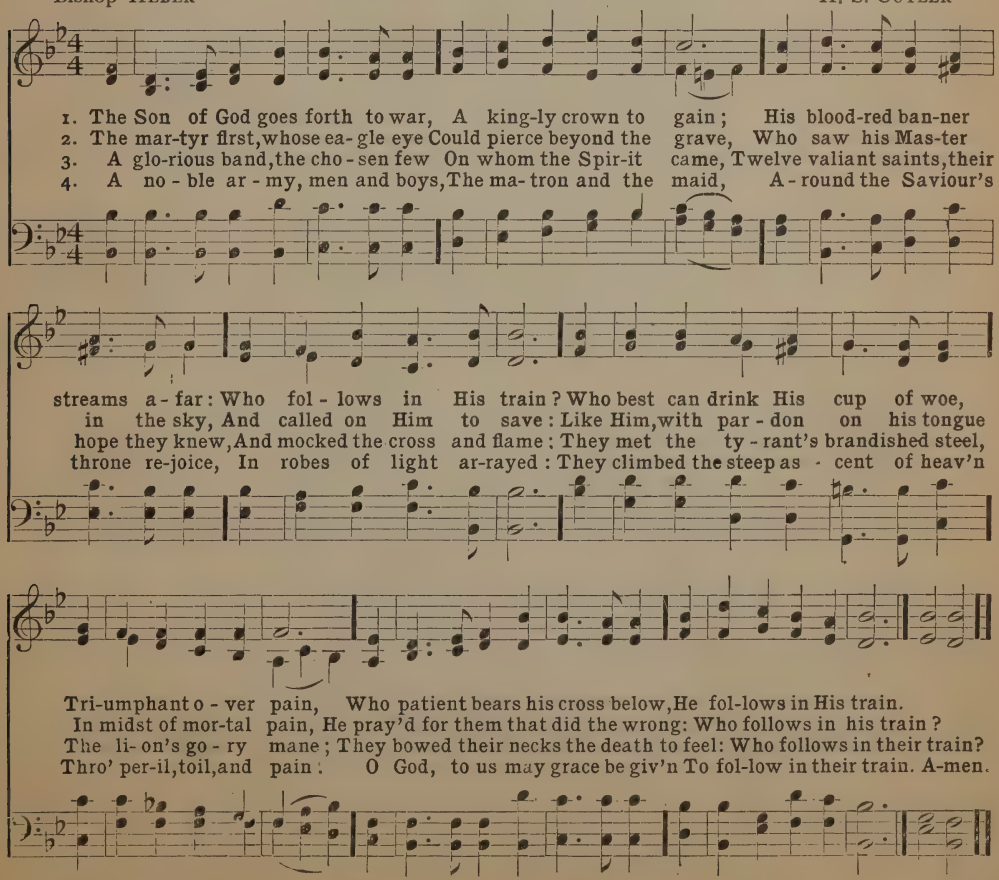
thee I love with all my heart, 'Tis thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . I
thee I love with all my heart, 'Tis thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . I
love but thee with all my heart, But thee a - lone, yes, thee, . . I

p *f*

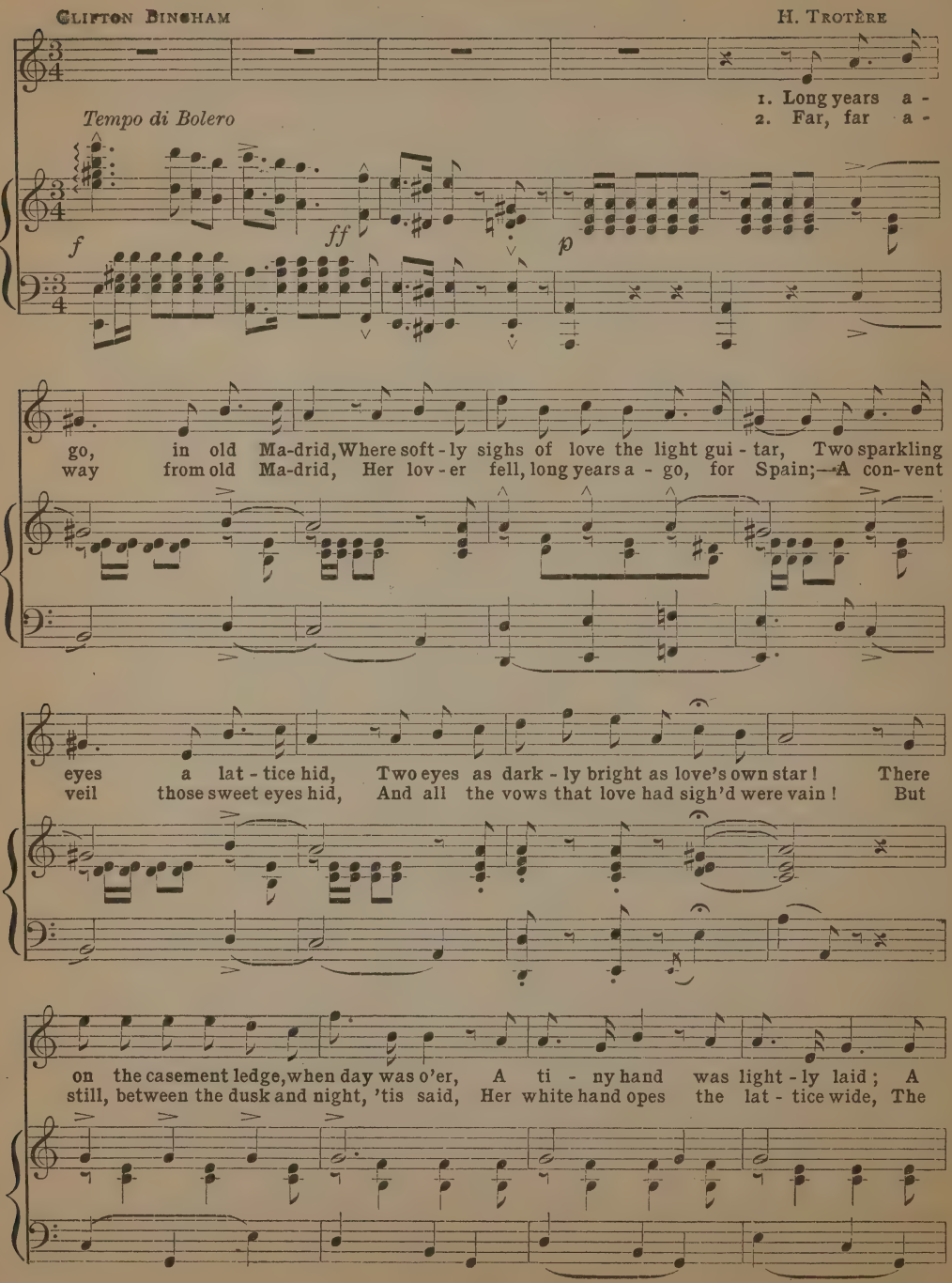


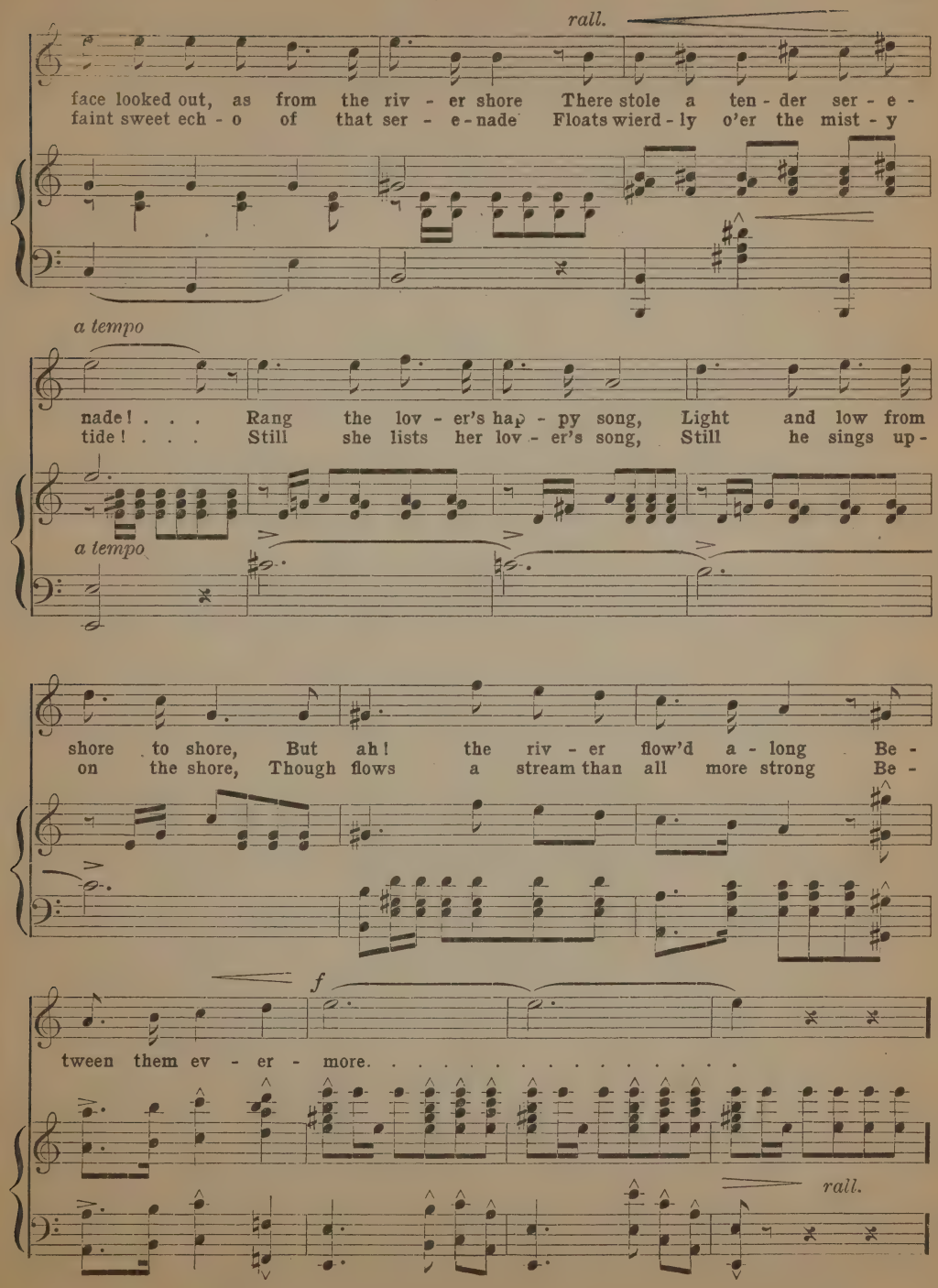
The Son of God Goes Forth to War

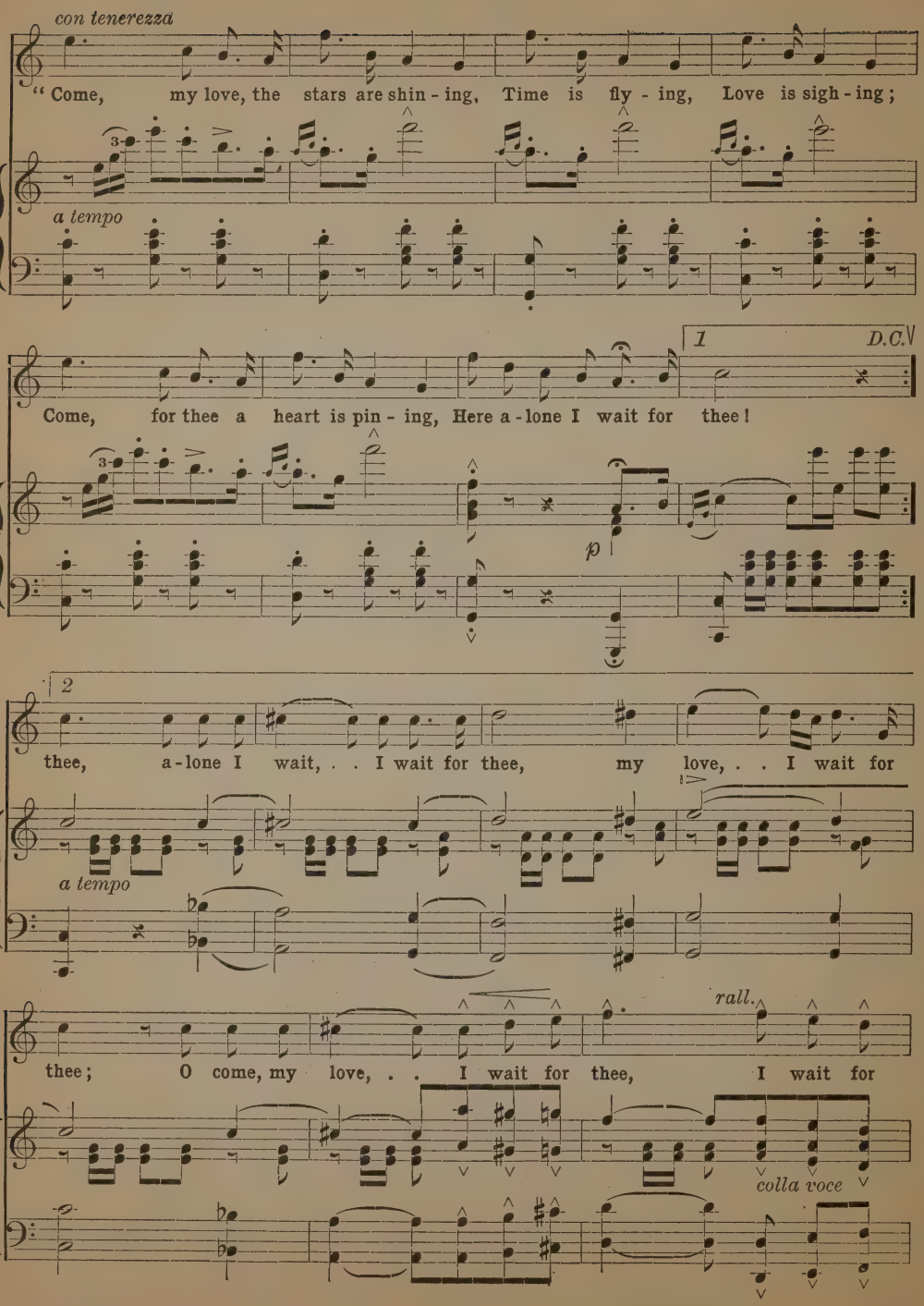
Bishop Heber — H. S. Cutler

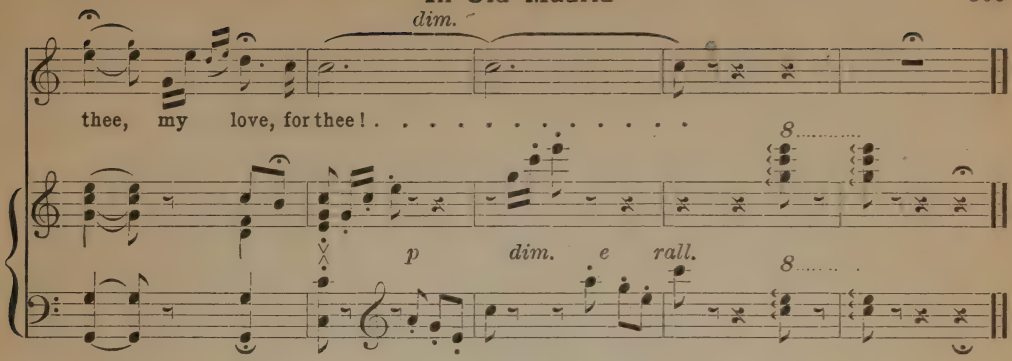


In Old Madrid




rall.
face looked out, as from the riv - er shore There stole a ten - der ser - e -
faint sweet ech - o of that ser - e - nade Floats wierd - ly o'er the mist - y
a tempo
nade! . . . Rang the lov - er's hap - py song, Light and low from
tide! . . . Still she lists her lov - er's song, Still he sings up -
a tempo
shore to shore, But ah! the riv - er flow'd a - long Be -
on the shore, Though flows a stream than all more strong Be -
f
tween them ev - er - more. . . . . .
rall.


con tenerezza
"Come, my love, the stars are shin - ing, Time is fly - ing, Love is sigh - ing;
a tempo
1
D.C.
Come, for thee a heart is pin - ing, Here a - lone I wait for thee!
p
2
thee, a - lone I wait, . . I wait for thee, my love, . . I wait for
a tempo
rall.
thee; O come, my love, . . I wait for thee, I wait for
colla voce



Sweet and Low

ALFRED TENNYSON — JOSEPH BARNBY

pp Larghetto

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

p — mf

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - ther will come to his

O - - - ver the
Fa - - - ther will

pp — f

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
wa - ters go, Come from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

p — rall. e dim. — pp

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . .
moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . .

Marching Through Georgia

HENRY C. WORK

1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys! we'll sing an - oth - er song—
2. How the dar - keys shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound!
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears,
4. "Sher - man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will nev - er reach the coast!"
5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for Free - dom and her train,

Sing it with a spir - it that will start the world a - long—Sing it as we used to sing it,
How the turkeys gobbled which our com-mis-sa - ry found! How the sweet po-ta - toes e - ven
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years; Hardly could they be restrained from
So the sau - cy reb - els said, and 'twas a handsome boast, Had they not for - got, a - las! to
Six - ty miles in la - ti - tude—three hundred to the main; Treason fled be - fore us, for re -

fif - ty thou - sand strong, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
start - ed from the ground, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
break - ing forth in cheers, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
reck - on with the host, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
sis - tance was in vain, While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.

CHORUS

"Hur-rah! Hur-rah! we bring the Ju-bi-lee! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! the flag that makes you free!"

So we sang the cho-rus from At-lan-ta to the sea, While we were marching thro' Georgia.

Stars of the Summer Night

MALE VOICES

I. B. WOODBURY

p dolce

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az-ure deeps, Hide, hide your gold-en light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west-ern steeps, Sink, sink in sil-ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
3. Wind of the sum-mer night, Where yon-der wood-bine creeps, Fold, fold thy pin-ions light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
4. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch, while in slumbers light She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

p *rall.* *pp*

Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE — Old Plantation Melody

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir - cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel, writ in bur-nished rows of steel, "As ye
4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

tramp - ing out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I have
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment - seat; O, be
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He

loosed the fateful lightning of his ter - ri - ble quick sword: His truth is march - ing on.
read his righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march - ing on.
He - ro, born of wo-man, crush the ser-pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on.
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet: Our God is march - ing on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

John Brown's Body

1 John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
His soul is marching on!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on!

2 The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown! Cho. — Glory, etc.

3 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
His soul is marching on. Cho. — Glory, etc.

4 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
His soul is marching on. Cho. — Glory, etc.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY (Another Version)

1 Old John Brown lies a-mouldering in the grave,
Old John Brown lies slumbering in his grave —
But John Brown's soul is marching with the brave,
His soul is marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

2 He has gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He is sworn as a private in the ranks of the Lord —
He shall stand at Armageddon with his brave old sword,
When Heaven is marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
For Heaven is marching on.

3 He shall file in front where the lines of battle form —
He shall face to front when the squares of battle form —
Time with the column, and charge with the storm,
Where men are marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
True men are marching on.

4 Ah, foul tyrants! do ye hear him where he comes?
Ah, black traitors! do ye know him as he comes?
In thunder of the cannon and roll of the drums,
As we go marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
We all go marching on.

5 Men may die, and moulder in the dust —
Men may die, and arise again from dust,
Shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of the Just,
When Heaven is marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
The Lord is marching on.

H. H. Brownell

The Old Sexton

PARK BENJAMIN — HENRY RUSSELL

1. Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made, Lean'd a sex - ton old, on his earth - worn spade; His work was done, and he paused to wait The fu - n'ral train thro' the o - pen gate: A rel - ic of by - gone mute - ly o'er that sol - emn plain; And I said to my heart—when

2. "I gath - er them in; for, man and boy, Year af - ter year of grief and joy, I've build - ed the hous - es that lie a - round, In ev - 'ry nook of this bu - rial ground. Moth - er and daugh - ter, scep - tre of rule is the spade I hold; Come they from cot - tage or

3. "Ma - ny are with me, but still I'm a - lone; I'm king of the dead—and I make my throne On a mon - u - ment slab of mar - ble cold, And my

4. "I gath - er them in and their fi - nal rest is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast!" And the Sex - ton ceased—for the fu - n'ral train Wound

staccato *colla voce*

days was he, And his locks were white as the foam - y sea; And
fa - ther and son, Come to my sol - i - tude, one by one,— But
come they from hall, Man - kind are my sub - jects— all, all, all! Let them
time is told, A might - ier voice than that sex - ton's old Will

these words came from his lips so thin, "I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
come they stran- gers or come they kin,— I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
loi - ter in pleas - ure, or toil - ful-ly spin— I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,
sound o'er the last trump's dread-ful din—"I gath-er them in, I gath-er them in,

gath-er, gath-er, gath-er, I gath-er them in."

8va

The Sword of Bunker Hill

W. R. Wallace — B. Covert

Allegretto

1. He lay up - on his dy - ing bed; His eye was grow-ing dim, When
2. The sword was bro't, the sol-dier's eye Lit with a sud - den flame; And
3. "'Twas on that dread, im - mor-tal day, I dared the Brit-on's band, A
4. "Oh, keep the sword!"—his ac-cents broke— A smile— and he was dead! His

with a fee - ble voice he call'd His weep-ing son to him: "Weep
as he grasp'd the an - cient blade, He murmured War - ren's name: Then
cap - tain raised this blade on me— I tore it from his hand; And
wrin - kled hand still grasped the blade Up - on that dy - ing bed. The

not, my boy!" the vet-'ran said, "I bow to Heav'n's high will,— But
said, "My boy, I leave you gold,— But what is rich - er still, I
while the glo - rious bat - tle raged, It light - ened free - dom's will— For
son re-mains; the sword re-mains— Its glo - ry grow - ing still— And

quick - ly from yon ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; But
leave you, mark me, mark me now — The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; I
boy, the God of free - dom blessed The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; For,
twen - ty mil - lions bless the sire, And Sword of Bun - ker Hill; And

quick - ly from yon ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill."
leave you, mark me, mark me now— The Sword of Bun - ker Hill.
boy, the God of free - dom blessed The Sword of Bun - ker Hill.
twen - ty mil - lions bless the sire, And Sword of Bun - ker Hill.

The Spring

ROUND

Dr. Hayes

1 The Spring is come, I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush.

2 Hark! hark! I hear them sing.

3 The lin - net and the lit - tle wren, the black-bird and the thrush.

The Field of Monterey

M. D. SULLIVAN

1. The sweet church bells are peal - ing out A cho - rus wild and free, And
2. When spring was here with op -'ning flow'rs And I the proud May queen, And
3. The per - sim - mon is blush - ing now, The paw-paw's fruit is red, But
4. The bu - gles swell their wild - est notes And loud the can - non roar, And

ev - 'ry thing re - joic - ing For the glo - rious vic - to - ry; But
all the young and gay were met To dance up - on the green; The
he, the loved and man - ly one, Lies low a - mong the dead. And
mad - ly peal the sweet church bells For ho - ly rest no more; But

bit - ter tears are gush - ing For the gal - lant and the gay, Who
no - blest and the man - li - est Was by my side that day, Who
bit - ter tears are fall - ing For the gal - lant and the gay Who
lone - ly hearts are bleed - ing Up - on this glo - ri - ous day, For the

The Dutch Company

MALE VOICES

1. Oh! when you hear the roll of the big bass drum, Then you may know that the
2. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, When Deitch meets Deitch, then comes the

Deitch have come; For the Deitch com-pa-ny is the best com-pa-ny That
la-ger beer; For the Deitch com-pa-ny is the best com-pa-ny That

ev-er came o-ver from Old Ger-ma-ny. Ho-ra ho-ra

ho-ra la la la la, Ho-ra, Ho-ra, ho-ra la la la la,

Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, He is my oys-ter raw.

Love's Young Dream

THOMAS MOORE

Moderato con espressione

1. Oh! the days are gone, when beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love! New hope may bloom, And days may come, Of mild - er, calm - er
2. Tho' the bard to a pur - er fame may soar When wild youth's past, Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd be - fore, To smile at last; He'll nev - er meet A joy so sweet In all his noon of
3. Oh! that hal - lowed form is ne'er for - got Which first love trac'd; Still it lin - g'ring haunts the green - est spot On mem - 'ry's waste! 'Twas o - dor fled As soon as shed, 'Twas morn - ing's wing - ed

beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life, As love's young
fame, As when first he sung to wo - man's ear His soul - felt
dream, 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull

dream! Oh! there's noth-ing half so sweet in life, As love's young dream!
flame, And, at ev - 'ry close, she blush'd to hear The one lov'd name!
stream! Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.

Cradle Song

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Thy fa - ther guards the sheep, Thy moth - er shakes the
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! The large stars are the sheep, The lit - tle ones the
3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Our Sav - iour loves His sheep, He is the Lamb of

p *pp*

dreamland-tree, And from it fall sweet dreams for thee; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
lambs, I guess, The gen-tle moon the shep-herd-ess; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!
God on high, Who for our sakes came down to die; Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

Cheer, Boys, Cheer

Dr. Chas. Mackay — Henry Russell

Quasi Allegro

Risoluto

1. Cheer! boys, cheer! no more of i - dle sor - row, Cour-age, true hearts shall
2. Cheer! boys, cheer! the stea-dy breeze is blow - ing To float us free - ly

p

bear us on our way. Hope points be-fore, and shows the bright to-mor-row,
o'er the o - cean's breast. The world shall fol - low in the track we're go-ing, The

Let us for - get the dark - ness of to - day; So fare - well, Eng - land,
star of em - pire glit - ters in the west. Here we had toil, and

much as we may love thee, We'll dry the tears that
lit - tle to re - ward it, But there shall . . plen - ty

we have shed be-fore. Why should we weep to
smile up - on our pain; And ours . . . shall be the

sail in search of for - tune? So fare-well, Eng-land, fare-well for ev - er - more!
prai - rie and the for - est, And bound-less mead-ows ripe with gold-en grain.

f

CHORUS. *Risoluto*

Cheer! boys, cheer! for coun - try, moth - er coun - try, Cheer! boys,

cheer! the will-ing, strong right hand: Cheer! boys, cheer! there's

wealth for hon-est la-bor! Cheer! boys, cheer! for the new and hap-py land.

Farewell Song

From the German, by H. Zick

f *p*

1. A last good-bye! The part-ing hour draws near-er, So
2. For-get us not! This word shall be the to-ken, Our
3. Fare-well! fare-well! Thou can'st no lon-ger lin-ger. Time

cres. *ff*

grows our friend-ship dear-er, Auf Wie-der-seh'n! Auf Wie-der-seh'n!
faith shall not be bro-ken. For-get us not! For-get us not!
bends the warn-ing fin-ger. Fare-well, fare-well, For-get us not!

ff

The Banks of Allan Water

Andante con espressione — C. E. Horn

p

1. On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter When the sweet springtime did fall, .
2. On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter When brown au - tumn spread his store, .
3. On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter When the win - ter snow fell fast, .

p

Was the mil - ler's love - ly daugh - ter, Fair - est of them all. For his
There I saw the mil - ler's daugh - ter, But she smiled no more. For the
Still was seen the mil - ler's daugh - ter, Chill - ing blew the blast! But the

bride a sol - dier sought her, And a win - ning tongue had he, . .
sum - mer grief had brought her, And the sol - dier false was he; . .
mil - ler's love - ly daugh - ter, Both from cold and care was free, .

ad lib.

On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, None so gay as she.
On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, None so sad as she.
On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, There a corse lay she.

colla voce

Belle Mahone

J. H. McNaughton

With simplicity *cres.* *dim.*

1. Soon be-yond the har-bor bar, Shall my bark be sail-ing far,— O'er the world I
2. Lone-ly like a withered tree, What is all the world to me? Life and light were
3. Calm-ly, sweet-ly slumber on, (On-ly one I call my own!) While in tears I

p *cres.* *dim.*

wan-der lone, Sweet Belle Ma-hone. . . O'er thy grave I weep good-bye,
all in thee, Sweet Belle Ma-hone. . . Dai-sies pale are grow-ing o'er
wan-der lone, Sweet Belle Ma-hone. . . Fa-ded now seems ev-'ry-thing,

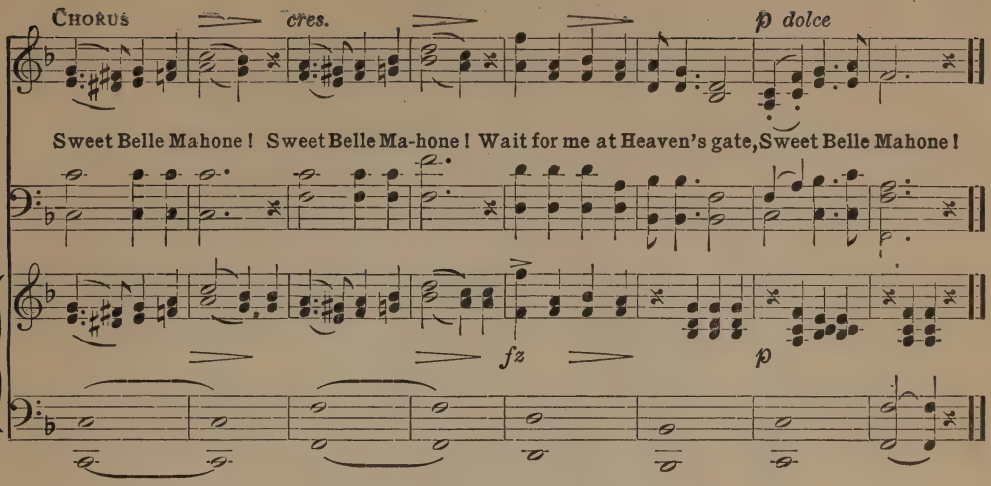
p

cres. *tenuto* *mf* *dim.* *p*

Hear, O hear my lone-ly cry, O without thee what am I, Sweet Belle Ma-hone?
All my heart can e'er a-dore, Shall I meet thee nev-er-more, Sweet Belle Ma-hone?
But when comes e-ter-nal spring, With thee I'll be wan-der-ing, Sweet Belle Ma-hone?

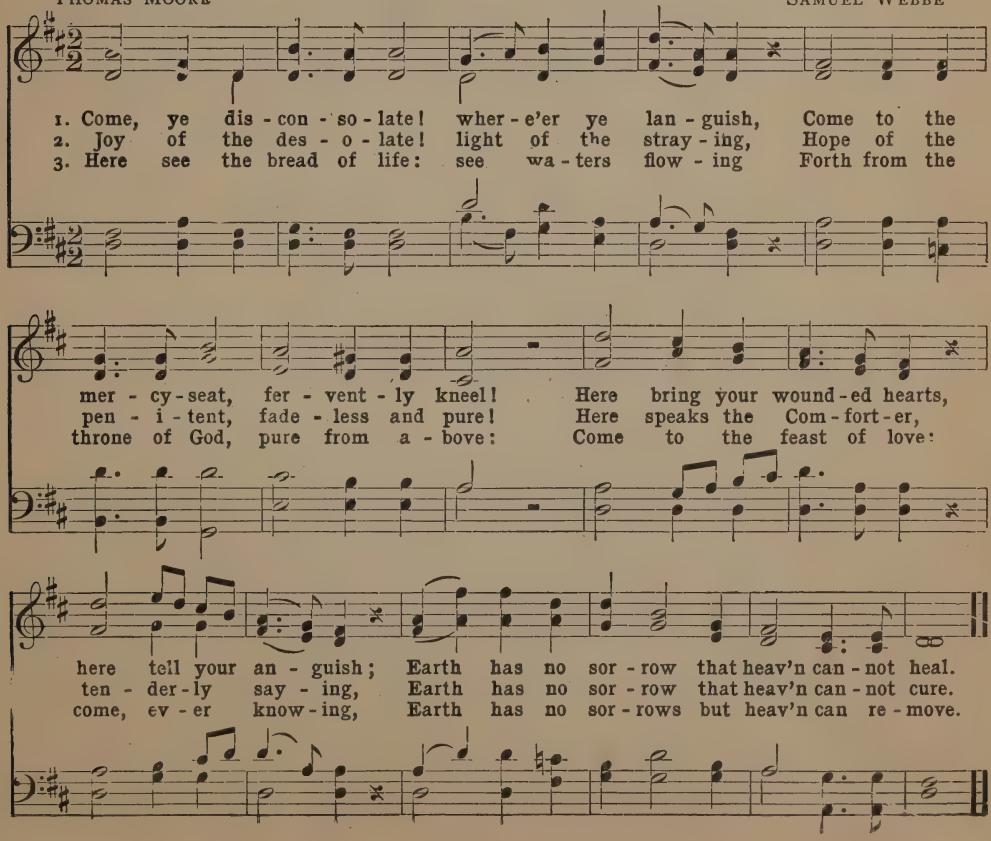
cres. *mf* *dim.* *p* *pp*

Belle Mahone



Come, Ye Disconsolate

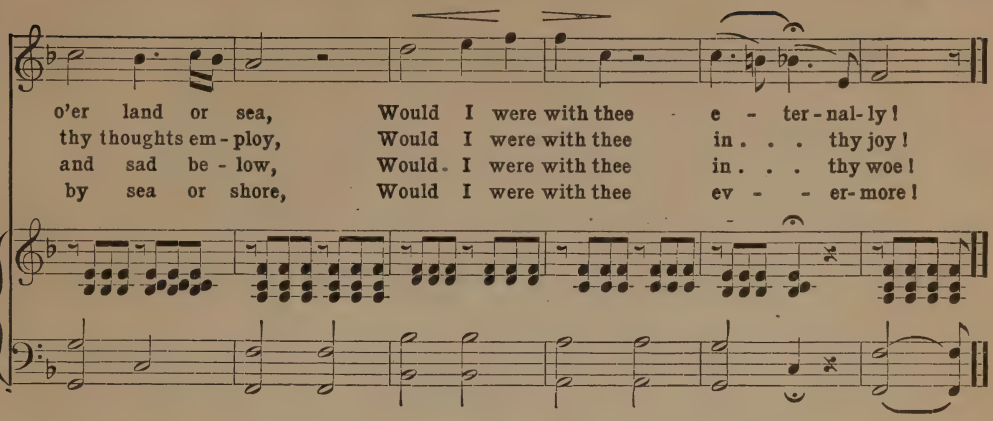
Thomas Moore — Samuel Webbe



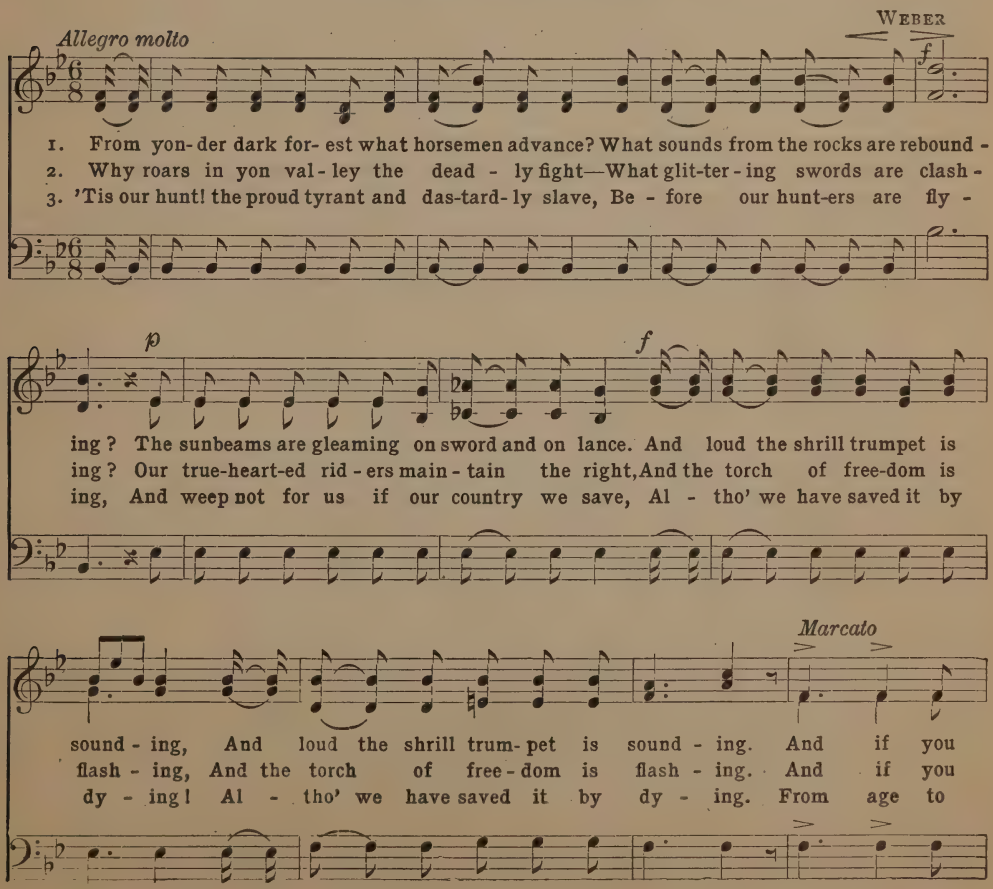
Would I Were with Thee

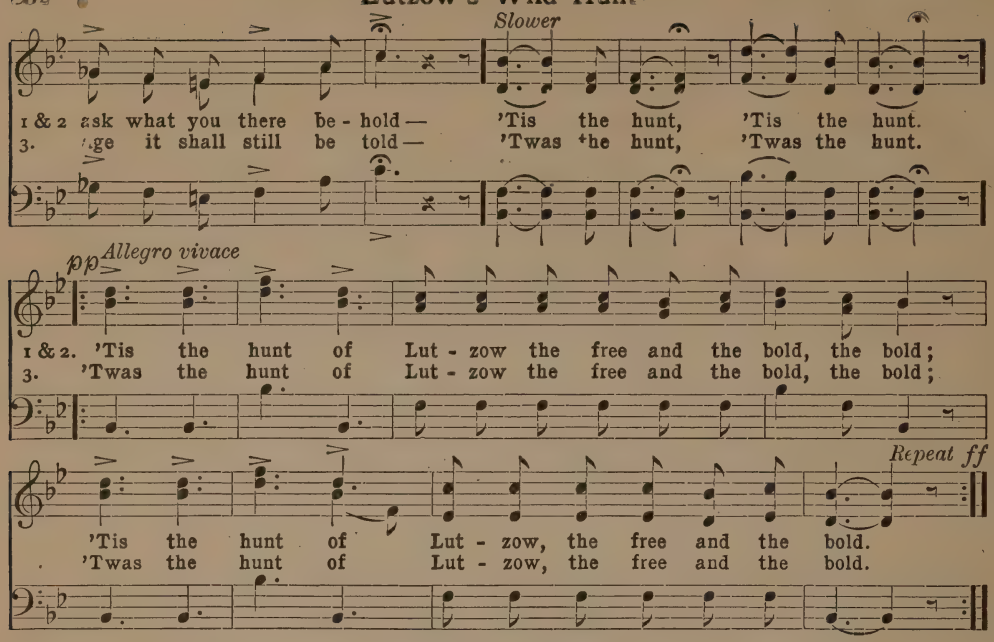
Mrs. Norton — Carlo Bosetti

1. Would I were with thee ev - 'ry day and hour, Which now I pass so sad - ly far from thee; Would that my form pos-sess'd the ma - gic power To follow where my heavy heart would be; What-e'er thy lot
2. Would I were with thee when, the world for - get - ting, Thy wea - ry limbs up - on the turf are thrown, While bright and red our eve - ning sun is set- ting, And all thy tho'ts be-long to heav'n a-lone; While hap-py dreams
3. Would I were with thee when, no lon - ger feign - ing The hur - ried laugh that sti - fles back a sigh, When thy young lip pours forth its sweet com - plaining, And tears have quench'd the light within thine eye, When all seems dark
4. Would I were with thee when the day is break - ing, And when the moon has lit the lone - ly sea, Or when in crowds some care - less note a - waking Speaks to thy heart in mem-o- ry of me! In joy or pain,



Lutzow's Wild Hunt

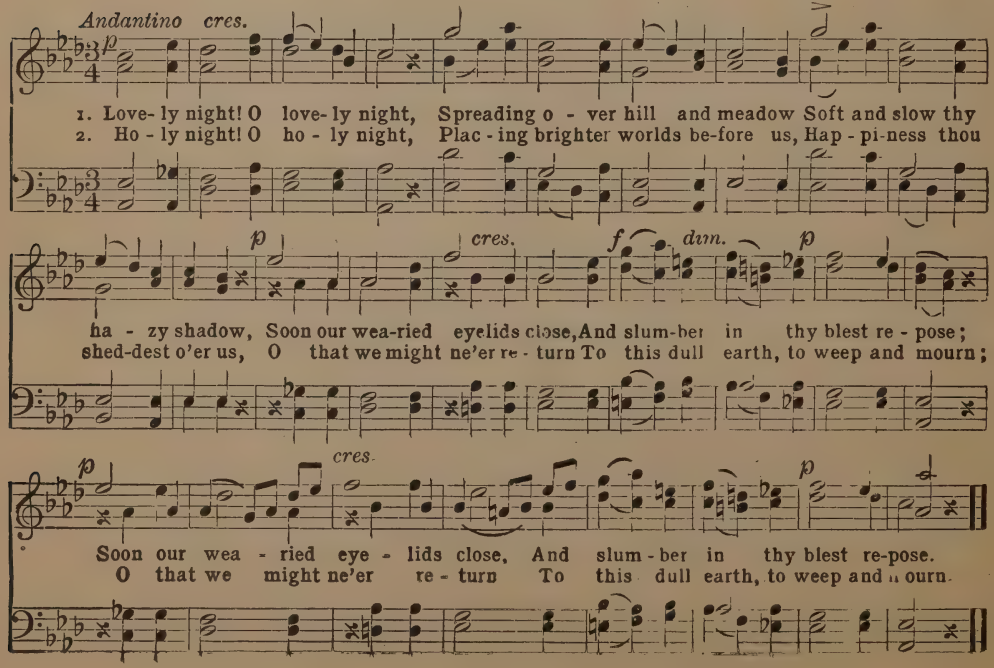




Lovely Night

MALE VOICES

F. X. CHWATAL



Santa Lucia

Neapolitan Boat Song

Moderato

mf

1. O, moon, whose mys - tic veil, From the skies fall - ing, Gilds sigh - ing
2. Zeph - yrs are ne'er at rest O'er the sea bring - ing Cool - ness to
3. What great - er joy can be In our love - dream-ing, Than thus to

Moderato

mf

wave - lets pale, To our hearts call - ing; Glo - rious the sum - mer night,
brow and breast, Far a - way sing - ing. Still waits my bark for thee,
drift with thee, O'er wave - lets gleam - ing? Bride borne o'er sum - mer sea,

f

rall.

Sea - strand and billows white, San-ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!
Come, dream and drift with me, San-ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!
Na - ples, thy pride to be, San-ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!

f

rall.

Robin Ruff

HENRY RUSSELL

1. If I had but a thou - sand a year, Gaf - fer Green! If I had but a thou-sand a year, . . What a man would I be, and what sights would I see, If I had but a thou - sand a
2. The best wish you could have, take my word, Rob - in Ruff, Would scarce find you in bread or in beer; . . But be hon - est and true, and say what would you do If you had but a thou - sand a
3. I'd do I . . scarce - ly know what, Gaf - fer Green, I'd go, faith! I hard - ly know where; . I'd scat - ter the chink and leave oth - ers to think, If I had but a thou - sand a
4. But when you are a - ged and grey, Rob - in Ruff, And the day of your death it draws near, . . Say what with your pains would you do with your gains, If you then had a thou - sand a
5. I scarce - ly can tell what you mean, Gaf - fer Green, For your ques - tions are al - ways so queer, . But as oth - er folks die, I sup - pose so must I.— What, and give up your thou - sand a
6. There's a place that is bet - ter than this, Rob - in Ruff, And I hope in my heart you'll go there, . . Where the poor man's as great though he hath no es - tate, Aye, as if he'd a thou - sand a

year, Gaf - fer Green! If I had but a thou - sand a year! . . .
year, Rob - in Ruff? If you had but a thou - sand a year? . . .
year, Gaf - fer Green! If I had but a thou - sand a year! . . .
year, Rob - in Ruff? If you then had a thou - sand a year? . . .
year, Rob - in Ruff? And give up your thou - sand a year? . . .
year, Rob - in Ruff, Aye, as if he'd a thou - sand a year. . . .

The Homeland

H. R. Haweis — A. S. Sullivan

1. The Home-land! O the Home - land! The land of souls free-born! No gloom-y night is
2. My Lord is in the Home - land, With an-gels bright and fair; No sin - ful thing, nor
3. For loved ones in the Home - land Are wait-ing me to come Where neither death nor

known there, But aye the fade - less morn: I'm sigh - ing for that coun - try, My
e - vil, Can ev - er en - ter there; The mu - sic of the ran - somed Is
sor - row In-vades their ho - ly home: O dear, dear na - tive coun - try! O

heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.
ring - ing in my ears; And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.
rest and peace a - bove! Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of His e - ter - nal love.

When the Lights are Low

Moderato — GERALD M. LANE

p

1. When twi-light falls on the dim old walls, And day is past and done; As we
2. With dis-tant sounds in the streets a-round, The throng goes surg-ing by; But

p

sit and dream in the fad-ing gleam, Come mem-'ries one by one. . . .
far a-way in dreams we stray, Where ver-dant mead-ows lie. . . .

Old friends known in the years long gone, In fan-cy greet us still, And
There once more, as in days of yore, To roam each well-known way, Till

rall.

voi-ces dear, that we long to hear, The si-lence seem to fill.
o-ver all night's shad-ows fall, And dreamland fades a-way.

rall.

p Allegretto

Just when the day is o - ver, Just when the lights are low, . . .

pp

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *rall.*

Back to the heart re - turn - eth Life's gold - en long a - go; . . .

rall.

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

a tempo

Far, far a - way we wan - der, Watch-ing the fire - light gleams; . .

a tempo

p ril.

Far, far a - way from the world's shadows grey, In - to the land of dreams.

f

p ril.

HENRY C. WATSON

O Loving Heart, Trust On

L. M. GOTTSCHALK

1. There are
2. That happy

Andante moderato

p

tho'ts which seem to come from heav'n . . To calm all pain, all pain and strife; As dew falls
tho't . . shed o'er my life . . . A bright, a bright and joy - ful ray, As sun-light

cres.

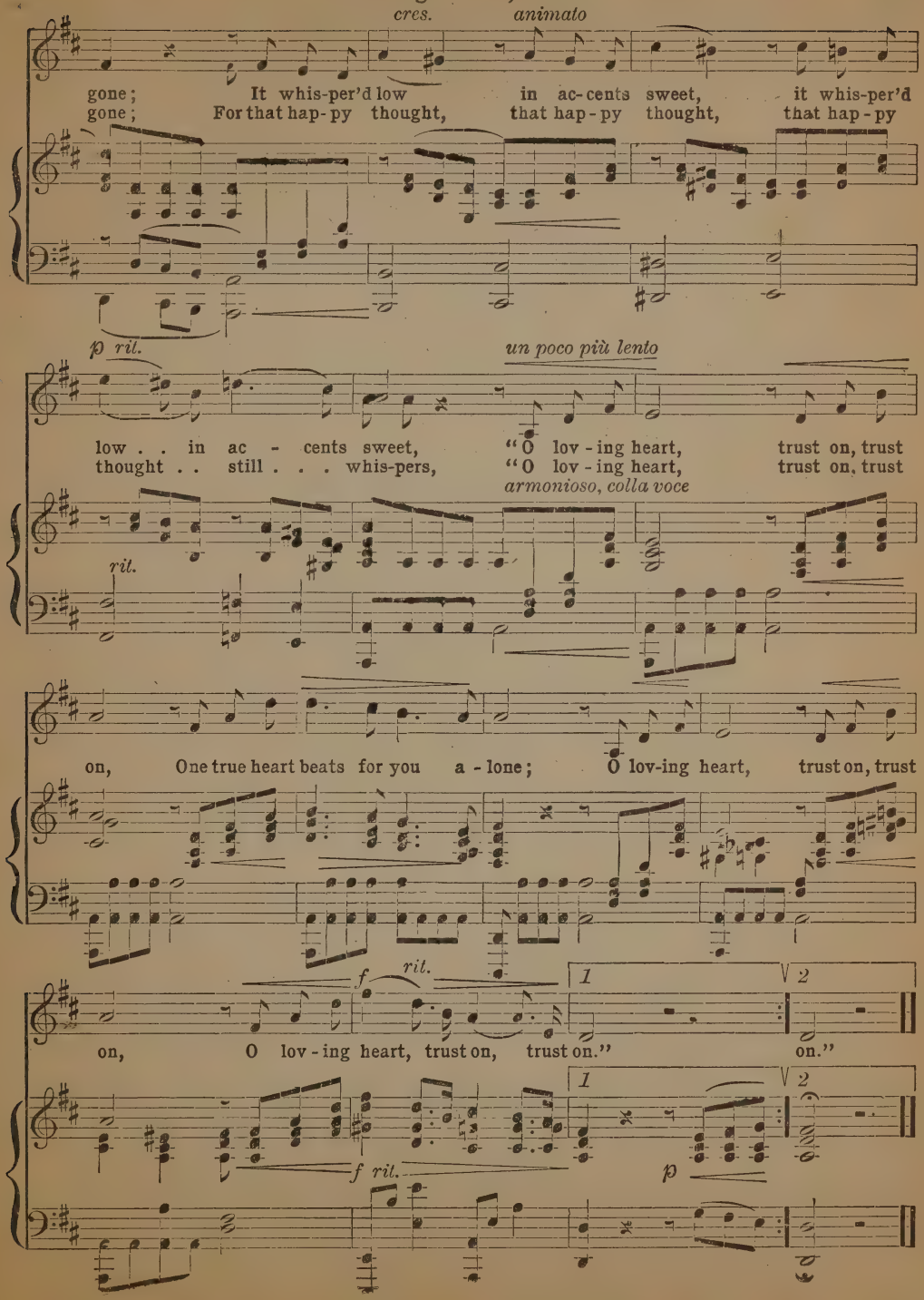
on the parch-ed flower To nur-ture it, to nourish it to
gilds the night's dim clouds Ere breaks, ere breaks the glo-rious

f espress.

life. . . . . There came to me a hap - py thought, One morn when hope seem'd
day. . . . . My soul is bath'd in sun - shine, All gloom - y dreams are

f

dim.

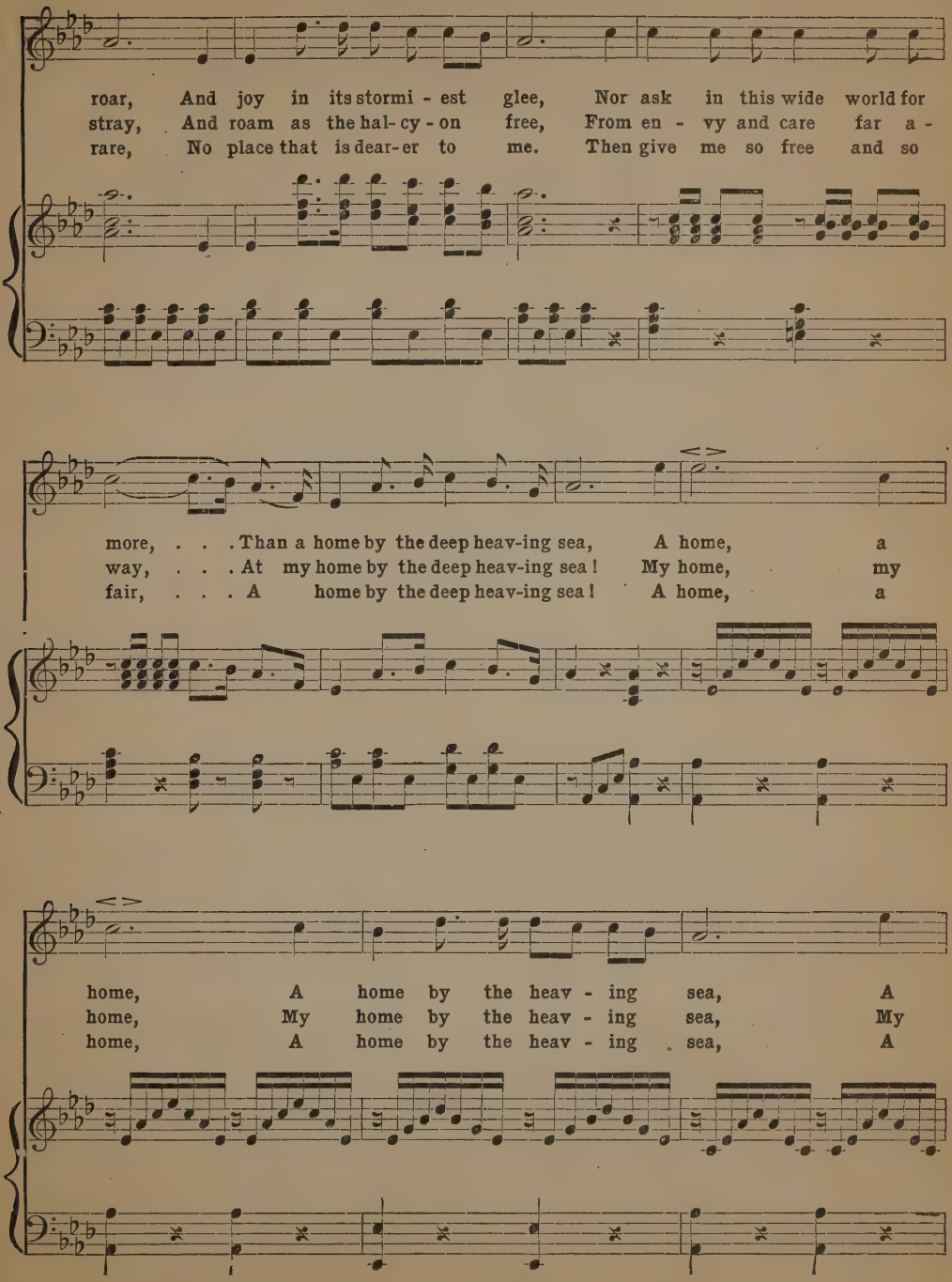

cres.
animato
gone; It whis-per'd low in ac-cents sweet, it whis-per'd
gone; For that hap-py thought, that hap-py thought, that hap-py
p ril.
un poco più lento
low . . in ac - cents sweet, "O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust
thought . . still . . . whis-pers, "O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust
armonioso, colla voce
ril.
on, One true heart beats for you a-lone; O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust
f rit.
1
2
on, O lov-ing heart, trust on, trust on." on."
f ril.
p

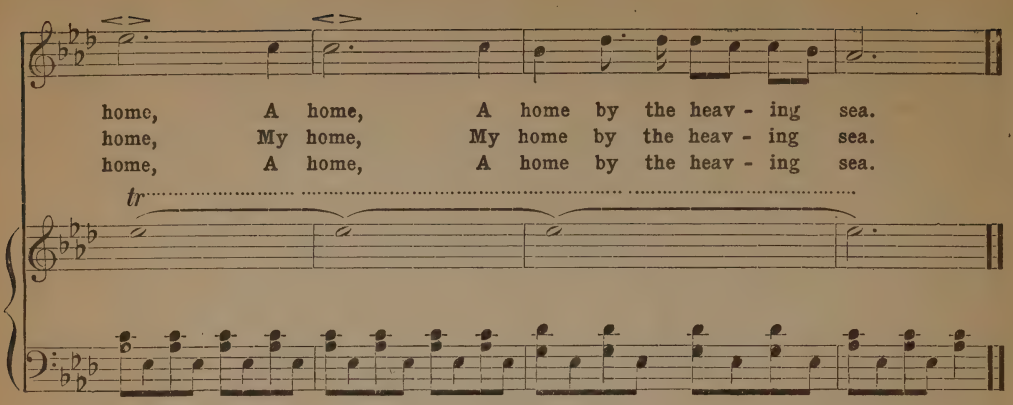
O Give Me a Home by the Sea

E. A. Hosmer

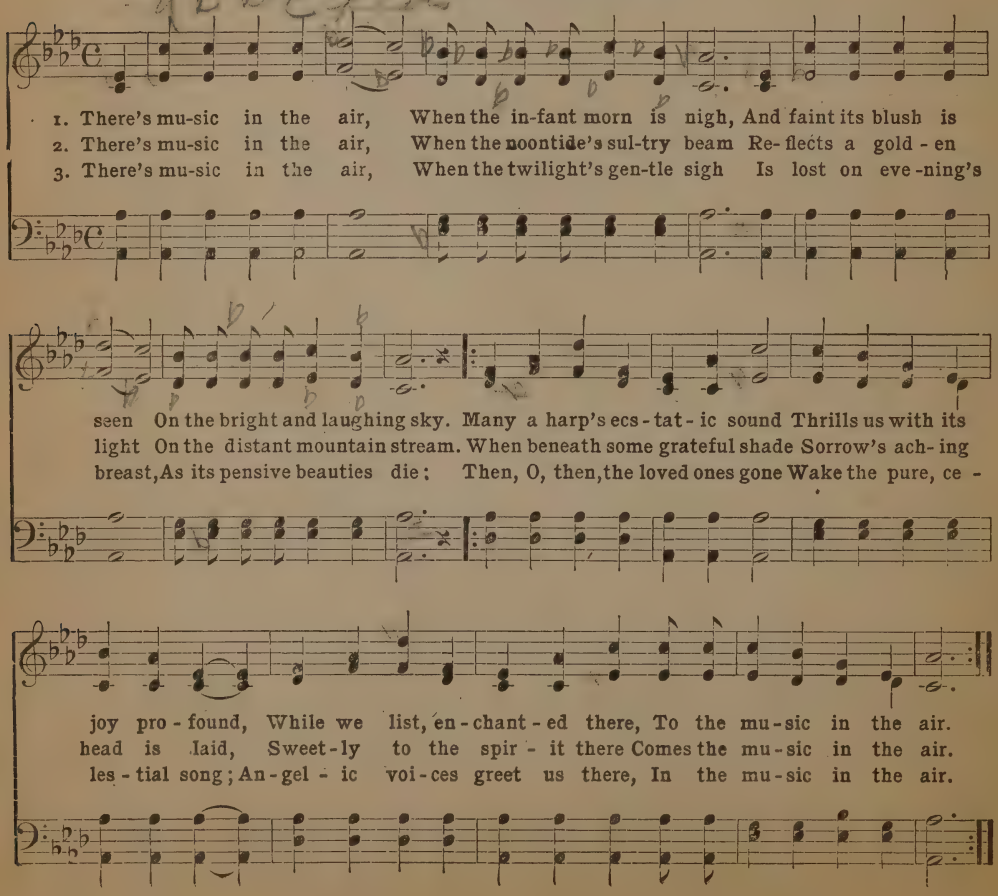
Con spirito

1. Oh! give me a home by the sea, Where wild waves are crest - ed with foam, Where shrill winds are car - ol - ing free, As o'er the blue wa-ters they come; For I'd list to the ocean's loud
2. At morn when the sun from the east Comes man - tled in crim - son and gold, Whose hues on the bil-lows are cast, Which spar - kle with splendor un - told,— Oh! then by the shore would I
3. At eve when the moon in her pride Rides queen of the soft sum - mer night, And gleams on the mur-mur -ing tide, With floods of her sil-ver - y light,— Oh earth has no beau-ty so


roar, And joy in its stormi - est glee, Nor ask in this wide world for
stray, And roam as the hal- cy - on free, From en - vy and care far a -
rare, No place that is dear-er to me. Then give me so free and so
more, . . . Than a home by the deep heav-ing sea, A home, a
way, . . . At my home by the deep heav-ing sea! My home, my
fair, . . . A home by the deep heav-ing sea! A home, a
home, A home by the heav - ing sea, A
home, My home by the heav - ing sea, My
home, A home by the heav - ing sea, A



There's Music in the Air



Rig-a-jig

(Male Voices)

Presto

f

1. As I was walk - ing down the street, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -
2. Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh -

o, heigh-o, A pret - ty girl I chanced to meet, Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.
o, heigh-o, Said she to me, "I'm a weav-er's maid," Heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh-o.

Chorus

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, a-way we go, a-way we go;

:S:

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh - o.

Fine

D.S.

heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh-o, heigh-o, heigh - o, heigh-o.

What Fairy-like Music

Mrs. C. B. Wilson — J. De-Pinna

Solo *Grazioso*

1. What fai - ry - like mu- sic steals o - ver the sea, En - trancing the sen-ses with
2. The winds are all hush'd and the wa-ters at rest; They sleep like the passions in

p

Duet

charm'd mel - o - dy? What fairy - like mu- sic steals o- ver the sea, En-trancing the
in - fan - cy's breast! The winds are all hush'd and the waters at rest; They sleep like the

sen - ses with charm'd mel - o - dy? 'Tis the voice of the mer-maid, that floats o'er the
pas- sions in in - fan - cy's breast. Till storms shall un- chain them from out their dark

main, As she mingles her song with the gon - do - lier's strain! 'Tis the voice of the
cave, And break the re - pose of the soul and the wave, 'Till storms shall un -

poco cres.

mermaid that floats o'er the main, As she mingles her song with the gon - do - lier's strain.
chain them from out their dark cave, And break the re - pose of the soul and the wave.

p

Mary Had a Little Lamb

1. Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, Ma - ry had a
2. And ev - 'ry where that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, And ev - 'ry where that

lit - tle lamb, Its fleece was white as snow.
Ma - ry went, The lamb was sure to go.

3 It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule.

4 It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

5 And so the teacher turned him out
But still he lingered near.

6 And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

Over the Garden Wall

HARRY HUNTER — G. D. FOX

Vivace

1. Oh, my love stood un-der the wal - nut tree, O - ver the gar - den wall, She
2. But her fa - ther stamped, and her fa - ther raved, O - ver the gar - den wall, And
3. One day I jumped down on the oth - er side, O - ver the gar - den wall, And
4. But where there's a will, there's al-ways a way, O - ver the gar - den wall, There's

p

whis-per'd and said she'd be true to me, O - ver the gar - den wall, She'd
like an old mad - man he be - haved, O - ver the gar - den wall. She
brave - ly she prom-ised to be my bride, O - ver the gar - den wall; But she
al - ways a night as well as day, O - ver the gar - den wall, We

beau - ti - ful eyes, and beau - ti - ful hair, She was not ver - y tall so she
made a bou - quet of ro - ses red, But im - me - di - ate - ly I
scream'd in a fright, "Here's fa - ther, quick, I have an im - pres-sion he's
had - n't much mon-ey, but wed-dings are cheap, So while the old fel - low was

stood on a chair, And ma-ny a time have I kissed her there, O-ver the gar-den wall.
popped up my head, He gave me a buck-et of wa-ter instead, O-ver the gar-den wall.
bring-ing a brick;" But I got the im-pression of one good kick, O-ver the gar-den wall.
snor-ing a-sleep, With a lad and a lad-der she managed to creep O-ver the gar-den wall.

CHORUS

O-ver the gar-den wall, . . The sweet-est girl of all, . . There

f

nev-er were yet such eyes of jet, And you may bet, I'll nev-er for-get The

night our lips in kiss-es met, O-ver the gar-den wall. . .

Simon the Cellarer

W. H. Bellamy — J. L. Hatton

p

1. Old Si-mon the Cell-ar - er keeps a rare store, Of Malm-sey and Mal - voi- sie . . And
2. Dame Mar-ger-y sits in her own still room, And a ma - tron sage is she. . . From
3. Old Si-mon reclines in his high-back'd chair, And talks about tak-ing a wife; . And

p

Cyp - rus, and who can say how man-y more! For a char - y old soul is he. . . A
thence oft at cur - few is waft - ed a fume; She says it is Rose-ma - rie, . . She
Mar - ger - y of - ten is heard to de-clare She ought to be settled in life, . . She

char-y old soul is he. . . Of Sack and Ca - na - ry he nev - er doth fail, And
says it is Rose - ma - rie. . . But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair, And the
ought to be set-tled in life. . But Mar-ger - y has (so the maids say) a tongue And she's

ad lib.

all the year round there is brew-ing of ale, Yet he nev-er ail-eth, he
maids say they of-ten see Mar-ger - y there, Now Mar-ger-y says that she
not ver - y hand-some, and not ver - y young, So somehow it ends with a

8va

leggiero *col voce*

sosten.

a tempo

quaint-ly doth say, While he keeps to his so-ber six flag-ons a day;
grows ver-y old And must take a some-thing to keep out the cold!
shake of the head, And Si-mon he brews him a tank-ard in-stead,

a tempo

p

But ho! ho! ho! His nose doth show How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
But ho! ho! ho! Old Si-mon doth know, Where many a flask of his best doth go.
While ho! ho! ho! He will chuckle and crow, What! marry old Mar-ger-y no, no, no!

p

Massa's in de Cold Ground

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. Round de mea-dows am a - ring - ing De dark - ey's mourn - ful song, While de mock-ing-bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a - creep - ing O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a - sleep - ing,
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or-ange-trees am bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore, Now de sum-mer days am com - ing,
3. Mas - sa make de dark-eys love him, Cayse he was so kind; Now, dey sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem be-hind. I can-not work be - fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,

CHORUS

Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful sound; All de dark-eys am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

Mas - sa ne - ber calls no more.
Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.

Annie Lisle

H. S. Thompson

Andante moderato

p dolce. *mf*

1. Down where the wav-ing wil-lows 'Neath the sunbeams smile, Shad-ow'd o'er the
2. Sweet came the hal-low'd chiming Of the Sabbath bell, Borne on the
3. "Raise me in your arms, dear mother, Let me once more look On the green and

murm'ring wa-ters Dwelt sweet Annie Lisle; Pure as the for - est lil - y,
morn-ing breez-es Down the wood-y dell. On a bed of pain and an-guish
wav-ing wil-lows, And the flow-ing brook; Hark! those strains of an - gel mu - sic,

Nev - er thought of guile Had its home within the bo-som of sweet Annie Lisle.
Lay dear An-nie Lisle, Chang'd were the lovely fea-tures, Gone the hap-py smile
From the choirs a-bove, Dear-est moth - er, I am go - ing; Tru-ly 'God is Love.'"

SOLO; *then* CHORUS

Wave wil-lows, mur-mur wa- ters, Gold - en sun-beams, smile!

mf

Repeat pp

Earth - ly mu - sic can - not wa - ken Love - ly An - nie Lisle.

Camptown Races

Allegro vivace S. C. FOSTER

1. De Camptown la - dies sing dis song, Doo-dah! doo- dah! De Camptown race -track
2. De long-tail'd fil - ly, and de big black hoss, Doo-dah! doo- dah! Dey fly de track, and dey
3. Old mu - ley cow came on to de track, Doo-dah! doo- dah! De bob-tail fling her
4. See dem fly - in' on a ten-mile heat, Doo-dah! doo- dah! Round de race - track,

mp

nine miles long, Oh! doo-dah day! I came down dar wid my hat cav'd in, Doo-dah!
both cut a-cross, Oh! doo-dah day! De blind hoss stick'n in a big mud-hole, Doo-dah!
o-ber his back, Oh! doo-dah day! Den fly a-long like a rail-road car, Doo-dah!
den re-peat—Oh! doo-dah day! I win my money on de bob-tail nag, Doo-dah!

doo-dah! I go back home wid a pock-et full of tin, Oh! doo-dah day!
doo-dah! Can't touch de bottom wid a ten-feet pole, Oh! doo-dah day!
doo-dah! Run-nin a race wid a shoot-in' star, Oh! doo-dah day!
doo-dah! I keep my mon-ey in an old tow bag, Oh! doo-dah day!

SOLO; *then* CHORUS

f

Gwine to run all night, Gwine to run all day, I'll

f

bet my mon-ey on de bob-tail nag, Some-bo-dy bet on de bay. . .

Gentle Annie

S. C. Foster

Andante con moto

1. Thou wilt come no more, gen-tle An-nie, Like a flow'r thy spir-it did de-
2. We have roam'd and lov'd 'mid the bow-ers, When thy down-y cheeks were in their
3. Ah! the hours grow sad while I pon-der Near the si-lent spot where thou art

p

part; Thou art gone, a-las! like the man-y That have
bloom; Now I stand a-lone 'mid the flow-ers, While they
laid, And my heart bows down when I wan-der By the

bloom'd in the sum-mer of the heart. Shall we nev - er more be -
min - gle their perfumes o'er thy tomb. Shall we nev - er more be -
streams and the meadows where we stray'd. Shall we nev - er more be -

p

hold thee, Nev-er hear thy winning voice a - gain? When the Spring-time comes, gen-tle

An - nie, When the wild flow'rs are scat-ter'd o'er the plain?

Baby Mine

CHARLES MACKEY — ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON

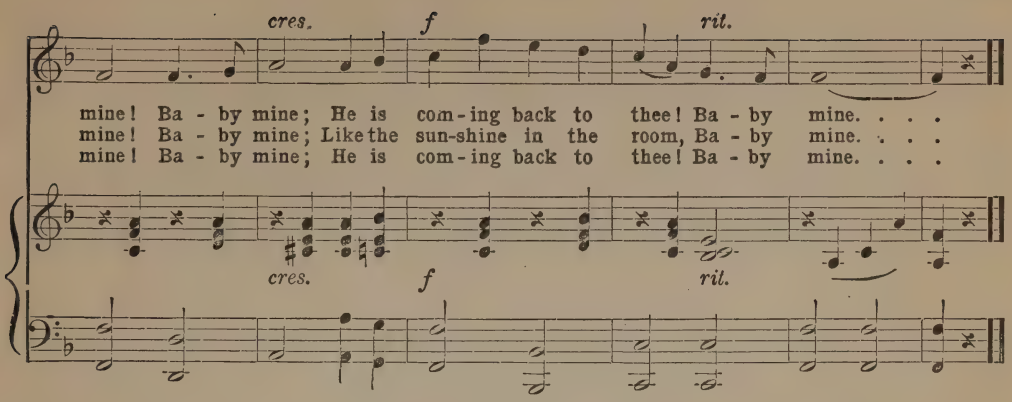
p

1. I've a let - ter from thy sire, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; I could read and nev - er tire, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; He is sail - ing o'er the sea, He is com - ing home to me, He is com - ing back to thee! Ba - by
2. Oh, I long to see his face, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; In his old ac - cus - tom'd place, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; Like the rose of May in bloom, Like a star a - mid the gloom, Like the sun - shine in the room, Ba - by
3. I'm so glad, I can - not sleep, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; I'm so hap - py, I could weep, Ba - by mine, Ba - by mine; He is sail - ing o'er the sea, He is com - ing home to me, He is com - ing back to thee! Ba - by

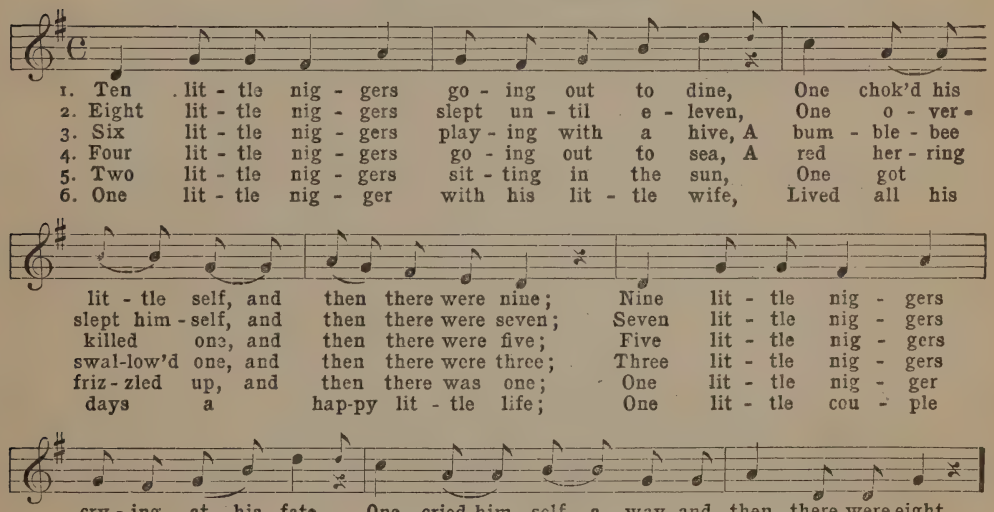
p

cres.

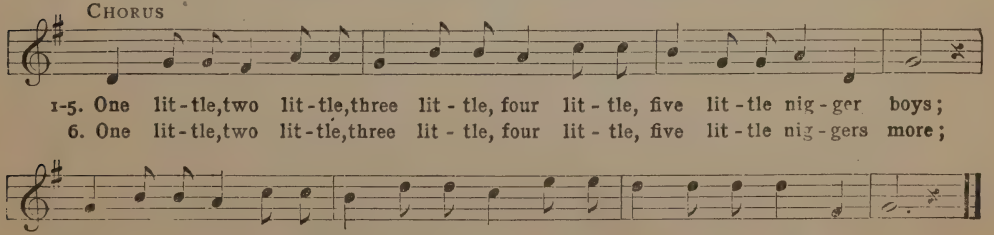
cres.



Ten Little Niggers



CHORUS



Hark! I Hear a Voice

Allegro

Hark! I hear a voice, Way up in the moun-tain top, tip-top, De-

scend-ing down be-low, De-scend-ing down be-low. low.

CHORUS

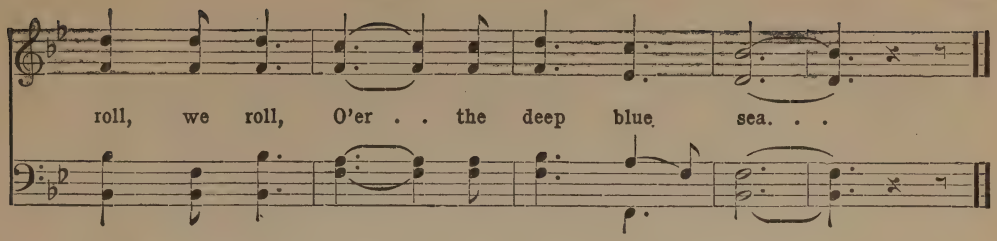
Let us all . . . . . u-nite in love, ... Trust-ing

Let us all u-nite in love,

in . . . . . the pow'rs a-bove. . . . . Mer-ri-ly now we

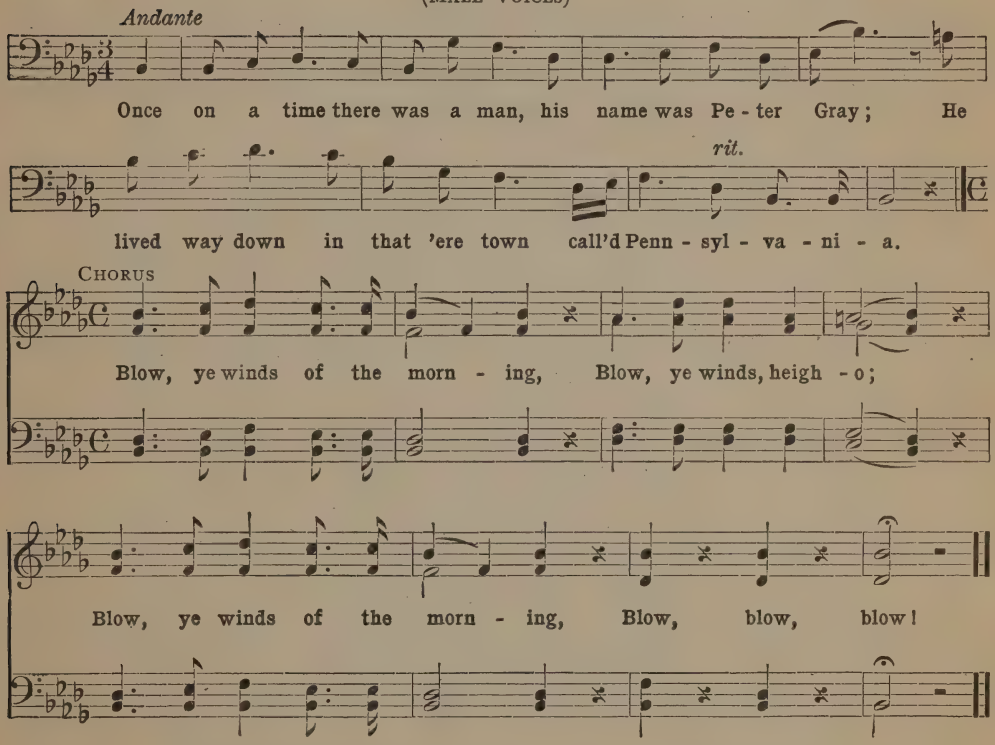
Trust-ing in the pow'rs a-bove.

roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer-ri-ly now we



Peter Gray

(Male Voices)



2 Now Peter Gray he fell in love, all with a nice young girl;
The first three letters of her name were L-U-C, Anna Quirl. Cho.

3 But just as they were going to wed, her papa he said "No!"
And consequently she was sent way off to Ohio. Cho.

4 And Peter Gray he went to trade for furs and other skins,
Till he was caught and scalp-y-ed, by the bloody Inji-ins. Cho.

5 When Lucy Anna heard the news, she straightway took to bed,
And never did get up again until she di-i-ed. Cho.

The Mermaid

Moderato

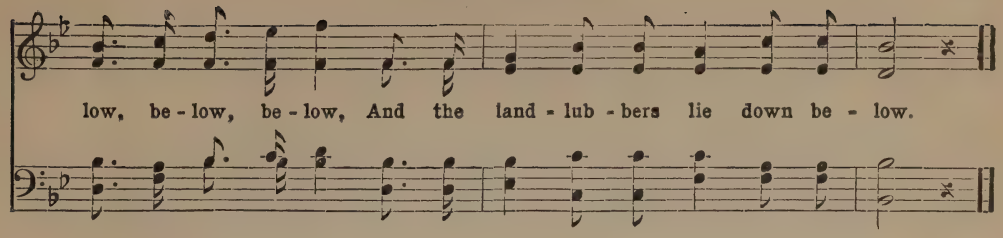
1. 'Twas Fri - day morn . when we . . set . . sail, And we
2. Then up spake the cap - tain . . of our gal - lant ship, And a
3. Then up spake the cook of our gal - lant ship, And a
4. Then three times a - round went our gal - lant ship, And

were not far from the land, When the cap - tain spied a
well - spok - en man was he; "I have mar - ried a wife in
red hot cook was he; "I care much more for my
three times a - round went she; Then three times a - round went our

love - ly mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand. O, the
Sa - lem town, And to - night she a wid - ow will be." O, the
ket - tles and my pots, Than I do for the depths of the sea." O, the
gal - lant ship, And she sank to the depths of the sea. O, the

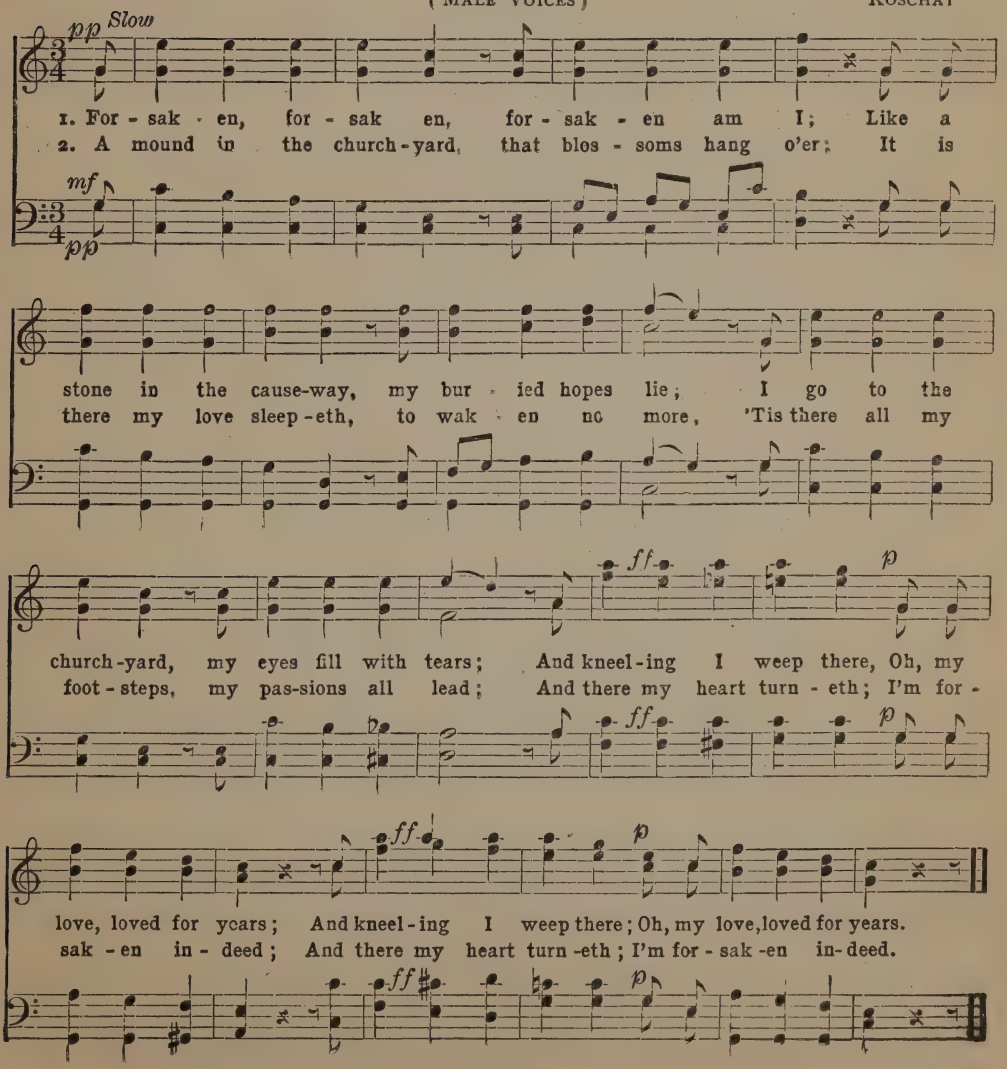
o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While

we poor sail - ors go skip - ping to the tops, And the land - lub - bers lie down be -



Forsaken

(Male Voices) Koschat



Beautiful Bells

DUET AND CHORUS

GEORGE COOPER — Arr. by W. F. WELLMAN, Jr.

FIRST VOICE

1. Beau-ti-ful bells! O beau-ti-ful bells! Ring-ing so sweetly a-gain and a-gain!
2. Voice of the morn And voice of the night, Wak-en, O wak-en the mem'ries of old!

PIANO.

BASS *with octaves throughout*

Welcomes of joy and wea-ry fare-wells, Chim-ing in sunlight and rain.
Bring to my heart your dreams of delight, Vis-ions of beauty un-told!

SECOND VOICE — BOTH

Long, long a-go, so dear un-to me, O hap-py and pure was the

SECOND VOICE — BOTH

mes-sage you bore, Loud o'er the vale, and soft o'er the sea, O could I but

hear you once more! Beau-ti-ful bells! or mer-ry or sad,

Tell - ing your mes - sage of good - ness to all; Whis - per of

mo - ments hopeful and glad, Van-ished be-yond our re - call!

CHORUS

Beau-ti - ful bells! O beau-ti - ful bells! Ring-ing so sweet-ly a-gain and a-gain

Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful bells! Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau- ti- ful bells!

rall.

Welcomes of joy and wea-ry farewells, Beau-ti- ful, beau-ti- ful, beau-ti - ful bells!

Beau - ti - ful, beau- ti-ful, beau- ti - ful bells! Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful, beau- ti - ful bells!

8va.

The Rose of Tralee

E. Mordaunt Spencer — Charles W. Glover

Andantino con moto

p — *cres.*

1. The pale moon was ris - ing a - bove the green
2. The cool shades of eve - ning their man - tle were

rall. — *p*

moun - tain, The sun was de - clin - ing be - neath the blue sea, When I
spread - ing, And Ma - ry all smil - ing was list - 'ning to me, The

strayed with my love to the pure crys - tal foun - tain That stands in the
moon through the val - ley her pale rays was shed - ding, When I won the

beau - ti - ful vale of Tra - lee: She was love - ly and fair as the rose of the
heart of the rose of Tra - lee: Though love - ly and fair as the rose of the

sum - mer, Yet 'twas not her beau - ty a - lone that won me, Oh, no! 'twas the

dim. *zf* *p*

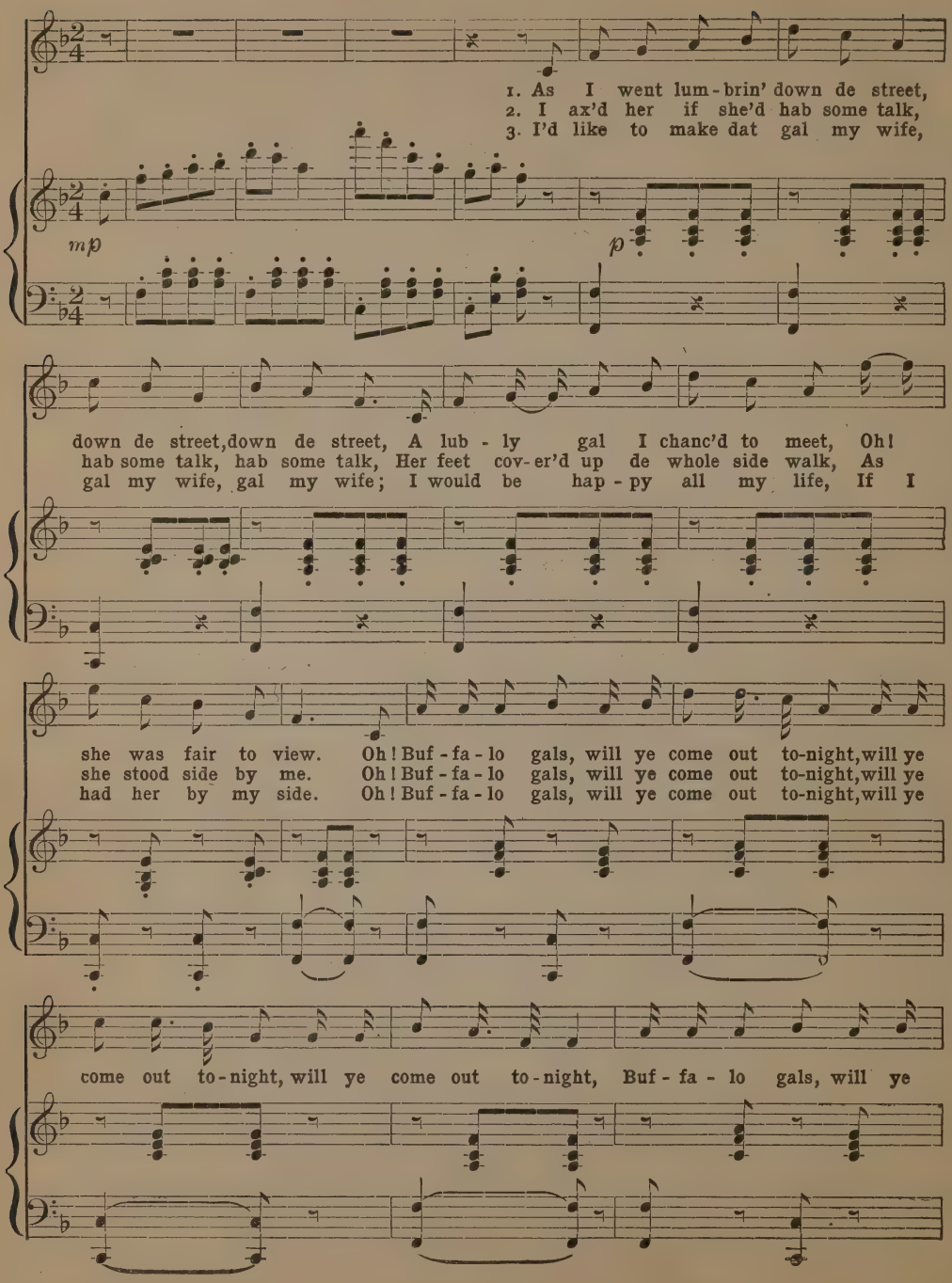
truth in her eye ev - er dawn-ing, That made me love Ma - ry, the

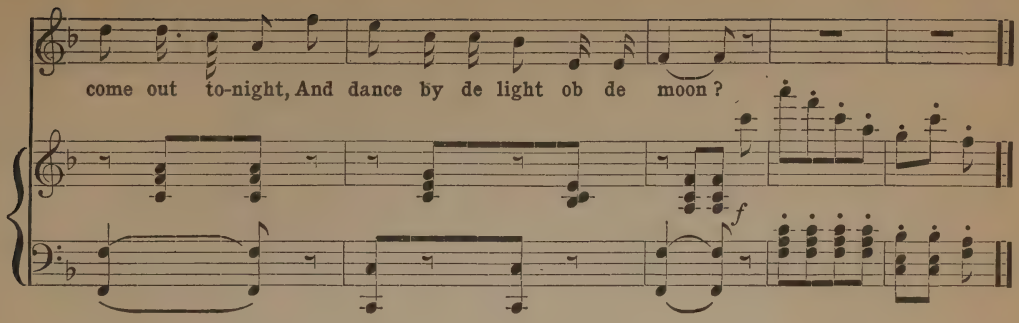
D.S.

Rose of Tra - lee.

mf *rall.*

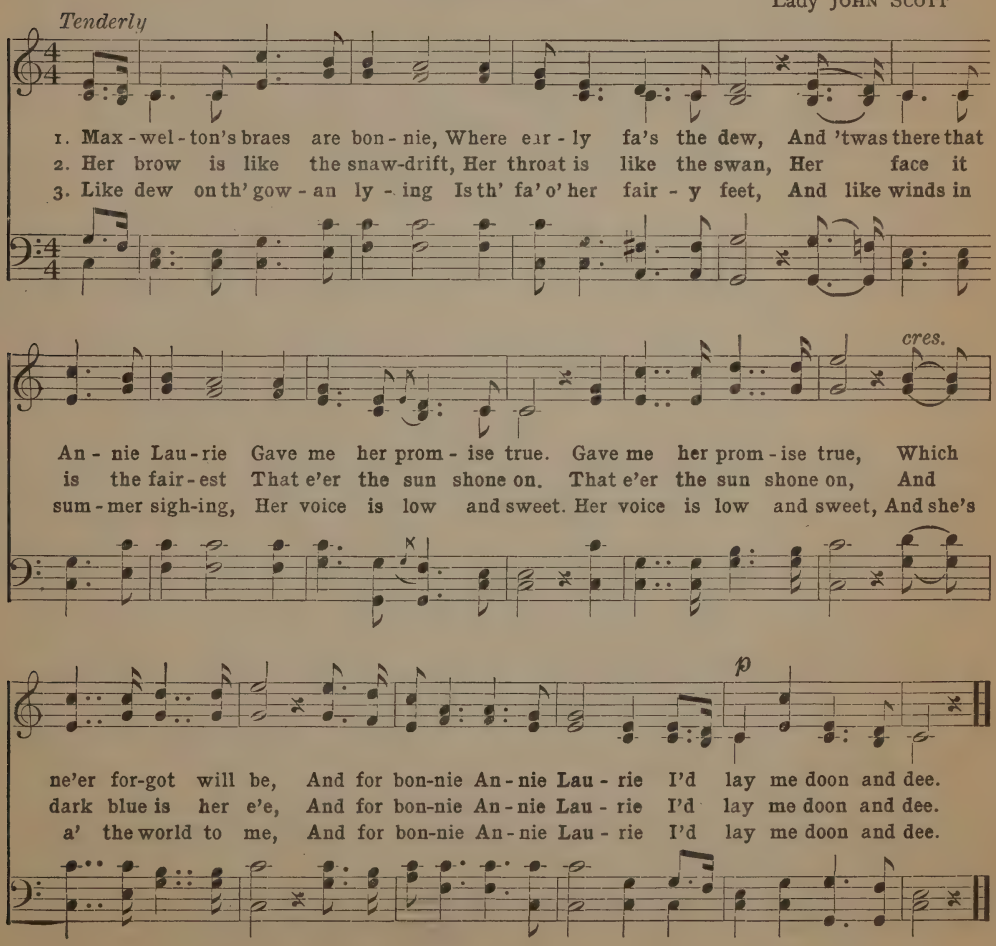
Buffalo Gals





Annie Laurie

Lady John Scott



'Tis but a Little Faded Flower

J. R. THOMAS

Andante semplice

1. 'Tis but a lit - tle fa - ded flow'r, But, oh, how fond - ly dear! 'Twill
2. Where is the heart that doth not keep With - in its in - most core, Some

espress. *p*

bring me back one gold - en hour, Through many, thro' ma-ny a wea - ry year. I
fond remembrance, hid-den deep, Of days, of days that are no more?

may not to the world im - part The se-cret, the se - ret of its pow'r, But
Who hath not sav'd some trifling thing, More priz'd, more priz'd than jewels rare! A

p

cres. *dim.* *p* *rit.*

treas - ur'd in my in - most heart, I keep my fad - ed flow'r, I keep my
fad - ed flow'r, a bro - ken ring, A tress of gold - en hair, A tress of

dim. *p colla voce*

fad - ed flow'r. 'Tis but a lit - tle fad - ed flow'r, But oh, how fond - ly
gold - en hair? 'Tis but a lit - tle fad - ed flow'r, But oh, how fond - ly

mf *p*

poco rit.

dear! 'Twill bring me back one gold-en hour, Through ma-ny, thro' ma-ny a wea-ry year.

p *colla voce*

Old Hundred

Rev. Isaac Watts — Goudimel

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Just Before the Battle, Mother

G. F. Root G. F. Root

1. Just be - fore the bat - tle, moth-er, I am think - ing most of you,
2. Hark! I hear the bu - gles sounding, 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight;

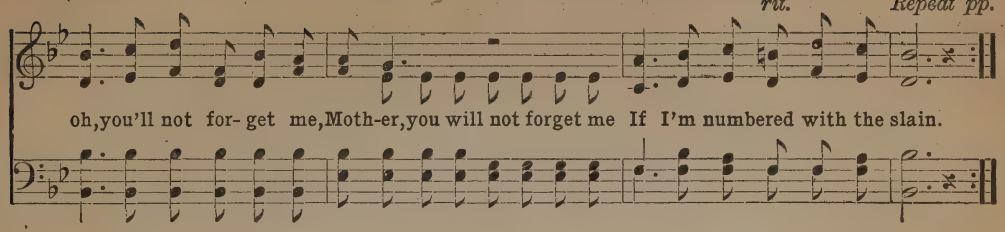
While up - on the field we're watch-ing, With the en - e - my in view.
Now may God pro - tect us, moth-er, As He ev - er does the right.

Com - rades brave are round me ly - ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God; . . For
Hear the "Bat - tle Cry of Free-dom," How it swells up - on the air; . . Oh,

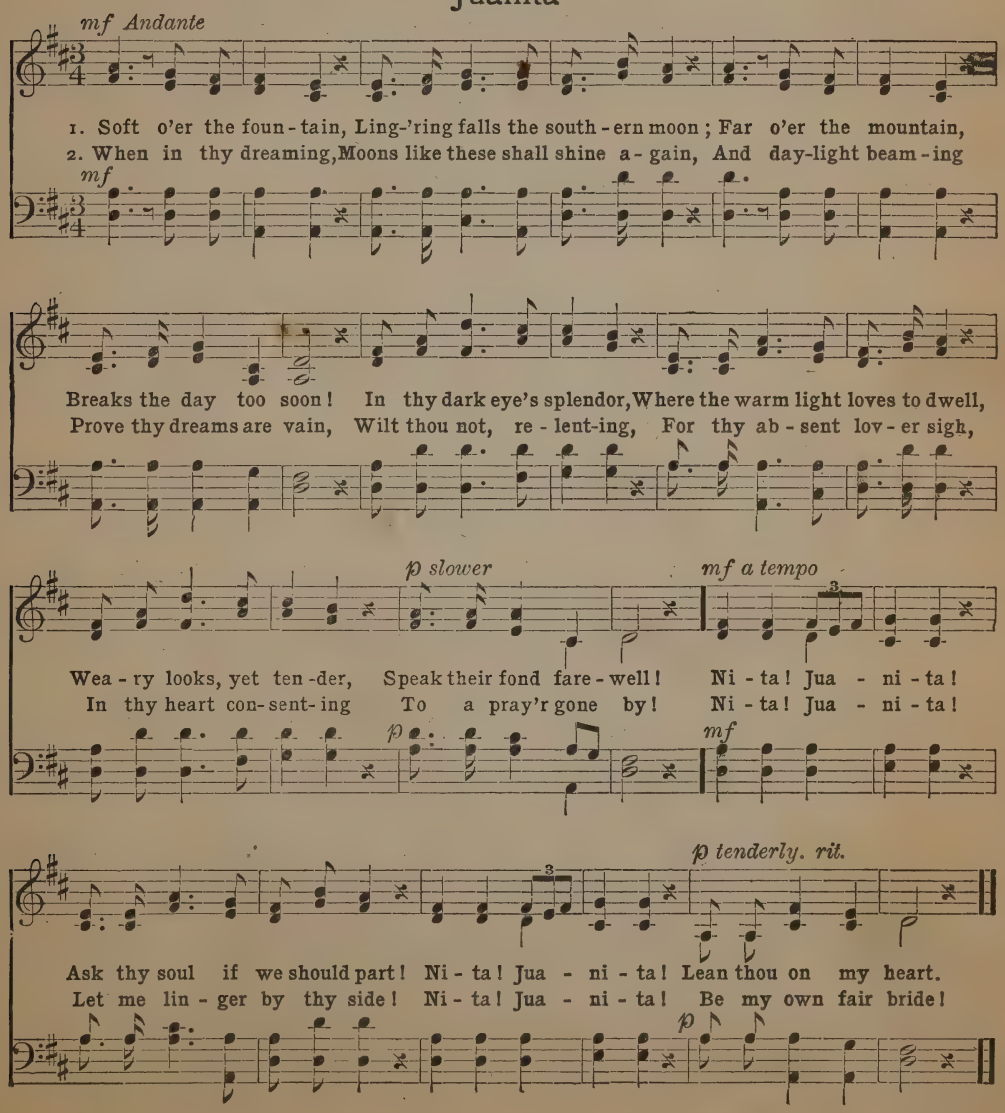
well they know that on the mor-row Some will sleep be- neath the sod. . .
yes, we'll ral - ly round the standard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there. .

Chorus

Fare-well, moth-er, you may nev-er, you may never, mother, Press me to your heart a-gain; . . But


rit.
Repeat pp.
oh, you'll not for- get me, Moth-er, you will not forget me If I'm numbered with the slain.

Juanita


mf Andante
1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Ling-'ring falls the south - ern moon; Far o'er the mountain,
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam - ing
mf
Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent-ing, For thy ab - sent lov - er sigh,
p slower
mf a tempo
Wea - ry looks, yet ten -der, Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
In thy heart con- sent- ing To a pray'r gone by! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
p
mf
p tenderly. rit.
Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!
p

A Little More Cider

A. Hart

1. I love the white girl and the black, And I love all the rest, I
2. When first I saw Miss Snow - flake 'Twas on Broadway I spied her, I'd
3. Oh! I wish I was an ap - ple, And Snow-flake was an-oth-er, Oh!
4. But now old age comes creep - ing, We grow down and don't get bigger, And

p

love the girls for lov-ing me, But I love my-self the best; O,
give my hat and boots, I would, If I could have been be - side her; She
what a pret - ty pair we'd make, Up-on a tree to - geth-er; How
ci - der sweet and sour then, And I am just de nig-ger; But

dear, I am so thirst-y, I've just been down to sup-per, I've
look'd at me, I look'd at her, And then I cross'd the street, And
bad the dar-kies all would feel, When on the tree they spied her, To
let the cause be what it will, Short, small, or wi-der, She

p

drank three pails of ap - ple jack, And a tub of ap - ple but - ter.
then she smil - ing said to me, "A lit - tle more ci - der sweet."
think how lus - cious we would be, When we're made in - to ci - der.
am de ap - ple of my soul, And I'm bound to be be - side her.

cres.

CHORUS

mf

A lit - tle more ci - der too, A lit - tle more ci - der too, A

mf

mf

cres.

f

lit - tle more ci - der for Miss Di - nah, A lit - tle more ci - der too.

cres.

cres.

f

Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE — HENRY R. BISHOP

Moderato

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces, though we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh! give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that come at my call; Give me
3. How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond fa - ther's smile, And the cares of a moth - er to soothe and be - guile; Let oth - ers de - light 'mid new pleas - ures to roam, But
4. To thee I'll re - turn, o - ver - bur - den'd with care, The heart's dear - est so - lace will smile on me there; No more from that cot - tage a - gain will I roam, Be it

seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else - where; Home!
them with that peace of mind, dear - er than all. Home!
give me, oh! give me the pleas-ures of home. Home!
ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home. Home!

ad lib.

home! sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, there's no place like home!
home! sweet, sweet home; There's no place like home, there's no place like home!
home! sweet, sweet home; But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home!
home! sweet, sweet home; There's no place like home, there's no place like home!

ad lib.

CHORUS

Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home.

Kathleen Mavourneen

Mrs. Crawford — F. Nicholls Crouch

Andante e penseroso

mf — *mf* — *mf*

1. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! the grey dawn is break-ing, . . . The
2. Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen! a - wake from thy slum - bers; . . The

horn of the hun - ter is heard on the hill; The lark from her
blue mountains glow in the sun's gold - en light; Ah! where is the

light wing the bright dew is shak - ing, Kathleen . . Mavour-neen! what,
spell that once hung on my num - bers? A - rise in . . . thy beau-ty, thou

mf *mf*

slum - b'ring still! Oh, hast thou for - got-ten how soon we must sev-er? Oh,
star of my night. Ma-vour - neen, Ma-vourneen, my sad tears are falling, To

Espressivo e legato

hast thou for - got - ten this day we must part? It may be for
think that from E - rin and thee I must part; It may be for

p

years, and it may be for-ev-er; Oh, why . . art thou si - lent, thou
years, and it may be for-ev-er; Then why . . art thou si - lent, thou

voice of my heart? It may . . . be for years, and it may be for -

ev - er; Then why . . . . art thou si - lent, Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen?

mf

John Anderson, My Jo

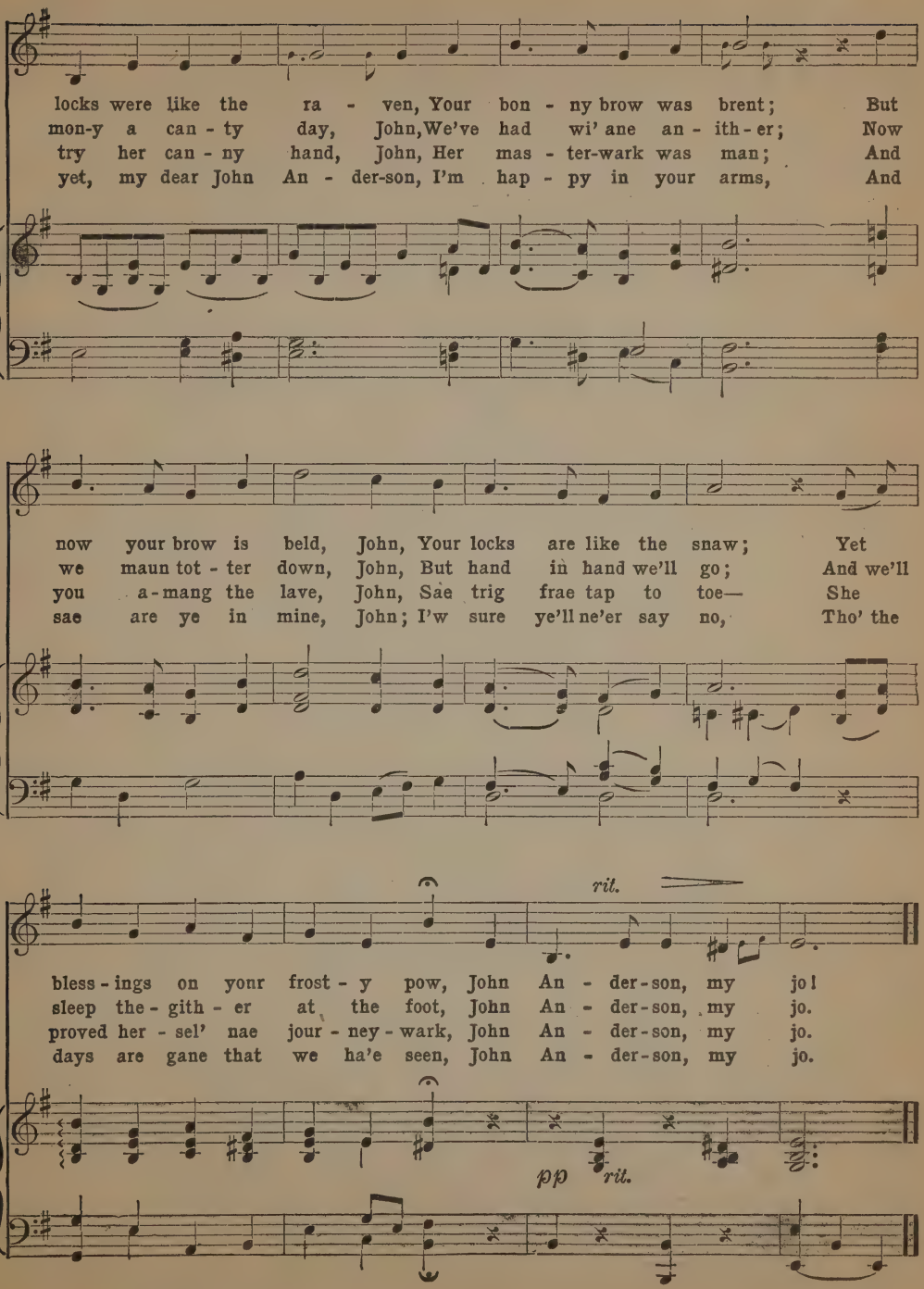
ROBERT BURNS

Andante

mf

1. John An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac - quent, Your
2. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We clamb the hill the-gith-er, And
3. John An - der - son, my jo, John, When na - ture first be- - gan To
4. John An - der - son, my jo, John, We've seen our bairns' bairns, And

p


locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon - ny brow was brent; But
mon-y a can - ty day, John, We've had wi' ane an - ith - er; Now
try her can - ny hand, John, Her mas - ter-wark was man; And
yet, my dear John An - der-son, I'm hap - py in your arms, And
now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the snaw; Yet
we maun tot - ter down, John, But hand in hand we'll go; And we'll
you a-mang the lave, John, Sae trig frae tap to toe— She
sae are ye in mine, John; I'w sure ye'll ne'er say no, Tho' the
rit.
bless - ings on yonr frost - y pow, John An - der-son, my jo!
sleep the - gith - er at the foot, John An - der-son, my jo.
proved her - sel' nae jour - ney - wark, John An - der-son, my jo.
days are gane that we ha'e seen, John An - der-son, my jo.
pp
rit.

Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still

W. T. Wrighton

With expression

1. 'Tis years since last we met, And we may not meet a-gain; I have
2. At the first sweet dawn of light, When I gaze up-on the deep, Her
3. I've sail'd 'neath a-lien skies, I have trod the des-ert path, I have

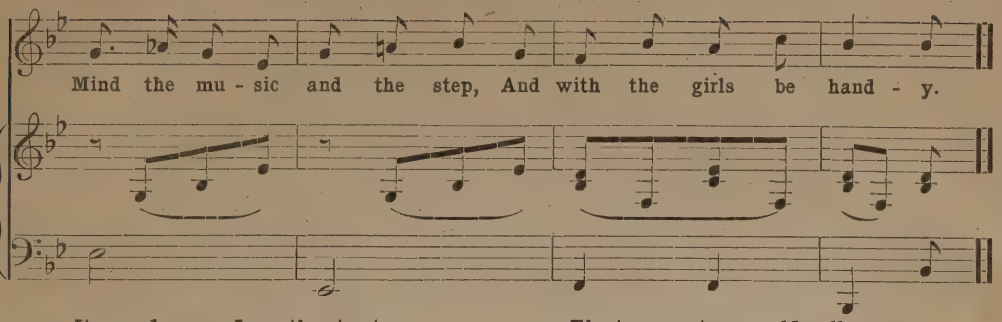
legato

rall. *a tempo*

strug - gled to for-get, But the strug - gle was in vain; For her
form still greets my sight, While the stars their vig-ils keep; When I
seen the storm a-rise, Like a gi - ant in his wrath; Ev-'ry

rall. *a tempo*

voice lives on the breeze, And her spir-it comes at will; In the
close mine ach-ing eyes, Sweet dreams my sen-ses fill; And from
dan - ger I have known, That a reck-less life can fill; Yet her



7 It scared me so, I ran the streets,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Till I got home, and safely locked
In granny's little chamber. Cho.

8 And there I see a little keg,
Its heads were made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together. Cho.

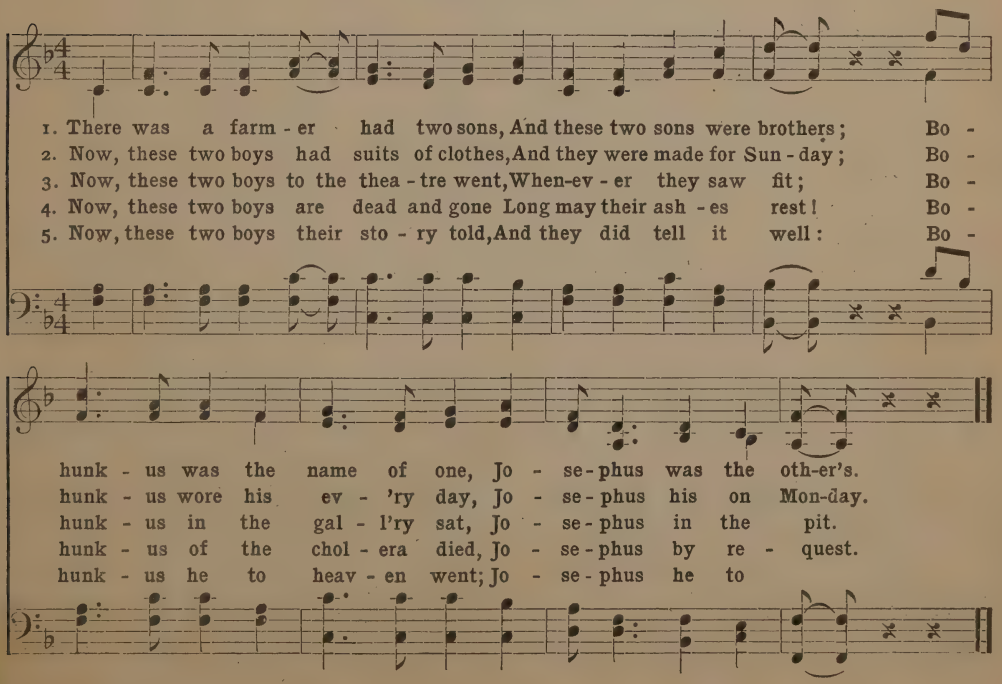
9 And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on corn-stalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All bound around their middles. Cho.

10 The troopers too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races. Cho.

11 Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For 'lasses cakes to carry home
To give his wife and young ones. Cho.

12 But I can't tell you half I see,
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother. Cho.

Bohunkus



Listen to the Mocking Bird

ALICE HAWTHORNE

1. I'm dream-ing now of Hal - ly, sweet Hal - ly, sweet Hal-ly, I'm
2. Ah! well I yet re - mem - ber, re - mem- ber, re - mem-ber, Ah!
3. When the charms of spring a - wak - en, a - wak - en, a - wak-en, When the

dream-ing now of Hal - ly, . For the tho't of her is one that nev - er
well I yet re - mem - ber . When we gath-er'd in the cot - ton side by
charms of spring a - wak - en . And the mock-ing bird is sing - ing on the

dies; She's sleep - ing in the val - ley, . . . the
side; Twas in the mild Sep - tem - ber, . . . Sep -
bough, I feel like one for - sak - en, . . . for -

val - ley, . . . the val - ley, . . . She's sleep - ing in the
tem - ber, . . . Sep - tem - ber, . . . 'Twas in the mild Sep -
sa - ken, . . . for - sa - ken, . . . I feel like one for -

val - ley, ... And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing where she lies.
tem - ber, ... And the mock-ing bird was sing-ing far and wide.
sa - ken, ... Since my Hal - ly is no lon - ger with me now.

First, SOLO; *then* CHORUS

Lis - ten to the mock - ing bird, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, The

8va

tr tr tr tr

mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her grave, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,

8va

tr tr tr

Lis-ten to the mocking bird, Still sing-ing where the weeping willows wave.

tr tr tr tr tr

O Music

ROUND

1

O mu - sic sweet mu - sic, your prais - es we'll sing, We

2

will tell of the pleas - ure and glad - ness you bring.

The Blue Bells of Scotland

Mrs. James Grant — Folksong

Andante moderato

1. Oh! where, tell me where is your Highland lad- die gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your Highland lad- die dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your
3. Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain? Oh! what, tell me what if your

p

High - land lad - die gone? He's gone with streaming ban - ners where
High - land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scot - land, where
High - land lad be slain? Oh, no! true love will be his guard and

cres.

no - ble deeds are done, And it's oh, . . in my heart I wish him safe at home.
blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's oh, . . in my heart I lo'e my lad - die well.
bring him safe a - gain, For it's oh, my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

p

We'd Better Bide a Wee

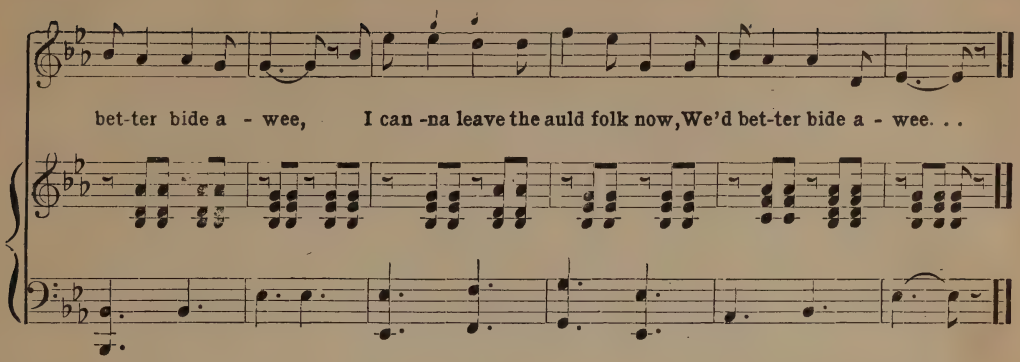
CLARIBEL

Moderato

1. The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, Are frail and fail-ing sair, And weel I ken they'd
2. When first we told our sto - ry, lad, Their blessing fell sae free, They gave no tho't to
3. I fear me sair, they're failing baith, For when I sit a - part, They'll talk o' Heav'n sae

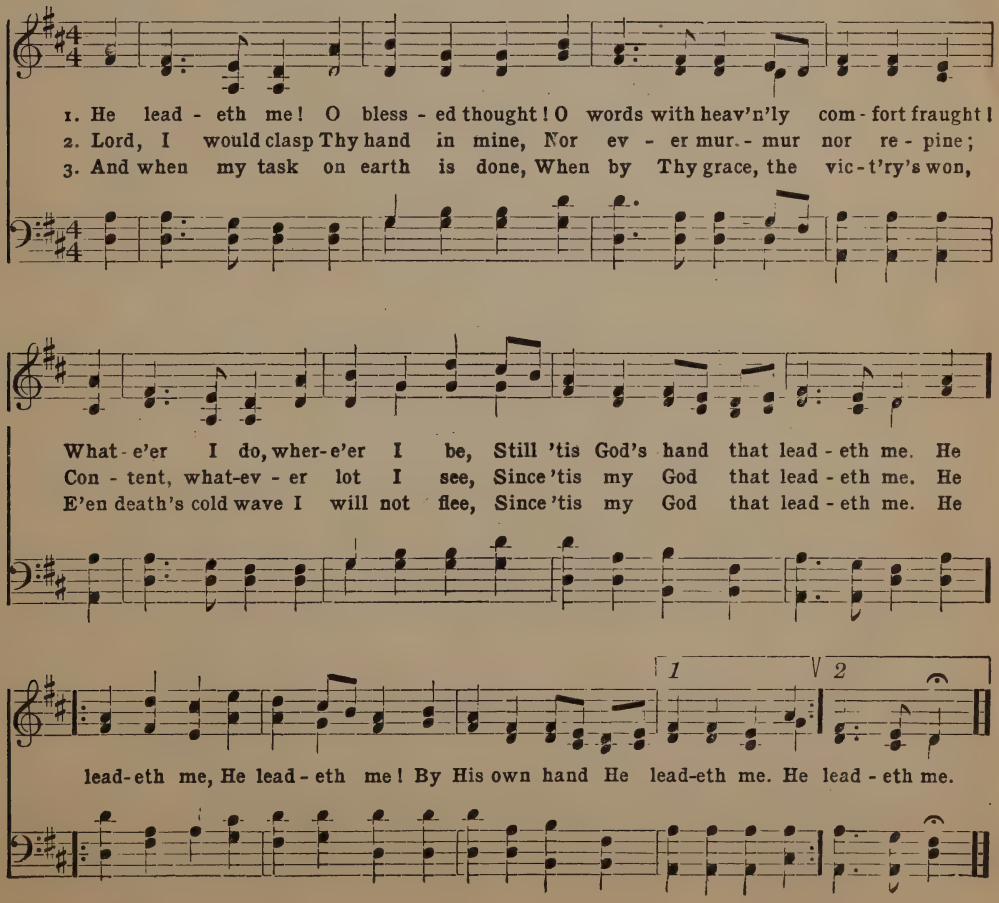
miss me, lad, Gin I came hame nae mair; The grist is out, the
self at all, They did but think of me; But, lad - die, that's a
earn - est - ly, It well nigh breaks my heart; So, lad - die, din - na

times are hard, The kin are on - ly three, I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd
time a - wa, And mith-er's like to dee, I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd
urge me mair, It sure - ly win - na be, I can-na leave the auld folk now, We'd



He Leadeth Me

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore — W. B. Bradbury



Castanets are Sounding

Spanish "La Cachuca"

Allegretto

1. Come, O come! Cas-ta - nets are gai - ly sound-ing; Light feet to their notes are
2. Day is past: Stars now bright-ly beam a - bove us, Hearts are near that fond - ly

bound-ing; Mer-ry dance and joy-ous song Glad-den now that hap-py throng.
love us; Sweet gui-tar and man-do-lin Give new pleas-ure to the scene.

Nev - er, nev - er yet did mu - sic's meas - ure Bear such thrill-ing notes of
Come, then come! nev-er yet did mu - sic's meas - ure Bear such thrill-ing notes of

pleasure; Hearts and eyes are filled with glee, And gay - est of the gay we'll be.

The Minstrel Boy

Old Irish Melody

Con spirito

1. The Min - strel Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him; His
2. The Min - strel fell! but the foe - man's chain Could not bring his proud soul un - der; The

fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.
harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der; And

f

"Land of song!" said the war - rior - bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays thee, One
said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - v'ry! Thy

sword at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee!"
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in sla - v'ry!"

Those Evening Bells

THOMAS MOORE — Attributed to BEETHOVEN

Pensively and in moderate time

1. Those eve - ning bells, those eve - ning bells, How ma - ny a
2. Those joy - ous hours are past a - way, And, ma - ny a
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune - ful

legato

tale . their mu - sic tells, Of youth and home and that sweet time, When
heart, that then was gay, With - in . the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And
peal will still ring on, While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And

1 2

last I heard their sooth - ing chime! Of sooth - ing chime!
hears no more those eve - ning bells! With - eve - ning bells!
sing your praise, sweet eve - ning bells. While eve - ning bells.

1 2

The Bull-Dog

Moderato

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank! And the bull-frog in the pool; Oh! the bull-dog on the
2. Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, And the snapper caught his paw; Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to
3. Says the mon-key to the owl, "O what'll you have to drink?" Says the mon-key to the
4. Pharaoh's daughter on the bank; Lit-tle Mo-ses in the pool; Pharaoh's daughter on the

Più allegro

bank! And the bull-frog in the pool; Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the
catch him, And the snap-per caught his paw; Oh! the bull-dog stoop'd to catch him, And the
owl, "O what'll you have to drink?" Says the mon-key to the owl, "O
bank; Lit-tle Mo-ses in the pool; Pha-raoh's daugh-ter on the bank; Lit-tle

ritard.

bull-frog in the pool. The bull-dog call'd the bull-frog A green old wa-ter fool.
snap-per caught his paw; The pol-ly-wog died a-laughing To see him wag his jaw.
what'll you have to drink?" "Since you are so ver-y kind, I'll take a bottle of ink."
Mo-ses in the pool; She fish'd him out with a ten-foot pole, And sent him off to school.

CHORUS

Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, Sing-ing tra la, la, la, la, la, la, Sing-ing

Repeat pp

tra, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra la, la, la, la.

tra, la, la

What are the Wild Waves Saying

DUET

STEPHEN GLOVER

Andante con espressione

p

PAUL

1. What are the wild waves
2. Yes, but the waves seem

cres. *dim.* *rit.* *p* *a tempo*

say - ing, Sis - ter, the whole day long, That
ev - er Sing - ing the same sad thing, And

ev - er a-mid our play - ing, I hear but their low, lone
vain is my weak en - dea - vor To guess what the sur - ges

Agitato cres.

song? Not by the sea - side . . on - ly,
sing. What is that voice re - peat - ing,

cres.

dolce

There it sounds wild and free; But at night when 'tis dark and
Ev - er by night and day? Is it a friend - ly

cres. *dim.* *p*

lone - ly, In dreams it is still with . me, ... But at
greet - ing, Or a warn - ing that calls a - way? . . .

night when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In dreams it is still with me. . . .
Is it a friend- ly greet - ing, Or a warn - ing that calls a - way ? . .

d.m.

FLORENCE.
Più animato.

Brother ! I hear no sing-ing ! 'Tis but the roll - ing wave, . .
Brother ! the in - land mountain, Hath it not voice and sound ? . .

Ev - er its lone course wing-ing O - ver some o - cean cave ! . .
Speaks not the drip- ping foun-tain As it be - dews the ground ? .

Agitato.

'Tis but the noise of wa - ter Dashing a - gainst the shore, And the wind from some bleaker
E'en by the household in - gle, Curtain'd, and closed, and warm, Do not our voi-ces

cres. *cen - do.* *f*

quar - tet Ming - ling with its roar, And the wind from some bleaker
min - gle With those of the dis - tant storm? Do not our voi - ces

f

Lento. *rall.*

quar - ter Ming-ling, ming - ling with its roar. . No! no, no, no! No, no,
min- gle With those of the dis- tant storm? Yes! yes, yes! Yes,

p Tremolo. Lento. *rall. p*

a tempo

no! it is some -thing great - er, That speaks to the heart . a -
yes! but there's something great - er, That speaks to the heart . a -

a tempo

lone, The voice of the great Cre - a - tor Dwells in that mighty

tone! The voice of the great Cre - a - tor . . Dwells in that mighty

rall. *rall.* *sf*

tone!

cres. *f* *p*

Aura Lee

1. As the black-bird in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree Sat and pip'd, I
2. On her cheek the rose was born; 'Twas mu - sic when she spake; In her eyes the

heard him sing, Sing of Au - ra Lee. Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee!
rays of morn With sud - den splen - dor break. Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee!

Maid of gold - en hair! Sun-shine came a - long with thee, And swal-lows in the air.

Go 'way, Old Man!

Song of Louisiana Negroes

Arranged by A. M. Keith

1. Oh I'll build me a lit-tle hut, In the moun-tains so high For to gaze on my true love, As she do pass by! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
2. Oh! her eyes spar-kle like de di-a-mond, Like de bright morn-in' star, Oh! her cheeks am so lub-ly, Her face am so fa'r! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
3. Oh! she do look so sweet, Like de rose on de vine, Long lib dat lub'-ly la-dy Dat dwells in my min'! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
4. Now s'posin I should go to New Or-leans An' take sick an die, Like de flies in-to de coun-try, My spir-it would fly! Go 'way, old man, . . . and
5. Then come back to your true love When de pun'kins am in bloom, When de hummin' birds am a sing-in' In de sweet month of June! Go 'way, old man, . . . and

slower

leave me a-lone, For I am a stran-ger, and a long way from home!

Scotland Yet

H. S. Riddell — P. M'Leod

Con spirito

mf

:S:

1. Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair, Gae
2. The heath waves wild up - on her hills, And

p

bring it free and fast, For I maun sing an - i - ther sang, Ere
foam - ing frae the fells, Her foun- tains sing of free - dom still, As

mf

a' my glee be past. And trow ye, as I sing, my lads, The
they dance down the dells. And weel I lo'e the land, my lads, That's

cres.

bur - den o't shall be, Auld Scot - land's howes, and Scot - land's knowes, And
gird - ed by the sea; Then Scot - land's vales, and Scot - land's dales, And

rall. ad lib.

Scot - land's hills for me! I'll drink a cup to Scot - land yet, Wi'
Scot - land's hills for me! I'll drink a cup to Scot - land yet, Wi'

mf *colla voce*

D.S.

a' the hon-ours three!
a' the hon-ours three!

f *mf*

3 The thistle wags upon the fields,
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foemen's dearest bluid
To dye her auld grey plaid;
And, looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee:
Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me!
Then drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three!

4 They tell o' lands with brighter skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang;
Gi'e me the hills where Ossian dwelt,
And Coila's minstrel sang!
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That ken na to be free;
Then Scotland's right, and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me!
We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three!

Sally in Our Alley

HENRY CAREY — Old English Air

Andante

1. Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret - ty
2. Of all the days with - in the week, I dear - ly love but
3. My mas - ter, and the neigh - bors all, . . Make game of me and

pp

Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our . .
one day; And that's the day that comes be - twixt The Sat - ur - day and
Sal - ly; And but for her I'd rath - er be A slave, and row a

al - ley: There is no la - dy in the land That's half so sweet as
Mon - day: Oh, then I'm dress'd all in my best, To walk a - broad with
gal - ley. But when my seven long years are out, Oh, then I'll mar - ry

p

Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al - ley.
Sal - ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al - ley.
Sal - ly, And then how hap - pi - ly we'll live! But not in our al - ley.

The Quilting Party

Andante

p

1. In the sky the bright stars glit - tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest - ed, Rest - ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas
3. On my lips a whis - per trem - bled, Trem-bled till it dared to come; And 'twas
4. On my life new hopes were dawn-ing, And those hopes have liv'd and grown; And 'twas

cres. *dim.*

from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

p REFRAIN *cres.*

I was see - ing Nel - lie home, I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas

dim. e rit.

from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

The Star Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY — SAMUEL ARNOLD

1. Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free- men shall stand Be - tween their loved

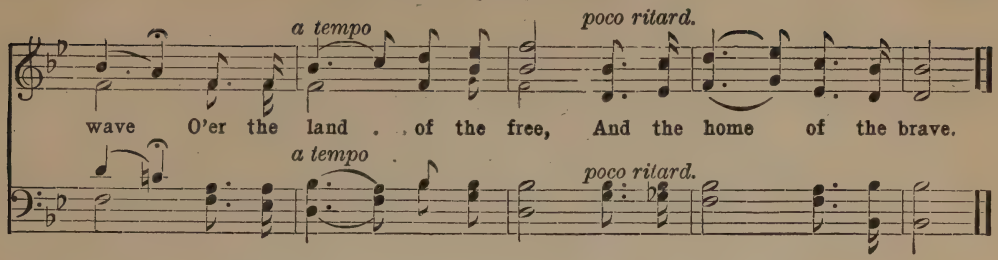
hailed at the twilight's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the
host in dread si - lence re - po - ses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
homes and wild war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the

per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant - ly streaming? And the
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it
heav'n-res - cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion. Then

rock-et's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our
catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now
con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot-to,—"In

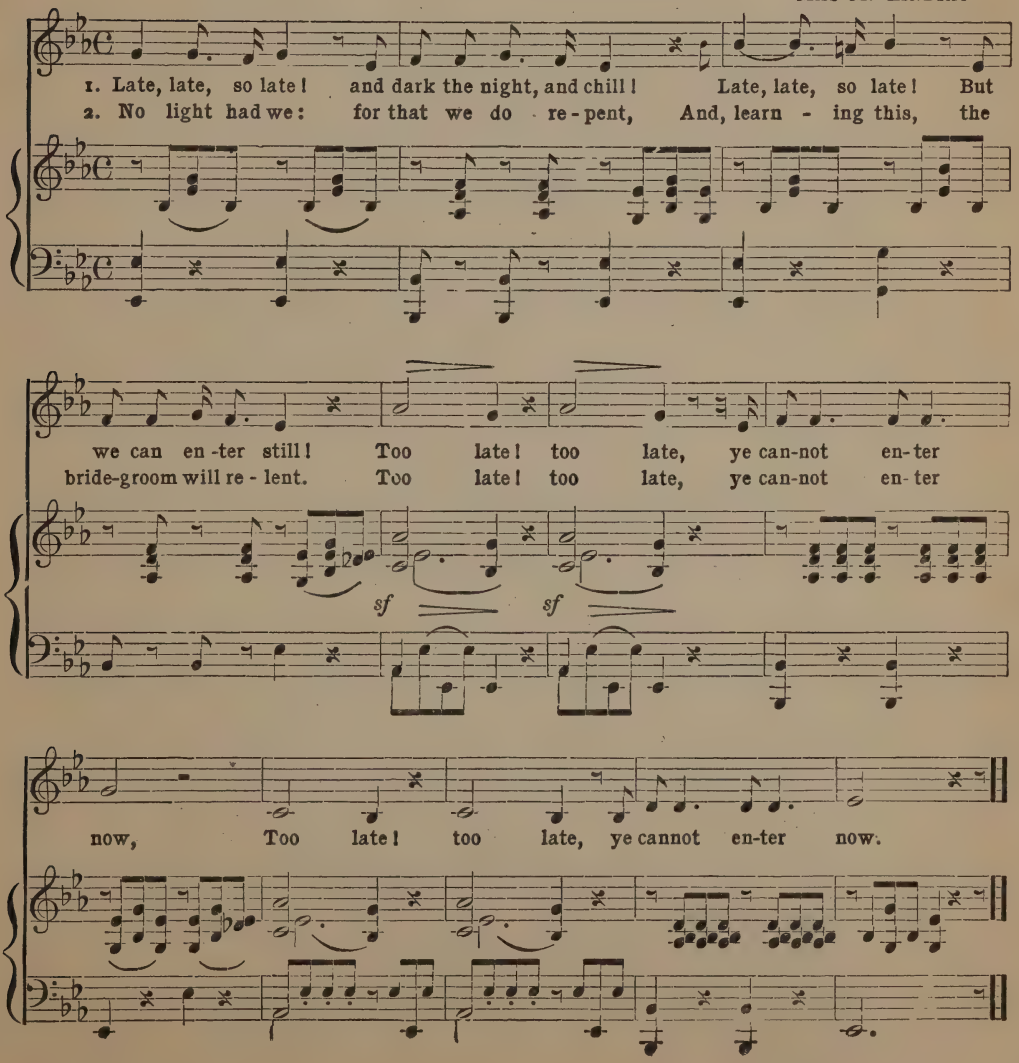
poco ritard.

flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet
shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-span - gled ban - ner: Oh, long may it
God is our trust!" And the star-span - gled ban - ner In tri - umph shall



Too Late! Too Late

Miss M. Lindsay



Loch Lomond

Scotch Folksong

Andante con moto

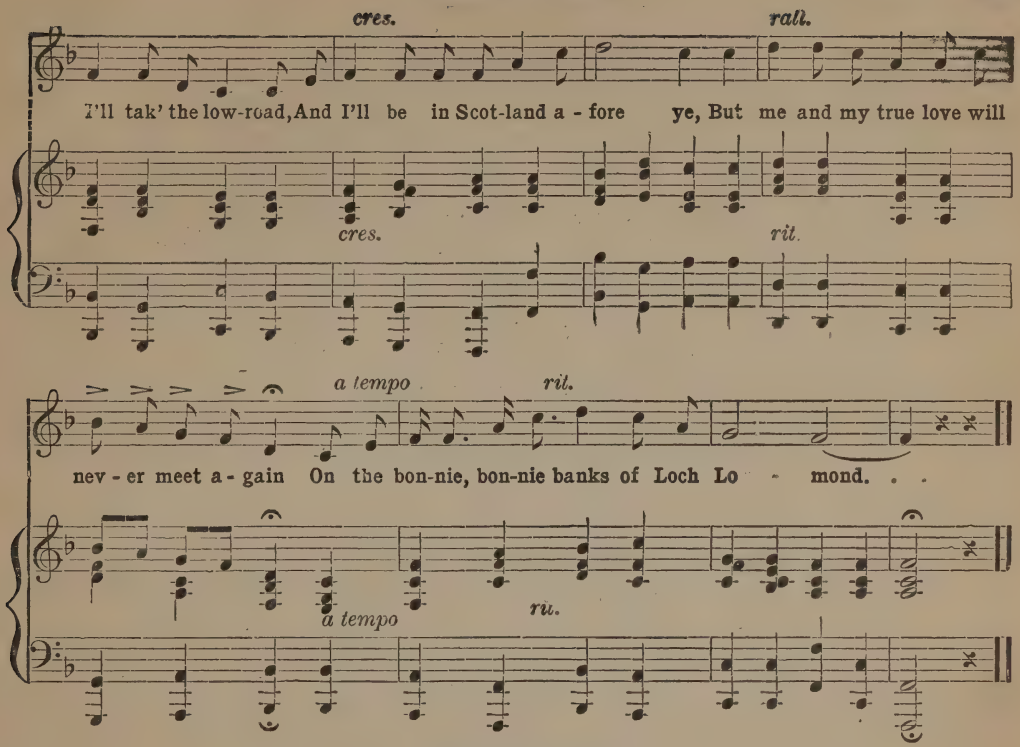
1. By yon bon - nie banks, and by yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in yon sha-dy glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben
3. The wee bir - dies sing and the wild flow-ers spring, And in sun-shine the wa - ters are

f

Lo - mon', Where me and my true love Were ev - er wont to gae, On the
Lo - mon', Where in pur - ple hue The Hie - land hills we view, And the
sleep - in', But the bro-ken heart it kens Nae sec-ond Spring a - gain, Tho' the

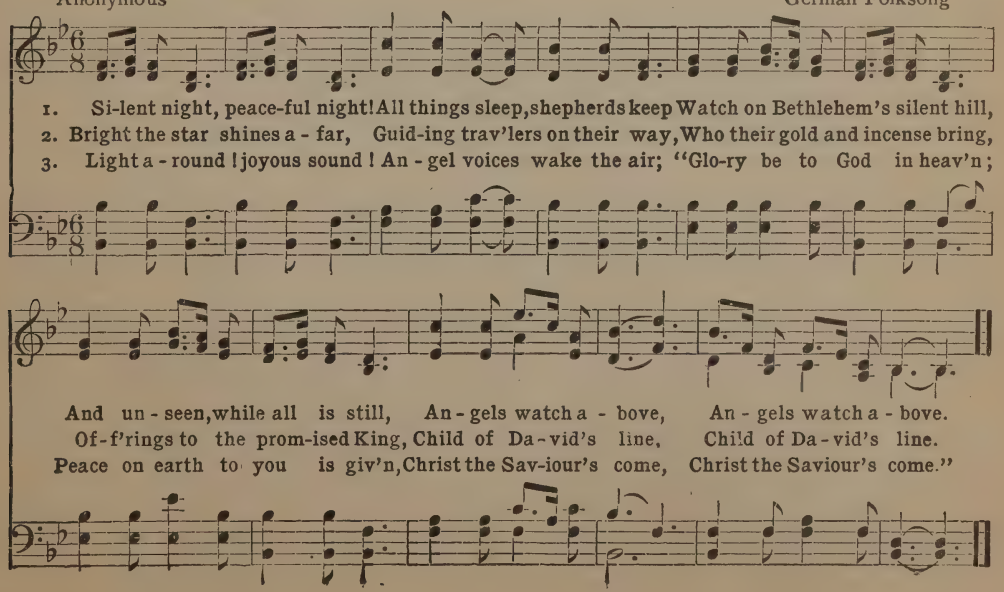
Faster

bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mon' Oh! ye'll tak' the high - road and
moon com-ing out in the gloam - ing. Oh! ye'll tak' the high - road and
wae-fu' may cease frae their greet - in'. Oh! ye'll tak' the high - road and



Silent Night

Anonymous — German Folksong



Michael Roy

Allegretto mf

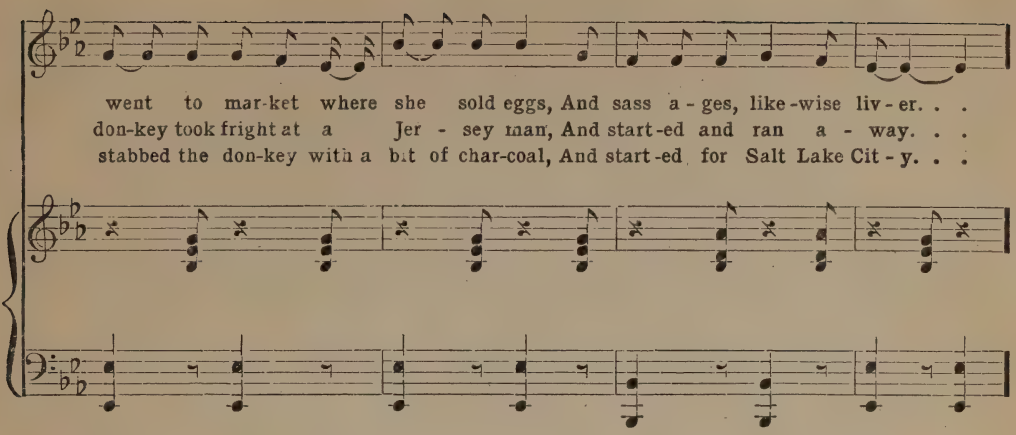
1. In Brook-lyn cit - y there lived a maid, And she was known to fame; Her
2. She fell in love with a char - coal man, Mc - Clos - key, was his name; His
3. Mc - Clos-key shout-ed and hol-lered in vain, For the don - key would - n't stop, And he

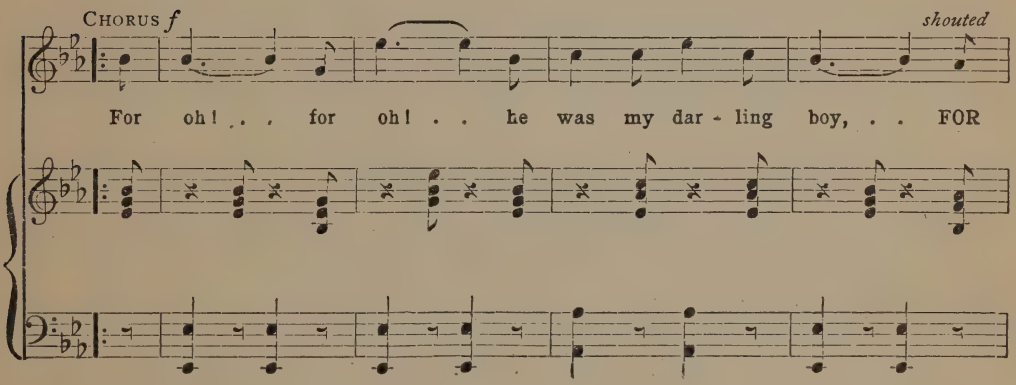
mf

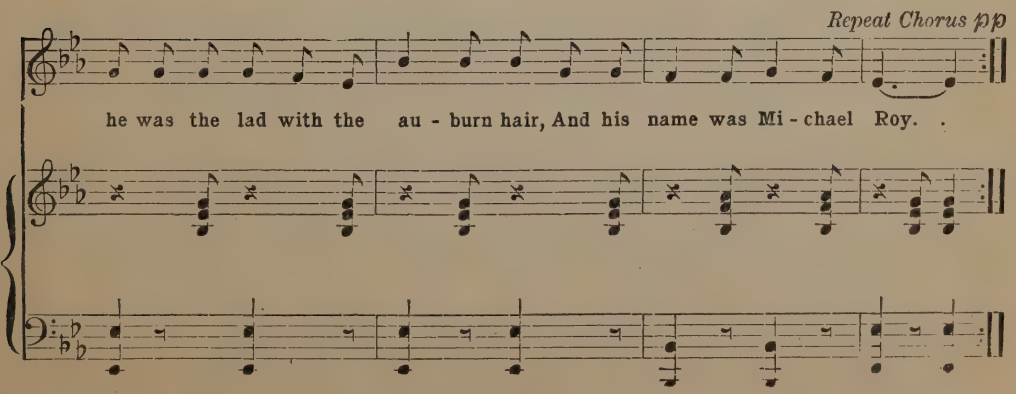
moth - er's name was Ma - ri Ann, And hers was Ma - ri Jane;— And
fight - ing weight was sev - en stone ten, And he loved sweet Ma - ri Jane; He
threw Ma-ri Jane right o - ver his head, Right in - to a pol - i - cy shop; When Mc-

ev - 'ry Sat-ur-day morn - ing She used to go o - ver the riv - er, And
took her to ride in his char - coal cart, On a fine St. Pat - rick's day, But the
Clos - key saw that ter - ri - ble sight, His heart it was moved with pi - ty, So he

p


went to mar-ket where she sold eggs, And sass a-ges, like-wise liv-er. . .
don-key took fright at a Jer-sey man, And start-ed and ran a-way. . .
stabbed the don-key with a bit of char-coal, And start-ed for Salt Lake Cit-y. . .


CHORUS f
shouted
For oh! . . for oh! . . he was my dar-ling boy, . . FOR


Repeat Chorus pp
he was the lad with the au-burn hair, And his name was Mi-chael Roy. .

Ah! I Have Sighed to Rest Me

C. Jefferys

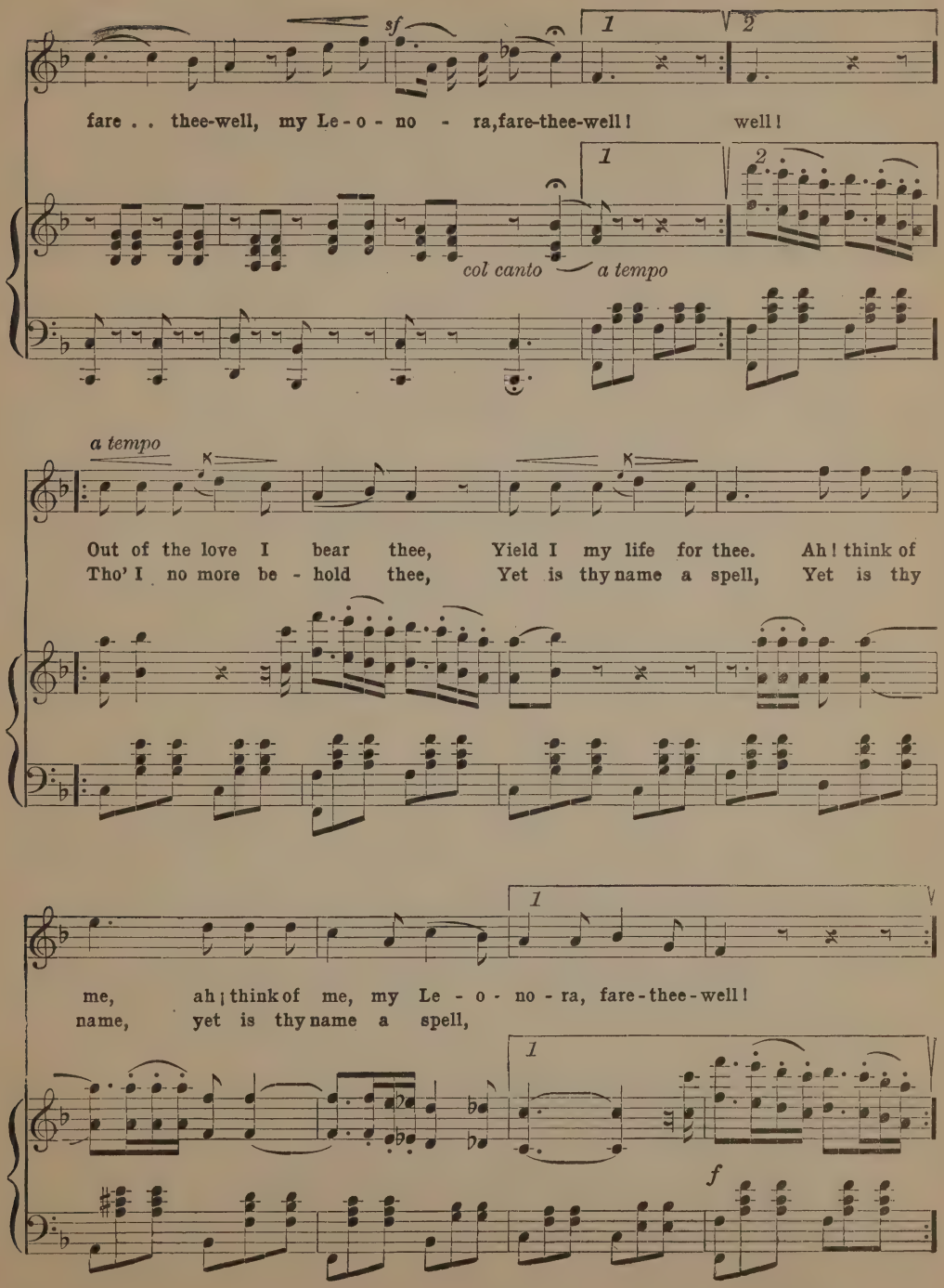
From Verdi's "Il Trovatore"

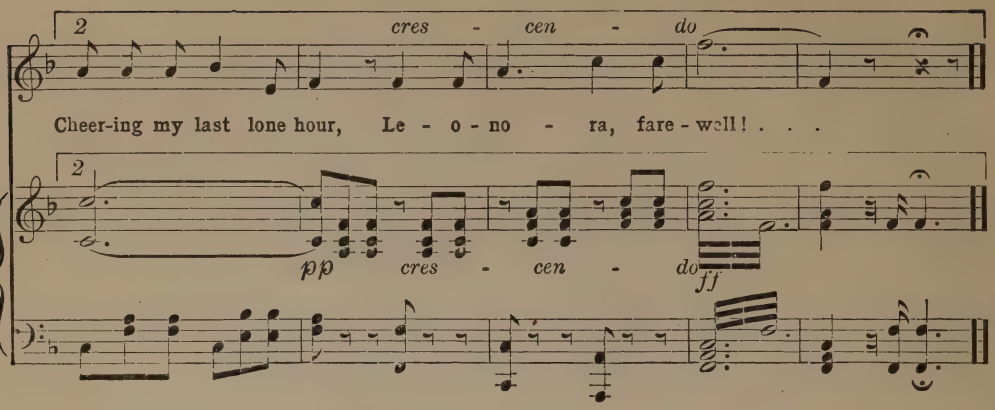
Andante sostenuto
dolce

1. Ah! . . . . I have sigh'd to rest . . . me Deep . . . . in the qui-et grave,— . . . . . sigh'd to rest me, But in vain do I crave. O fare thee well, my Le-o-no-ra, fare thee well! . .

2. Out . . . . of the love I bear . . thee, Yield . . . . I my life for thee; Wilt thou not think, . . Wilt thou not think of me? O think of me, my Le-o-no-ra, fare thee well! . .

Ah! I have sigh'd for rest, Yet all in vain do I crave, . . O

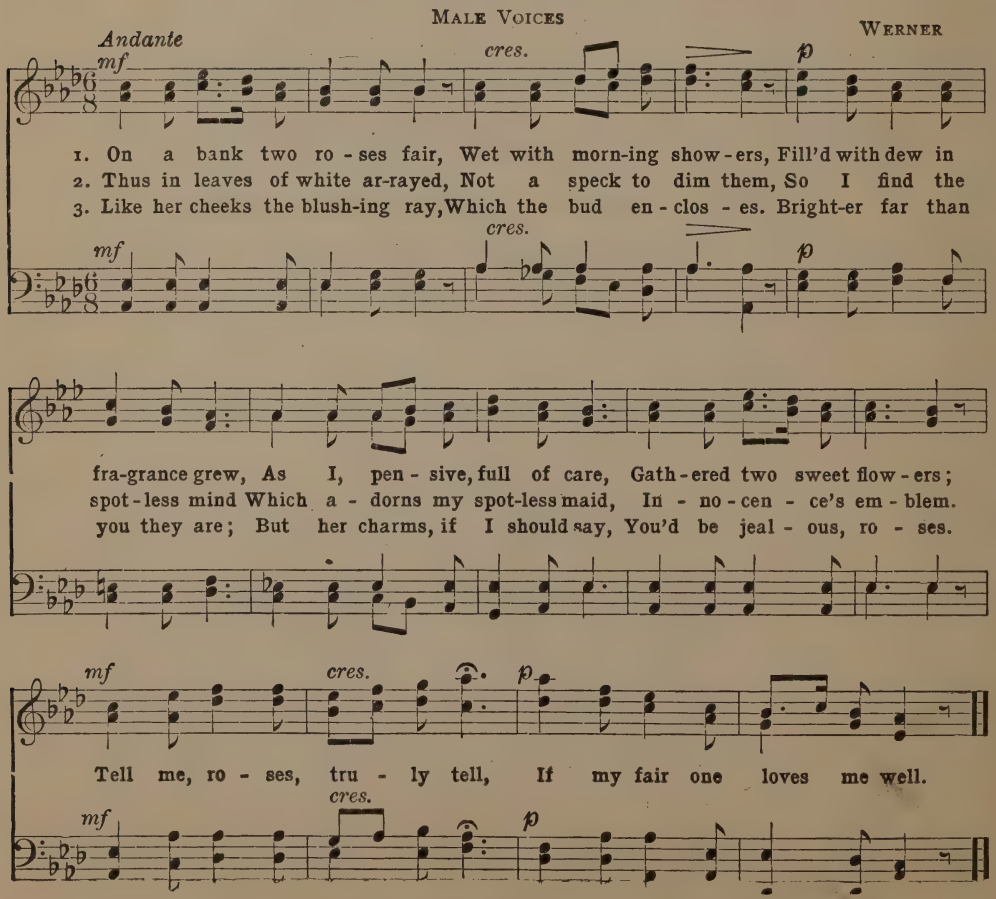

sf
1
2
fare . . thee-well, my Le - o - no - ra, fare-thee-well! well!
col canto
a tempo
a tempo
Out of the love I bear thee, Yield I my life for thee. Ah! think of
Tho' I no more be - hold thee, Yet is thy name a spell, Yet is thy
me, ah! think of me, my Le - o - no - ra, fare-thee-well!
name, yet is thy name a spell,
f



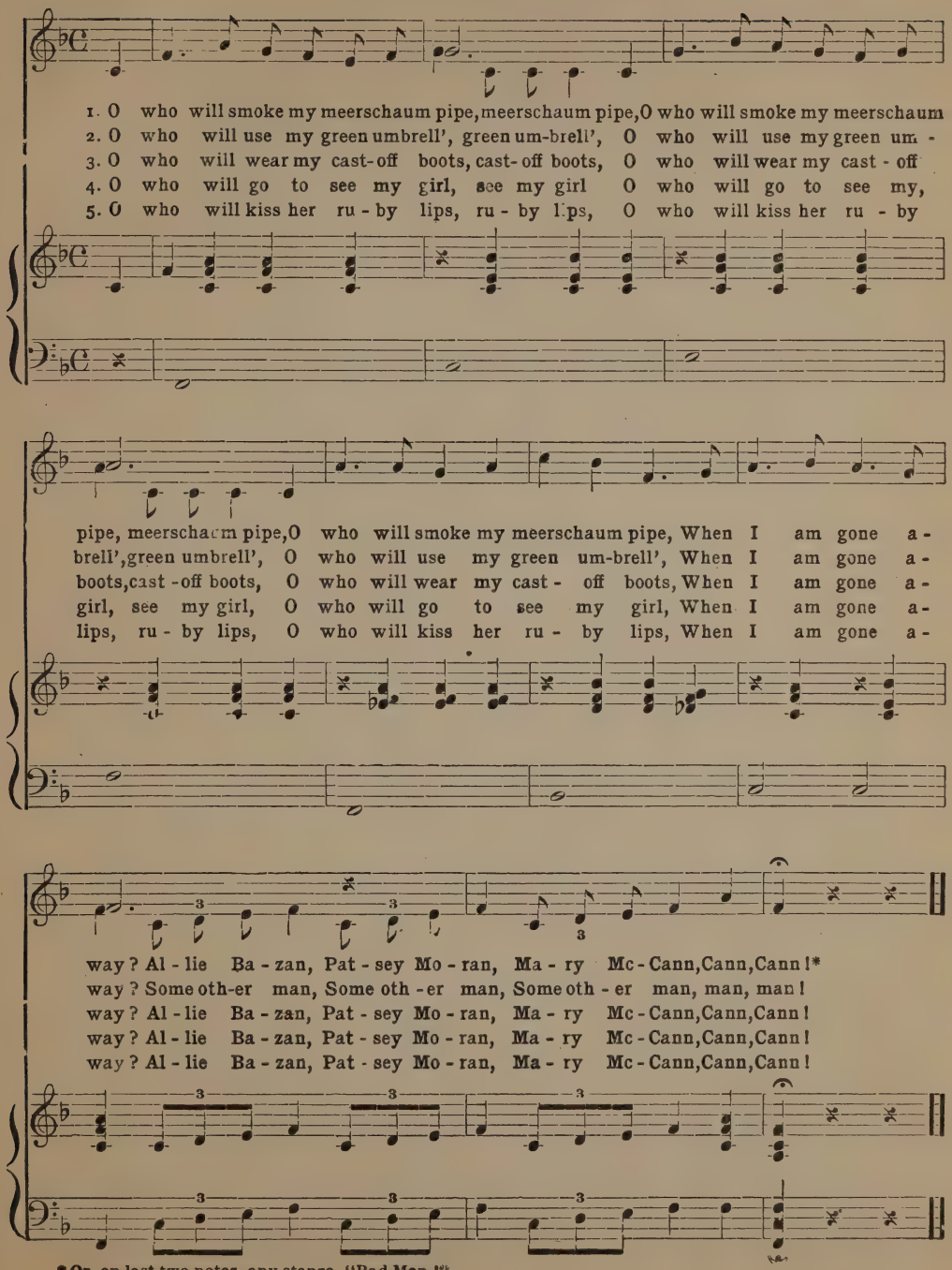
The Two Roses

MALE VOICES

WERNER



Meerschaum Pipe



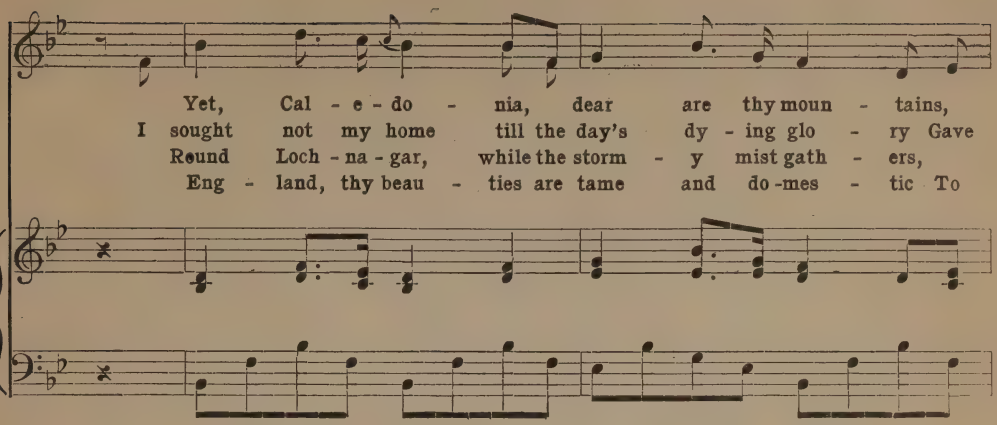
* Or, on last two notes, any stanza, "Bad Man!"

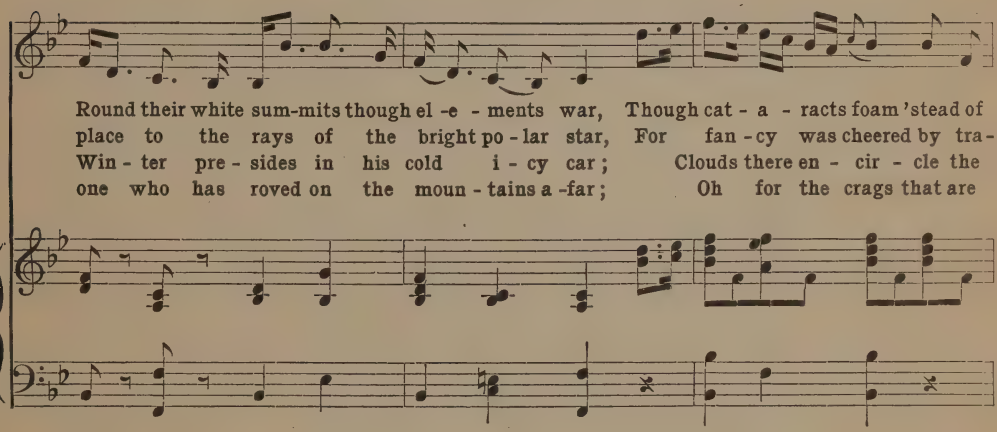
Lochnagar

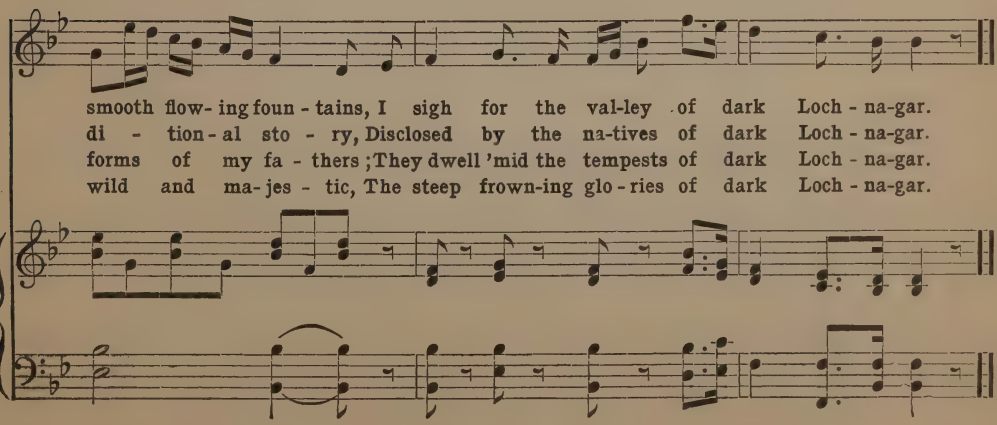
BYRON

Moderato

1. A - way, ye gay land - scapes, ye gar - dens o' ros - es, In you let the min - ions of lux - u - ry rove: Re - store me] the rocks where the snow - flake re - pos - es, If still they are sa - cred to free - dom and love.
2. Ah, there my young foot - steps in in - fan - cy wan - dered, My cap was the bon - net, my cloak was the plaid; On chief - tains de-part - ed my mem - o - ry pon - dered, As dai - ly I strayed thro' the pine - cov - ered glade.
3. Shades of the dead, have I not heard your voi - ces Rise on the night - roll - ing breath of the gale! Sure - ly the soul of the he - ro re - joi - ces, And rides on the wind o'er his own High-land vale.
4. Years have rolled on, Loch - na - gar, since I left you, Years must e - lapse ere I see you a-gain, Tho' na - ture of ver - dure and flow'rs has be - reft you, Yet still thou art dear - er than Al - bi - on's plain.


Yet, Cal - e - do - nia, dear are thy moun - tains,
I sought not my home till the day's dy - ing glo - ry Gave
Round Loch - na - gar, while the storm - y mist gath - ers,
Eng - land, thy beau - ties are tame and do - mes - tic To


Round their white sum-mits though el - e - ments war, Though cat - a - racts foam 'stead of
place to the rays of the bright po - lar star, For fan - cy was cheered by tra-
Win - ter pre - sides in his cold i - cy car; Clouds there en - cir - cle the
one who has roved on the moun - tains a - far; Oh for the crags that are


smooth flow- ing foun - tains, I sigh for the val-ley of dark Loch - na-gar.
di - tion - al sto - ry, Disclosed by the na-tives of dark Loch - na-gar.
forms of my fa - thers; They dwell 'mid the tempests of dark Loch - na-gar.
wild and ma- jes - tic, The steep frown-ing glo - ries of dark Loch - na-gar.

Firmly Stand, My Native Land

(Male Voices)

Nägeli

With energy

1. Firm-ly stand, firm-ly stand, my na - tive land, Firm-ly stand, firm-ly stand, my na - tive land, Free in heart, and true in hand, All that's love - ly cher-ish; Thus shall God re-main thy friend, Then shall heav'n thy walls defend, Free-dom! Free-dom! Freedom shall not per - ish! Firm-ly stand, firm-ly stand, Firm-ly stand, firm-ly stand, my na - tive land, my na - tive land. .

2. Safe-ly dwell, safe-ly dwell, my na - tive land, Safe-ly dwell, safe-ly dwell, my na - tive land, May thy sons u-ni-ted stand, Firm and true for- ev - er; God for-bid the day should rise, When 'tis said our free-dom dies! Free-dom! Free-dom! Freedom die? Oh, nev - er! Safe-ly dwell, safe-ly dwell, Safe-ly dwell, safe-ly dwell, my na - tive land, my na - tive land. .

3. Sing for joy, sing for joy, my na - tive land, Sing for joy, sing for joy, my na - tive land, In thee dwells a no-ble band, All thy weal to cher-ish; God with might will guard thee round, While thy steps in truth are found, Free-dom! Free-dom! Freedom shall not per - ish! Sing for joy, sing for joy, Sing for joy, sing for joy, my na - tive land, my na - tive land. .

Dear Evelina, Sweet Evelina

mf Allegretto

1. Way down in the mead-ow where the lil - y first blows, Where the wind from the
2. She's fair like a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she nev-er was
3. Ev-e-li-na and I one fine eve-ning in June Took a walk all a-
4. Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dol-lar, Ev-e-li-na still

mf

moun-tains ne'er ruf - fles the rose; Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, the
known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace - ful curls hangs her
lone by the light of the moon; The plan-ets all shone, for the
lives in that green gras - sy hol-ler; Al - though I am fa - ted to

sweet lit - tle dove, The pride of the val-ley, the girl that I love.
ra - ven black hair, And she nev - er re - quires per-fum - er - y there.
heav-ens were clear, And I felt round the heart tre-men-dous - ly queer.
mar - ry her nev-er, I've sworn that I'll love her for ev - er and ever.

CHORUS

Dear Ev - e - li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for

f

1 *rit.* 2 *rit.*

thee shall nev - er, nev - er die; nev - er, nev - er die.

1 2

Hail! Columbia

J. HOPKINSON PHYLA

1. Hail! Colum - bia, hap - py land! Hail! ye he - roes, heav'n-born band, Who
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de-fend your shore; Let
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let Wash - ing-ton's great name Ring
4. Be - hold the chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his coun - try stands, The

fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And
no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand In -
through the world with loud ap - plause! Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause! Let
rock on which the storm will beat! The rock on which the storm will beat! But

when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won; Let
vade the shrine where sa - cred lies, Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize; While
ev - 'ry clime, to free - dom dear, Lis - ten with a joy - ful ear; With
armed in vir - tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you; When

In - de - pen-dence be your boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost,
off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That
e - qual skill, with stead - y pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob-scured Co - lum-bia's day, His

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and jus - tice may pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail!
hor - rid war, or guides with ease, The hap - pier time of hon - est peace.
stead - y mind, from chang-es free, Re-solved on death or Lib - er - ty.

CHORUS

Firm, u - nit - ed, let us be, Rally - ing round our lib - er - ty,

As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

Kitty Tyrrell

CHARLES JEFFERYS — C. W. GLOVER

Andante non troppo

1. You're look-ing as fresh as the morn, dar-ling, You're look-ing as bright as the
2. I've bui't me a neat lit-tle cot, dar-ling, I've pigs and po-ta-toes in
3. You're smil-ing, and that's a good sign, dar-ling, Say "yes" and you'll nev-er re-

day; But while on your charms I'm di-lat-ing, You're steal-ing my poor heart a-
store; I've twen-ty good pounds in the bank, love, And may-be a pouud or two
pent; Or if you would rath-er be si-lent, Your si-lence I'll take for con-

way: But keep it and wel-come, ma-vour-neen, Its loss I'm not go-ing to
more: It's all ve-ry well to have rich-es, But I'm such a cov-e-tous
sent; That good-na-tured dim-ple's a tell-tale, Now all that I have is your

mourn; Yet one heart's e-nough for a bo-dy, So pray give me yours in re-
elf, I can't help still sigh - ing for some-thing, And, dar-ling, that some-thing's your-
own; This week you may be Kit - ty Tyr-rell, Next week you'll be Mis-tress Ma-

a placere

turn. Ma-vour-neen, ma-vour-neen, O! pray give me yours in re-turn.
self. Ma-vour-neen, ma-vour-neen, That some-thing, you know is your-self.
lone. Ma-vour-neen, ma-vour-neen, You'll be my own Mis-tress Ma-lone.

pp

Rock of Ages

A. M. Toplady — Thomas Hastings

Fine

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
D.C. *Be of sin the dou ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.*
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
D.C. *In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.*
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
D.C. *Rock of A - ges, cleft for me. Let me hide my - self in Thee.*

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
These for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

My Mother's Bible

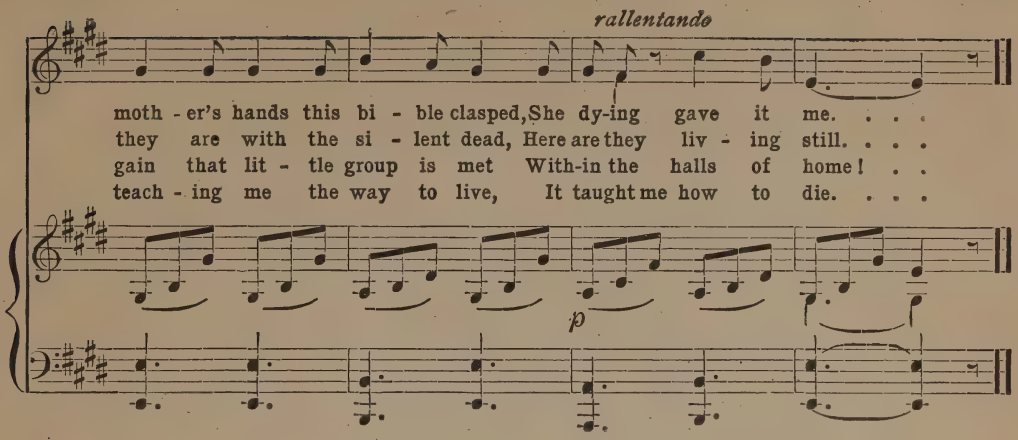
GEORGE P. MORRIS — HENRY RUSSELL

With great feeling and expression

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un - bid - den start! . . With
2. Ah, well do I re - mem - ber those Whose names these rec-ords bear! . . Who
3. My fa - ther read this ho - ly book To broth-ers, sis - ters dear! . . How
4. Thou tru - est friend man ev - er knew! Thy con-stan - cy I've tried! . . When

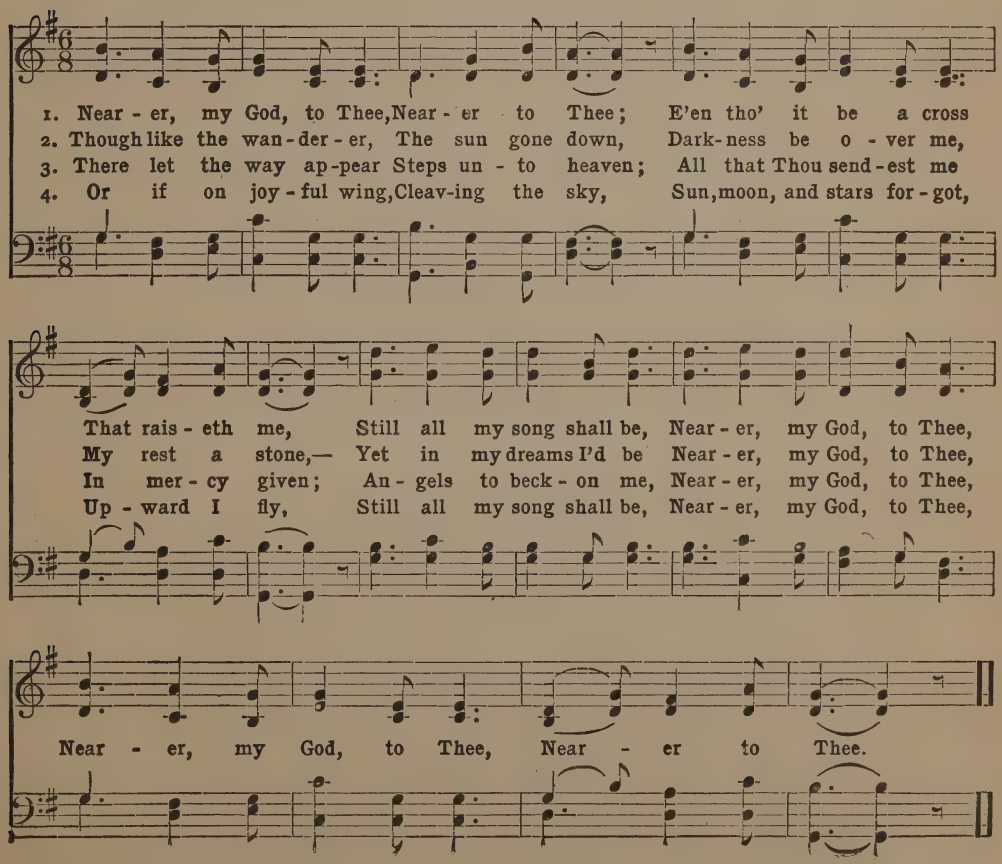
fal - t'ring lip and throb - bing brow, I press it to my heart. For
round the hearth-stone used to close, Af-ter the eve - ning prayer; And
calm was my poor moth - er's look, Who leaned God's word to hear! Her
all were false I found thee true, My coun - sel - lor and guide. The

ma - ny gen - er - a - tions passed Here is our fam - 'ly tree! . . My
speak of what this vol - ume said, In tones my heart would thrill: . . Though
an - gel face! I see it yet! What throng-ing mem - 'ries come! . . A -
mines of earth no treas - ures give, From me this book could buy; . . For,



Nearer, My God, to Thee

S. F. Adams — L. Mason



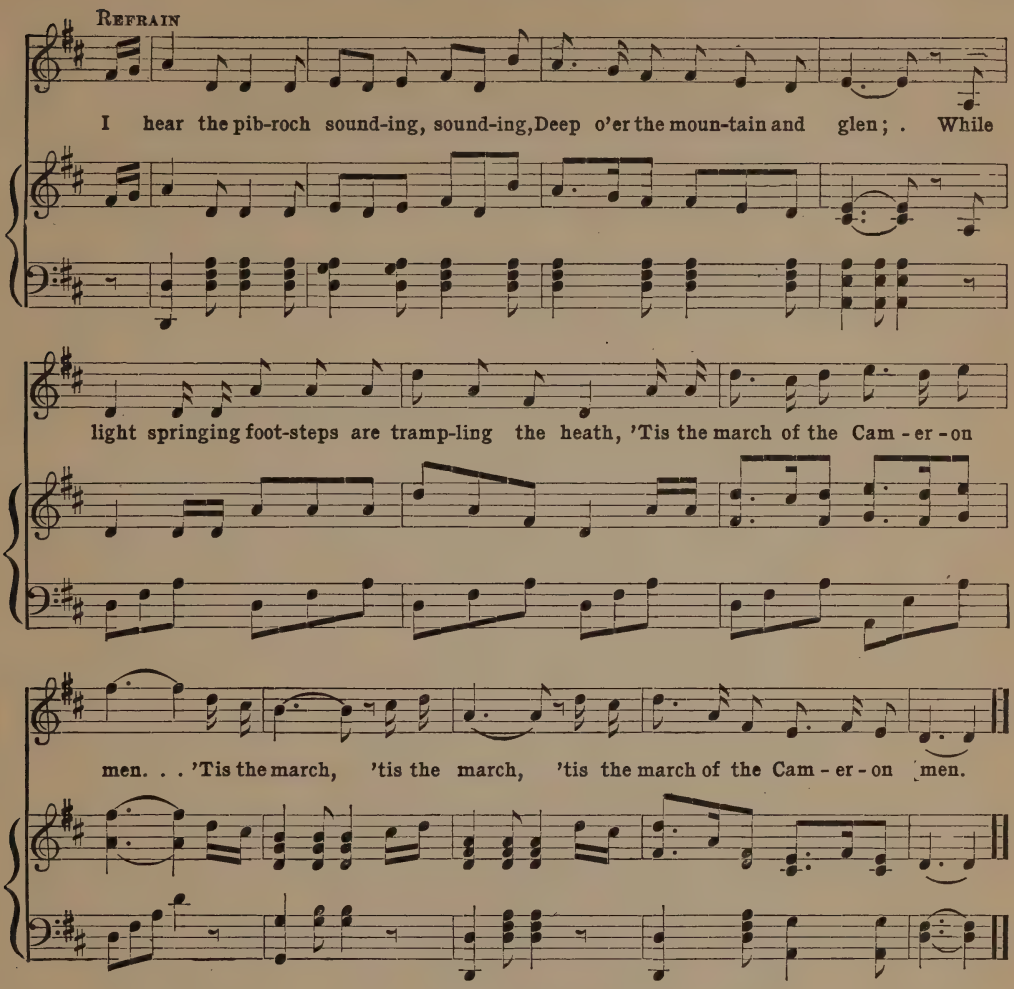
The March of the Cameron Men

MARY M. CAMPBELL

MARY M. CAMPBELL

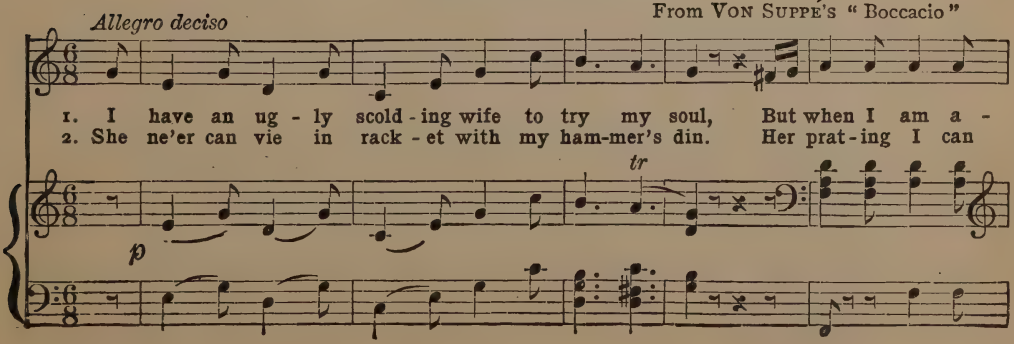
Allegretto con spirito

1. There's man - y a man of the Cam - er - on clan, That has fol - lowed his chief to the field; . . He has sworn to sup - port him, or die by his side, For a Cam - er - on nev - er can yield. . .
2. Oh! proud - ly they walk, but each Cam - er - on knows, He may tread on the hea - ther no more; . . But bold - ly he fol - lows his chief to the field, Where his lau - rels were gath - ered be - fore. . .
3. The moon has a - ris - en, it shines on that path, Now trod by the gal - lant and true; . . High, high are their hopes, for their chief - tain has said, That what - ev - er men dare, they can do. . . .



Cooper's Song

From Von Suppé's "Boccacio"



sing-ing, And when the an-vil's ring-ing With mer-ry tra-la-ra-la, . . She
mas-ter; By ham-m'ring ev-er fast-er, And sing-ing tra-la-ra-la, . . I

can't con-trol, tra-la! Tra-la-ra la la la la la oi-a
al-ways win, tra-la! Tra-la-ra la la la la la oi-a

p

he, oi-a-ha, la la ra la la la la la tra-la-ra-

1 2

la tra la la la, la! . . . . . .

f

Twinkling Stars are Laughing, Love

J. P. Ordway

Dolce e legato

1. Twink - ling stars are laugh - ing, love,
2. Gold - en beams are shin - ing, love,

legato e delicato

Laugh - ing on you and me;
Shin - ing on you to bless;

While your bright eyes look in mine, . .
Like the queen of night you fill . . .

cres.

Peep - ing stars they seem to be.
Dark - est space with love - li - ness.

dim.

The Bass Staff alone may be used as an Accompaniment for the first eight measures

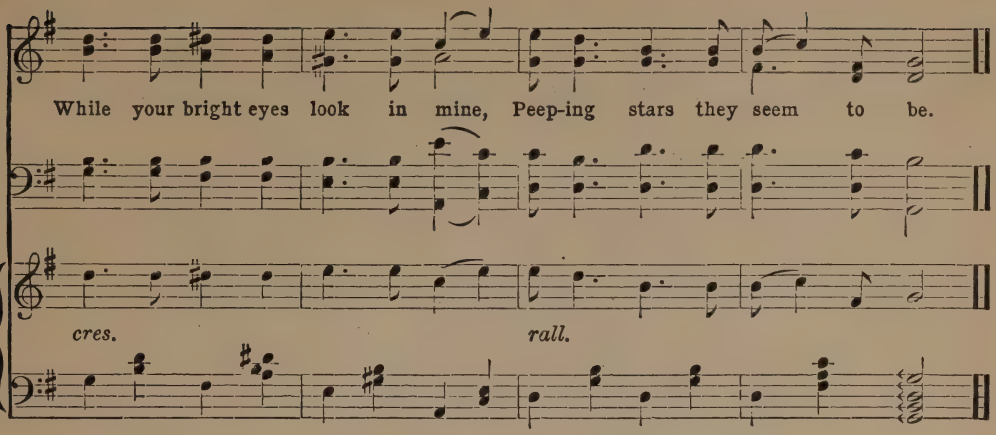
Trou - bles come and go, love, Bright-est scenes must leave our sight;
Sil - ver stars how bright, love, Moth - er moon in throne - ly might,

But the star of hope, love, Shines with ra - diant beams to - night.
Gaze on us to bless, love, Pur - est vows here made to - night.

CHORUS

Twink-ling stars are laugh - ing, love, Laugh-ing on you and me;

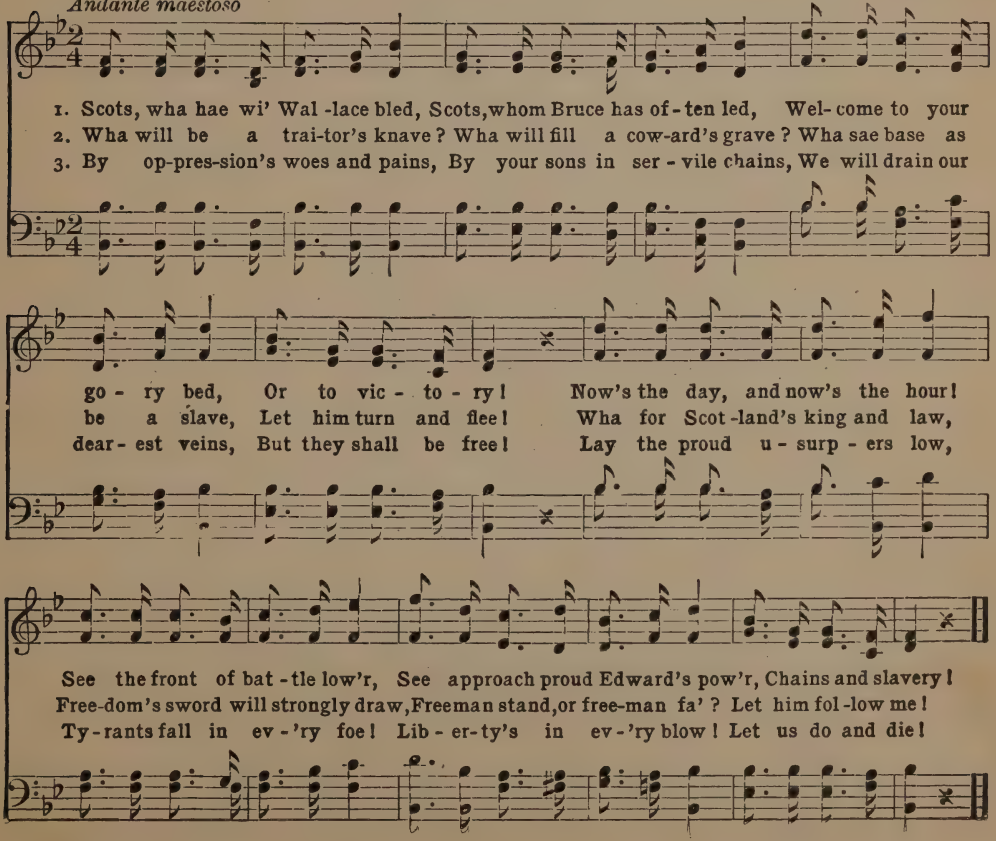
dolce e legato



Bruce's Address

ROBERT BURNS — Scotch Melody

Andante maestoso



Do They Think of Me at Home

J. E. Carpenter — Chas. W. Glover

1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I who
2. Do they think of me at eve, Of the songs I used to sing? Is the
3. Do they think of how I loved In my hap - py, ear - ly days? Do they

shared their ev-'ry grief, I who mingled in their glee? Have their hearts grov cold and
harp I struck untouched, Does a stran-ger wake the string? Will no kind, for- - ing
think of him who came But could nev-er win their praise? I am hap - py y his

strange To the one now doomed to roam? I would give the world to know, "Do they
word Come a - cross the rag - ing foam? Shall I nev - er cease to sigh, "Do they
side, And from mine he'll nev - er roam, But my heart will sad-ly ask, "Do they

think of me at home?" I would give the world to know, "Do they think of me at home?"
think of me at home?" Shall I nev - er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?"
think of me at home?" But my heart will sad - ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?"

A Life on the Ocean Wave

EPES SARGENT — HENRY RUSSELL

1. A life on the o - cean wave, A home on the roll - ing deep, Where the scat - tered wa - ters rave, And the winds their rev - els keep:
2. Once more on the deck I stand Of my own swift-glid - ing craft, Set sail! fare - well to the land, The gale fol-lows far a - baft.
3. The land is no longer in view, The clouds have be - gun to frown, But with a stout ves - sel and crew We'll say "Let the storm come down!"

FINE

mp

Like an ea - gle caged I pine On this dull, un - chang-ing shore; Oh! give me the flash - ing brine, The spray and the tem - pest roar!
We shoot thro' the sparkling foam, Like an o - cean bird set free; Like the o - cean bird, our home We'll find far out on the sea!
And the song of our heart shall be, While the winds and the wa - ters rave, A life on the heav - ing sea, A home on the bound - ing wave!

mp

agitato

Sing first verse in D.C.

Rock Me to Sleep, Mother

With feeling — *p*

ERNEST LESLIE

1. Back-ward, turn back-ward, oh, time in your flight, Make me a child a-gain just for to-night! Moth-er, come back from the ech-o-less shore, Take me a-gain to your heart as of yore; Kiss from my fore-head the fur-rows of care, Smooth the few sil-ver threads out of my hair, O-ver my slum-bers your lov-ing watch keep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er, rock me to sleep.
2. O-ver my heart, in the days that are flown, No love like moth-er-love ev-er has shone; No oth-er wor-ship a-bides and en-dures, Faith-ful, un-self-ish, and pa-tient like yours; None like a moth-er can charm a-way pain, From the sick soul and the world-wea-ry brain; Slum-ber's soft calms o'er my heav-y lids creep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er, rock me to sleep.
3. Come, let your brown hair, just light-ed with gold, Fall on your shoul-ders a-gain as of old; Let it drop o-ver my fore-head to-night, Shad-ing my faint eyes a-way from the light; For with its sun-ny-edged shad-ows once more, Hap-ly will throng the sweet vis-ions of yore, Lov-ing-ly, soft-ly, its bright bil-lows sweep; Rock me to sleep, moth-er, rock me to sleep.

pp — *p* — *ritard.*

The Lone Fish-ball

SOLO

1. There was a man went up and down To seek a din - ner thro' the town.
2. What wretch is he who wife for-sakes, Who best of jam and waf-fles makes?
3. He feels his cash to know his pence, And finds he has but just six cents.

CHORUS

There was a man went up and down, To seek a din-ner thro' the town.
(Repeat words of stanza each time)

4 He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face.

5 The bill of fare he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.

6 The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for two Fish-balls."

7 The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers, — "one Fish-ball."

8 The waiter roars it through the hall,
The guests they start at "one Fish-ball!"

9 The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."

10 The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball!"

MORAL

11 Who would have bread with his Fish-ball,
Must get it first, or not at all.

12 Who would Fish-ball with fixin's eat,
Must get some friend to stand the treat.

We'll Pay Paddy Doyle

CHANTEY SONG

Way - ay - ay. ah! We'll pay Pad - dy Doyle for his boots!

Go to Sleep, Lena Darling

J. K. Emmet J. K. Emmet

1. Close your eyes, Le - na, my dar-ling, While I sing your lul - la - by; Fear thou no
2. Bright be de morn - ing, my dar-ling, Ven you ope your eyes; Sunbeams glow all

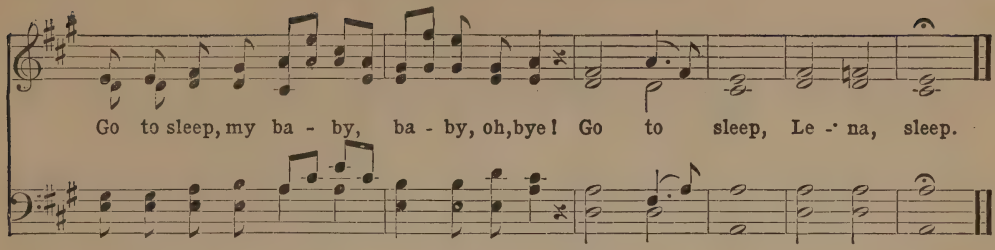
dan-ger, Le - na; Move not, dear Le - na, my dar-ling, For your broo-der watch-es
round you, Le - na, Peace be with thee, love, my dar-ling, Blue and cloudless be the

nigh you, Le - na dear. An-gels guide thee, Le - na dear, my dar - ling, Noth-ing e - vil
sky for Le - na dear. Birds sing their bright songs for thee, my dar - ling, Full of sweet-est

can come near; Brightest flow-ers blow for thee, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me.
mel - o - dy; An-gels ev - er hov - er near, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me.

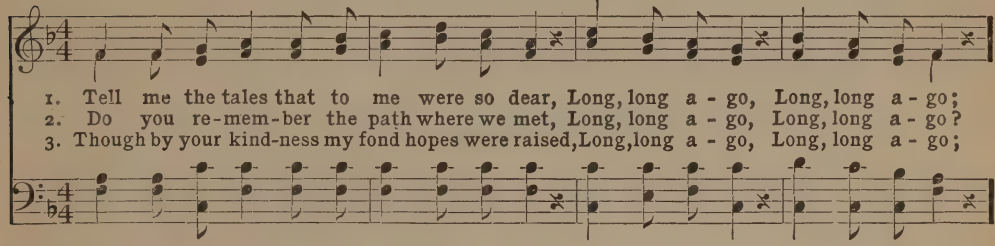
Chorus

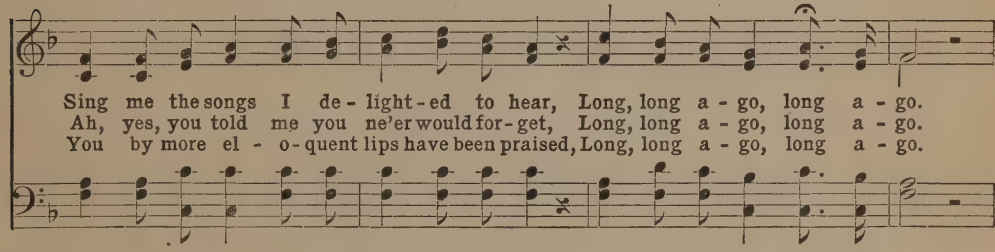
Go to sleep, go to sleep, my ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by;

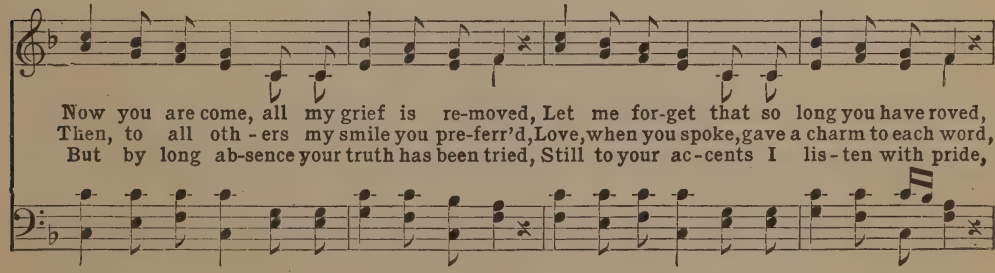


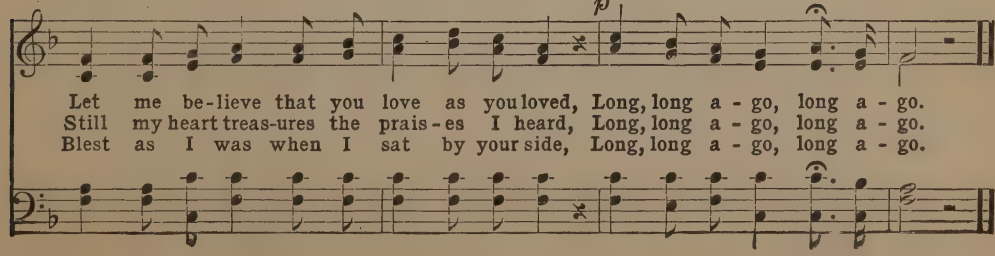
Long, Long Ago

T. H. Bayly









Polly-wolly-doodle

SOLO CHORUS

1. Oh, I went down south for to see my Sal, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the
2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid-en fair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the
3. Oh, I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the

SOLO CHORUS

day; My Sal-ly am a spun-ky gal, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the
day; With cur-ly eyes and laugh-ing hair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the
day; An I jump'd upon a nigger, an' I tho't he was a hoss, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the

CHORUS

day. Fare thee well, fare thee well, Fare thee
day.
day. Fare-well, fare-well, Fare thee

well, my fair-y fay, For I'm going to Lou'-si-a-na, For to

see my Su-sy-an-na, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.

4 Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a railroad track,
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.

5 Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.

6 Behind de barn, down on my knees,
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze.

7 He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin'-cough,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.

And so on, ad infin

Speed Away! Speed Away

I. B. Woodbury

1. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! on thine er-rand of light! There's a young heart a-
2. Wilt thou tell her, bright song-ster, the old chief is lone; That he sits all the
3. And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her moth-er hath
4. Go, bird of the sil-ver wing! fet-ter-less now; Stoop not thy bright

wait-ing thy com-ing to-night; She will fon-dle thee close, she will ask for the
day by his cheer-less hearth-stone; That his tom-a-hawk lies all un-no-ted the
ev-er a sad song to sing; That she stand-eth a-lone, in the still qui-et
pin-ions on yon moun-tain's brow; But hie thee a-way o'er rock, riv-er and

loved, Who pine up-on earth since the "Day Star" has roved; She will ask if we
while, And his thin lips wreathe ev-er in one sun-less smile; That the old chi f tain
night, And her fond heart goes forth for the be-ing of light, Who had slept in h r
glen, And find our young "Day Star" ere night close a-gain. Up! on-ward! let

miss her, so long is her stay. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a-way!
mourns her, and why will she stay? Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a-way!
bo-som, but who would not stay? Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a-way!
noth-ing thy mis-sion de-lay. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a-way!

Come Back to Erin

CLARIBEL

Moderato

1 & D.C. Come back to E - rin, Ma-vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Come back, A-roon, to the
2. O - ver the green sea, Ma-vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Long shone the white sail that
3. Oh, may the an - gels while wak - in' or sleep - in', Watch o'er my bird in the

rit.

land of thy birth; . . Come with the sham-rocks and spring-time, Ma-vour - neen,
bore thee a - way; . . Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in',
land far a - way, . . And it's my pray'rs will con-sign to their keep - in',

1

And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth. Sure, when you left us, our
Just like a May - flower a - float on the bay. Oh, but my heart sank when
Care o' my jew - el by night and by day. When by the fire - side I

beau - ti - ful dar - ling, Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days,
clouds came be-tween us, Like a grey cur - tain the rain fall - ing down;
watch the bright em - bers, Then all my heart flies a - way o'er the sea,

Lit - tle we tho't of the hush of the star - shine O - ver the moun - tain, the
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean, Far, far a - way, where my
Cra - vin' to know if my dar - lin' re-mem - bers, Or if her thot's may be

D.C.

bluffs and the brays! Then And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
Col - leen had flown. Then
cross - in' to me. Then

colla voce.

Three Little Kittens

CHANT

TENORS

1, 2, 3. Once upon a time there were three ltitle kittens who lay in a basket of saw - aw - dust;

BASSES

After last stanza

Said the { first / second / third } little kitten un-to the { other two / little cats, } { If you don't get / out of this, then } I must! *That's all.*

Hail to the Chief

Sir Walter Scott — James Sanderson

Maestoso

f

1. Hail to the Chief who in tri-umph ad-van-ces! Hon-or'd and bless'd be the ev-er-green Pine! . . Long may the tree, in his ban-ner that glan-ces, Flour-ish, the shel-ter and grace of our line! Hail to the Chief who in tri-umph ad-van-ces, Hon-or'd and bless'd be the ev-er-green Pine! . . Long may the tree, in his ban-ner that glan-ces, Flour-ish, the shel-ter and
2. Ours is no sap-ling, chance-sown by the foun-tain, Bloom-ing at Bel-tane, in win-ter to fade; When the whirlwind has stripp'd ev-'ry leaf on the moun-tain, The more shall Clan-Al-pine ex-ult in her shade. Ours is no sap-ling, chance-sown by the foun-tain, Bloom-ing at Bel-tane, in win-ter to fade, When the whirl-wind has stripp'd ev-'ry leaf on the moun-tain, The more shall Clan-Al-pine ex-
3. Row, vas-sals, row for the pride of the High-lands! Stretch to your oars, for the ev-er-green Pine! . . O, that the rose-bud that gra-ces yon is-lands, Were wreath'd in a gar-land a-round him to twine! Row, vas-sals, row, for the ev-er-green Pine! . . O, that the rose-bud that gra-ces yon is-lands, Were wreath'd in a gar-land a-

ff

Hail to the Chief

f Allegro

grace of our line! Heav'n send it hap - py dew, Earth lend its sap a - new
ult in her shade. Moor'd in the rift - ed rock, Proof to the tem - pest shou
round him to twine! O, that some seed - ling gem, Wor - thy such no - ble stei

f

Gai - ly to bour - geon and broadly to grow; While ev - 'ry High-land glen,
Firm - er he roots him, the ru - der it blow; Mentieth and Bread-al - bane, then,
Hon - or'd and bless'd in their sha - dow might grow! Loud should Clan-Al - pine then

Sends our shout back a - gain, "Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"
Ech - o his praise a - gain, "Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"
Ring from the deepmost glen, "Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! i - e - roe!"

Come, Thou Almighty King

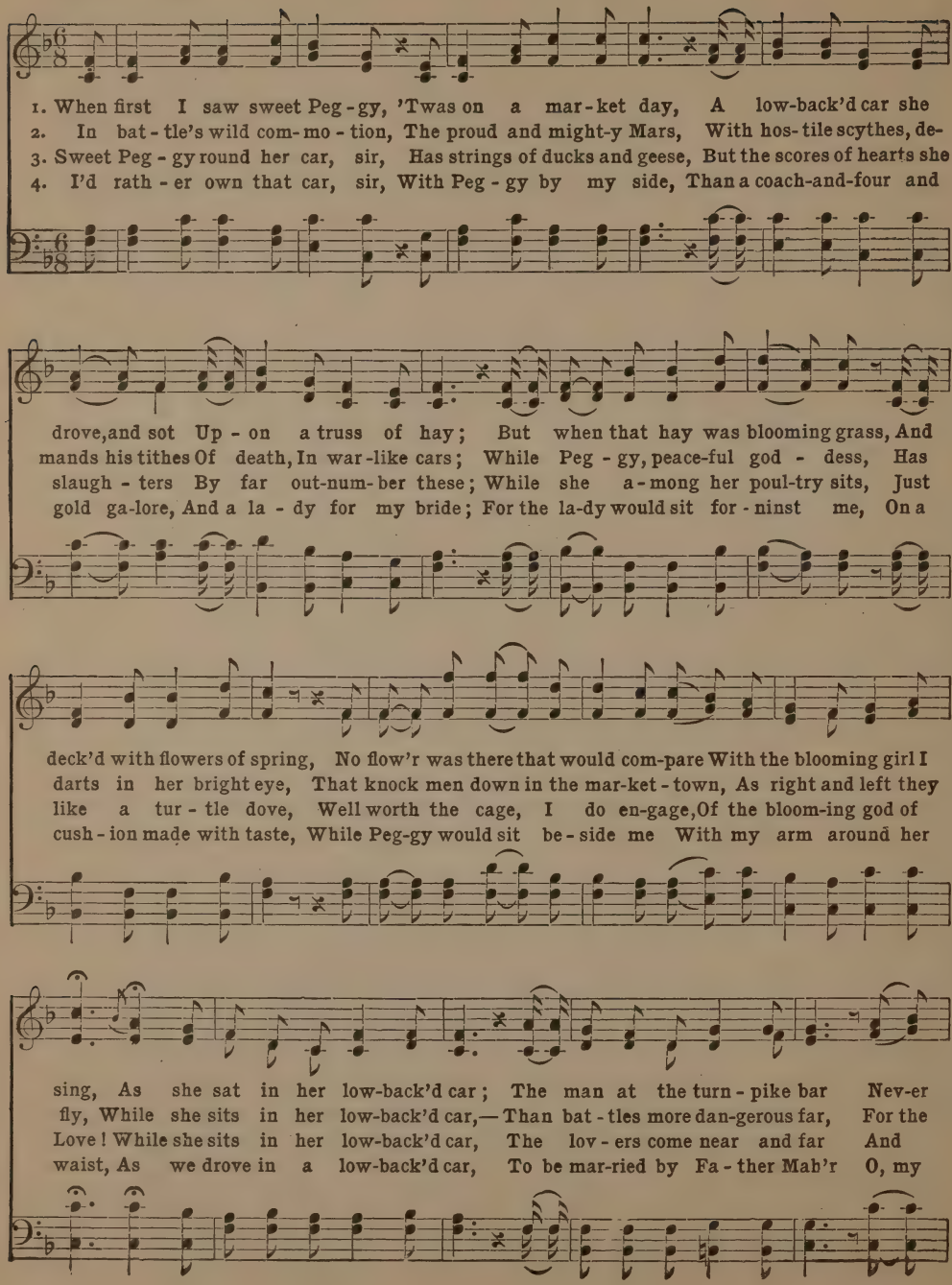
C. Wesley — F. Giardini

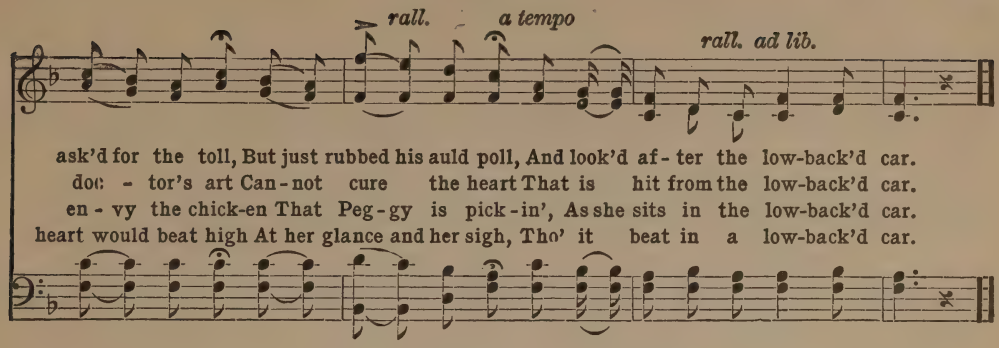
1. Come, Thou Al-might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa-ther! all-
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al-

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days.
pe - ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
mig - t - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!

The Low-Backed Car

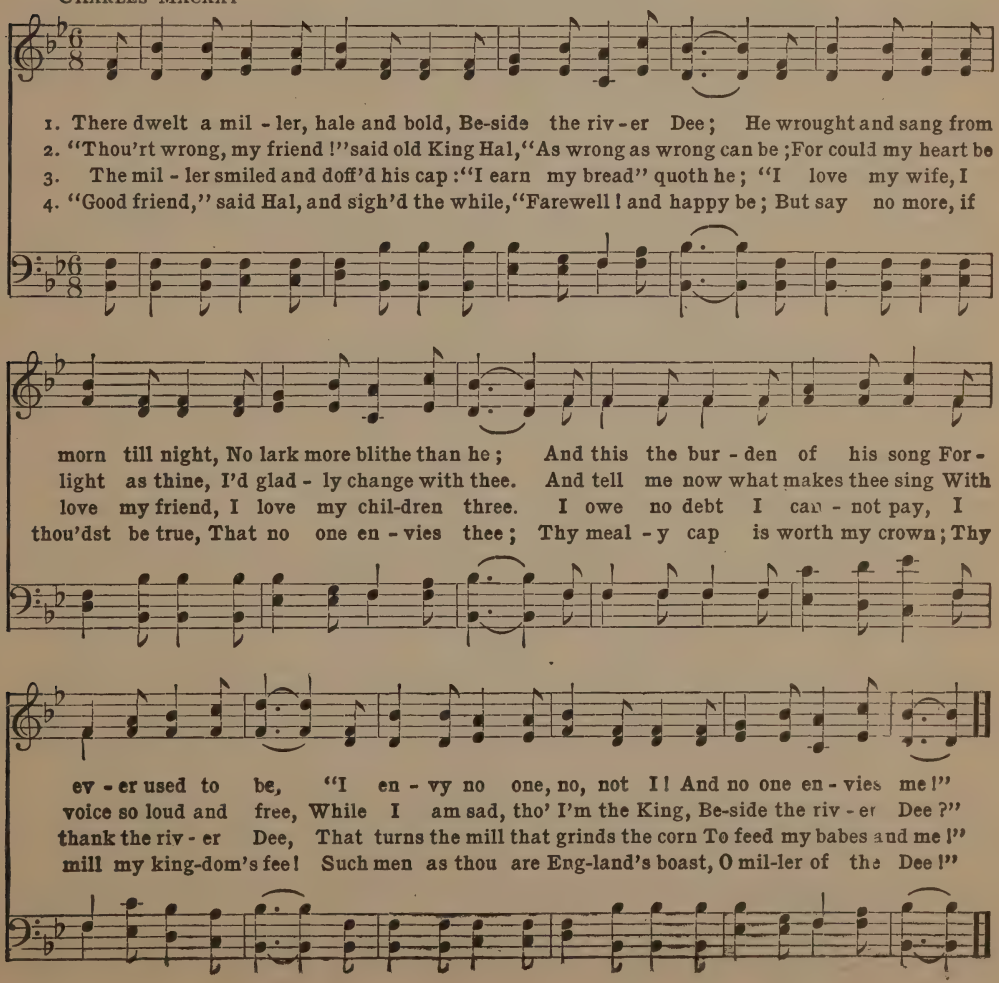
SAMUEL LOVER





The Miller of the Dee

CHARLES MACKAY



Farewell

From the German, by H. Zick — Silcher

mf *Andante* — *p*

1. Love! so beau - ti - ful and true! I must leave to - mor - row,
2. In true friend-ship heart to heart Close - ly clings for - ev - er,
3. When soft breez - es kiss your cheek, Touch your hands ca - ress - ing,

mf — *p*

mf — *cres.*

Can no lon - ger be with you, Part - ing caus - es sor - row.
Sun and moon on high may part, But true friends will nev - er.
Sighs they are and thee may seek, Sent by me with bless - ing;

mf — *cres.*

p

Ah! I love thee faith - ful - ly, More than words can tell to thee;
Who the depths of woe can tell, When two lov - ers say fare-well,
Thou - sands send I day by day, And with thee I bid them stay,

p

cres — *f*

Yet from thee must wan der, Yet from [illegible] wan - der.
Say fare - well for - ev - er Say fare - well for - ev - er.
To re - call me to thee. To re - cal me to thee!

cres. — *f*

Auld Robin Gray

Lady Ann Lindsay — Old Melody

Larghetto

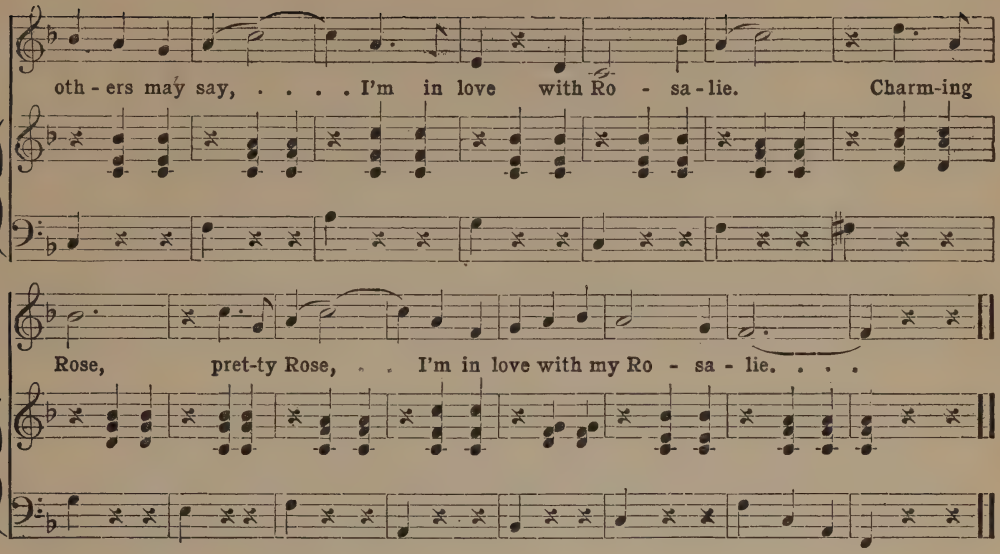
1. Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his bride, But sav - ing a crown he had naeth-ing else be-side; To make that crown a pound, my Ja-mie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
2. He bad na been gone a week but on - ly twa, When my fa-ther brake his arm, and our cow was stown a-wa'; My mith-er she fell sick, and my Ja-mie at the sea, And auld Rob - in Gray cam' a-court - ing me.
3. My fa - ther urged me sair, my mith - er did - na speak, But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break; They gied him my hand tho' my heart was at the sea; And auld Rob - in Gray is gude - man to me.

p

Rosalie

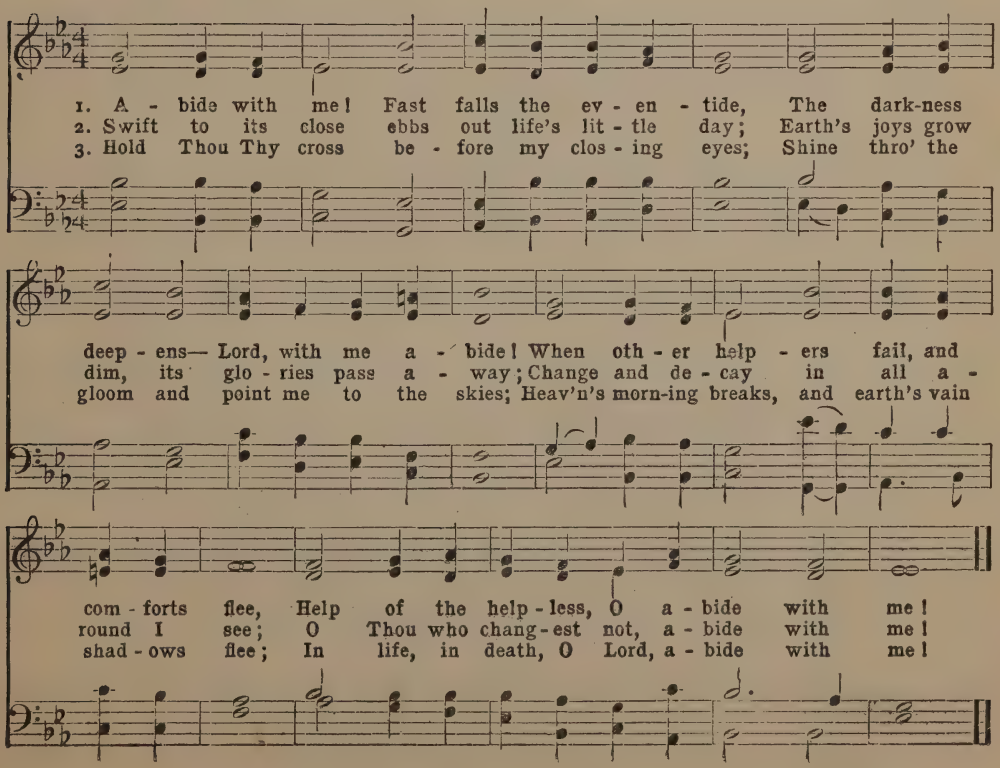
Tempo di valse

1. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ree, de Pa - ree, I drink my di - vine eau - de - vie, eau - de - vie. As I ride out each day in my lit - tle cou - pé, I tell you I'm some-thing to see. . . . . But I care not what
2. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ree, de Pa - ree, I'm called by les dames très jo - li; très jo - li; When I ride out each day in my lit - tle cou - pé, I tell you I'm some-thing to see. . . . . But I care not what
3. I go to the fete de Mar-quise, de Mar-quise, I go and make love at my ease, at my ease. I go to her père and de-mand for my own The hand of my sweet Ro - sa - lie. . . . . But I care not what



Abide with Me

H. F. Lyte — W. H. Monk



The Laird o' Cockpen

Allegro

1. The Laird o' Cock - pen he's proud an' he's great, His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state; He want - ed a wife his braw house to keep, But fa - vour wi' woo - in' was fash - ious to seek.
2. Doun by the dyke - side a la - dy did dwell, At his ta - ble - head he thocht she'd look well; M' - Cle - ish's ae doch - ter a' Clav - ers' - ha' Lee, A pen - ni - less lass wi' a lang ped - i - gree.
3. His wig was weel - pouth-er'd, as good as when new, His waist-coat was white, his coat it was blue; He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat; And wha could re - fuse the Laird wi' a' that?

4 He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie:
An' rapped at the yett o' Clavers'-ha' Lee.
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben:
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

5 Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine—
"What brings the Laird here at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk goun,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' doun.

6 An' when she came ben, he bowed fu' low;
An' what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said—"Na."
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

7 Dumbfoundered was he—but nae sigh did he gie';
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie;
An' aften he thocht, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp

GEORGE F. ROOT

1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat - tle front we stood When their fierc - est charge they made, And they
3. So, with - in the pris - on cell, We are wait - ing for the day That shall

bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off a hun - dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the

D.S. *neath the star - ry flag We shall*

FINE

all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dis-mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.

breathe the air a - gain Of the free land in our own be - lov - ed home.

CHORUS

D.S

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march-ing, Cheer up, com-rades, they will come, And be -
march - ing on, O cheer up, com - rades, they will come,

Rosa Lee

Allegretto

1. When I lib'd in Ten-nes-see, U-li-a-li o-la-e, I went court-in'
2. I said "You lub-by gal, dat's plain, U-li-a-li o-la-e, Breff as sweet as

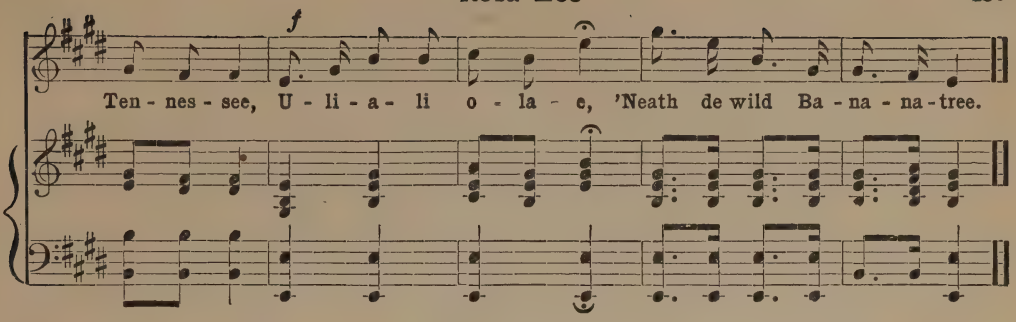
Ro-sa Lee, U-li-a-li o-la-e. Eyes as dark as win-ter night,
su-gar cane, U-li-a-li o-la-e. Feet so large and come-ly too, Might

Lips as red as ber-ry bright, When first I did her woo-ing go, She
make a cra-dle ob each shoe. Ro-sa, take me for your beau, She

pp

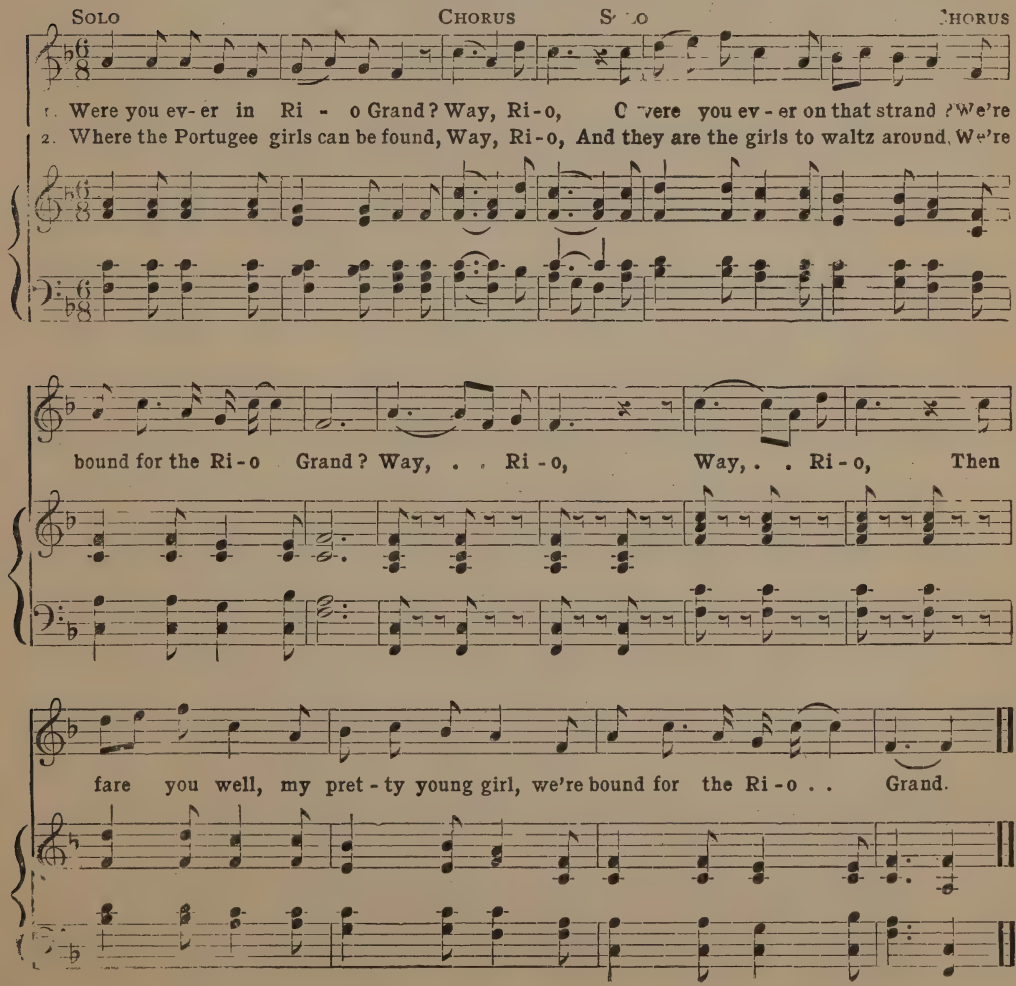
said "Now don't be fool-ish, Joe." U-li-a-li o-la-e, Court-in' down in

pp



Were You Ever in Rio Grand

(A "HEAVE THE ANCHOR" CHANTEY-SONG)



Home to Our Mountains

C. Jefferys

From Verdi's "Il Trovatore"

Home to our moun-tains Let us re - turn, love, There in its young days

Peace had its reign; There shall thy sweet song fall on my slum - bers,

Manrico

There shall thy lute make me joy - ous a - gain. Rest thee, my moth - er,

8va

dolciss

kneel - ing be - side thee, I will pour forth my

8va

AZUCENA

trou - ba - dour lay. Oh, sing and wake now thy sweet lute's soft

8va

num - bers, Lull me to rest, charm my sor - rows a - way, Oh, way.

MANRICO

Yes, I will pour forth . . my trou - ba - dour lay. lay.

pp

Now the Day is Over

S. BARING-GOULD J. BARNBY

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,
3. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may we a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing, May our eye - lids close.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

Yes! Let Me Like a Soldier Fall

W. V. Wallace

1. Yes! let me like a sol - dier fall, Up - on some o - pen plain, This breast, ex - pand - ing for the ball, To blot out ev - 'ry stain. Brave man - ly hearts con - fer my doom, That gen - tler ones may tell, How - e'er for - got, un-known my tomb, I

2. I on - ly ask of that proud race, Which ends its blaze in me, To die the last, and not dis - grace Its an - cient chi - val - ry. Tho' o'er my clay no ban - ner wave, Nor trum - pet re - quiem swell, E - nough! they mur - mur o'er my grave, He

p *dim.* *f* *dim.*

like a sol - dier fell, How - e'er for - got, un -
like a sol - dier fell, E - nough! they mur - mur

known my tomb, I like a sol - dier fell, I like a sol - dier fell.
o'er my grave, He like a sol - dier fell, He like a sol - dier fell.

cres. *ff*

Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee

E. Caswall J. B. Dykes

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet - ness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! O joy of all the meek!

But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man - kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!

Maryland! My Maryland

J. R. Randall, adapted

1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

Thy gleam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Tho' thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
The Old Line bu - gle, fife and drum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

Re-mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust,
Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,
For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal,
Come to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long,

And all thy slum-b'rers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
And gird thy beau-teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
And ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

The Old Cabin Home

1. I am go - ing far a - way, Far a - way to leave you now, To the
2. I am go-ing to leave this land, With this, our dark - ey band, . . To
3. When old age . . comes on us, And my hair is turn - ing gray, . . I'll

Mis - sis-sip - pi val - ley I am go - ing; I will take my old ban - jo,
trav - el all the wide . . world . . o - ver, And when I get . . tired,
hang up the ban - jo all a - lone; . . I'll . . sit down by the fire,

And I'll sing this lit - tle song, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
I will set - tle down to rest, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.
And I'll pass the time a - way, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.

CHORUS

Here is my Old Cab - in Home, . . Here is my sis - ter and my broth-er,

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mother.

Terence's Farewell

LADY DUFFERIN

Andante affettuoso

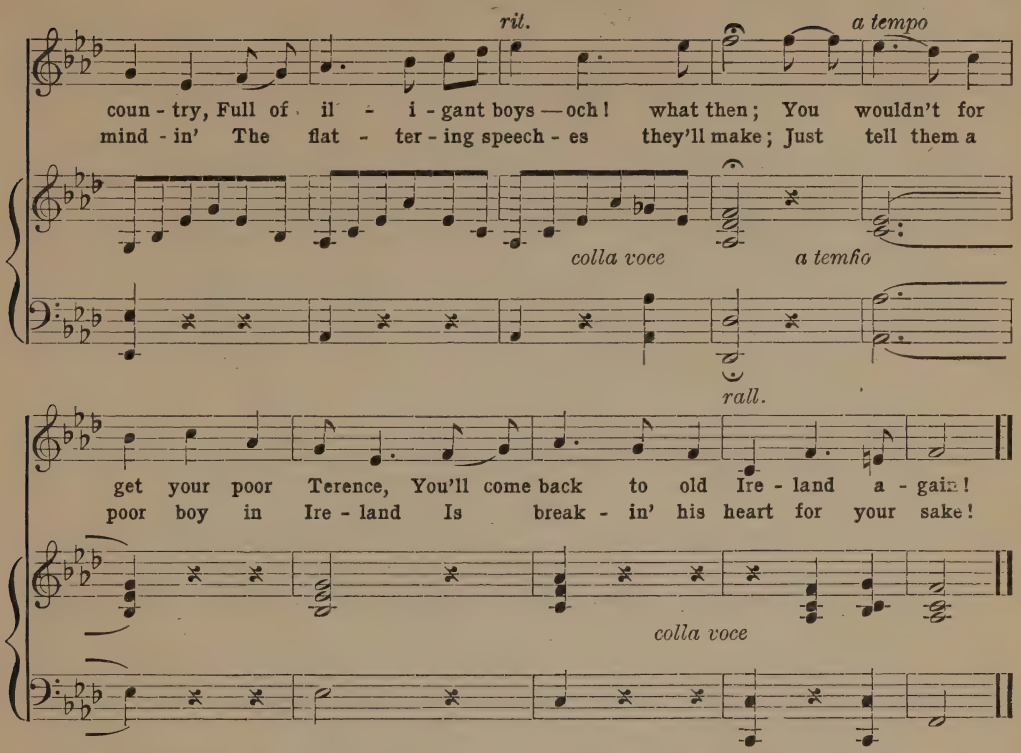
p *cres.* *dim. rall.*

1. So, my Kath - leen, you're go - ing to lave me, . All a-lone by my -
2. Och! them Eng - lish— de - ceav - ers by na - ture! Though may - be you'll

p

self in this place! But I'm sure that you'll nev - er de-ceave me; Oh,
think them sin - cere, They'll say you're a charm-ing sweet crea - ture, But

not if there's truth in that face! Though Eng - land's a beau - ti - ful
don't you be - leave them, my dear! No, Kath - leen a-gràh! don't be

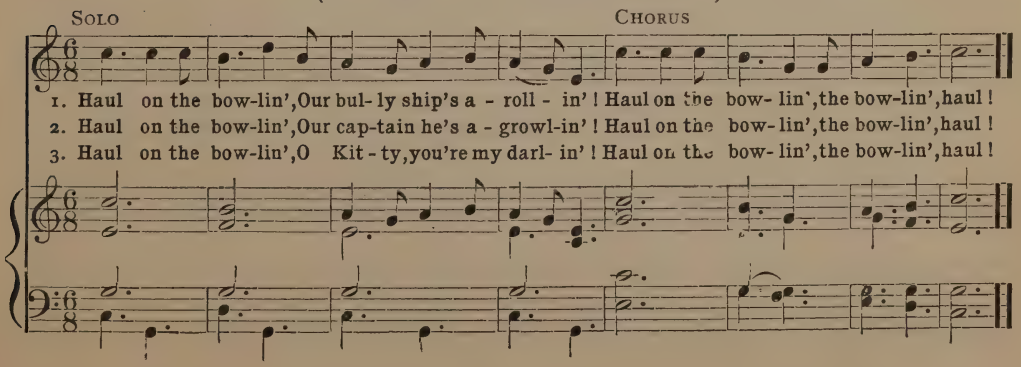


3 It's a folly to keep you from goin',
Though, faith, it's a mighty hard case!
For, Kathleen, you know there's no knowin'
When next I may see your sweet face!
And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
None the better shall I be off then;
You'll be spakin' such beautiful English,
Sure, I wont know my Kathleen again!

4 Eh, now! what's the need of this hurry?
Don't fluster me so in this way!
I've forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry
Ev'ry word I was manin' to say!
Now, just wait a minute, I bid ye!
Can I talk if ye bother me so?
Och! Kathleen, my blessin' go wid ye,
Ev'ry inch of the way that you go!

Haul on the Bowlin'

(A SHORT-HAUL CHANTEY-SONG)



My Pretty Jane

E. Fitzball — Sir H. R. Bishop

Andantino espressivo, non troppo lento

1. My
2. But

pret - ty Jane, my pret - ty Jane! . . . Ah! nev-er, nev-er look so shy, But
name the day, the wed-ding day, . . . And I will buy . . the ring, The

meet me, meet me in the eve - ning, While the bloom is on the
lads and maids in . . fa - vors white, And vil -lage bells, the vil-lage bells shall

rye. . . The spring is wan-ing fast, . . my love, The corn is in . . . the
ring. . . The spring is wan-ing fast, . . my love, The corn is in . . . the

mf *colla voce.*

ear, The sum-mer nights are com-ing, love, The moon shines bright and clear! Then,

dim.

pret-ty Jane, my dear - est Jane, Ah! nev-er look so shy; . But

meet me, meet me in the eve - ning, While the bloom is on . the rye. . .

Alice, Where art Thou

J. ASCHER

Andante con espressione

1. The birds sleep - ing gen - tly, Sweet Ly - ra gleam-eth bright, Her
2. The sil - ver rain fall - ing Just as it fall - eth now; And

Bass with octaves

rays tinge the for - est, And all seems glad to-night. The
all things sleep gen - tly! Ah! Al - ice, where art thou? I've

wind sigh - ing by me, Cool - ing my fev - er'd brow; The
sought thee by lake - let, I've sought thee on the hill, . . And

stream flows as ev - er, Yet, Al - ice, where art thou? One
in the pleas-ant wild - wood, When winds blew cold and chill; I've

year back th's e - ven, And thou wert by my side,
sought thee in for - est; I'm look - ing heav'nward now,

And thou wert by my side, Vow - - ing . . . . to
I'm look - ing heav'nward now; Oh! there . . . 'mid

love me; One year past this e - ven, And thou wert by my side,
star-shine,—I've sought thee in for - est, I'm look-ing heav'nward now.

p *ff*

Vow - ing to love me, Al - ice, what - e'er might be - tide.
Oh! . . . there a - mid the star-shine, Al - ice, I know, art thou.

p

No One to Love

A. H. G. Richardson — Arranged by C. Everest

Andante — *cres.* — *f*

1. No one to love, none to ca - ress, Roam - ing a - lone through this
2. In dreams a - lone, loved ones I see, And well-known voi - ces then
3. No one to love, none to ca - ress, None to re - spond to this

(*For D.C. sing words of first stanza*)

p — *cres.* — *f*

dim.

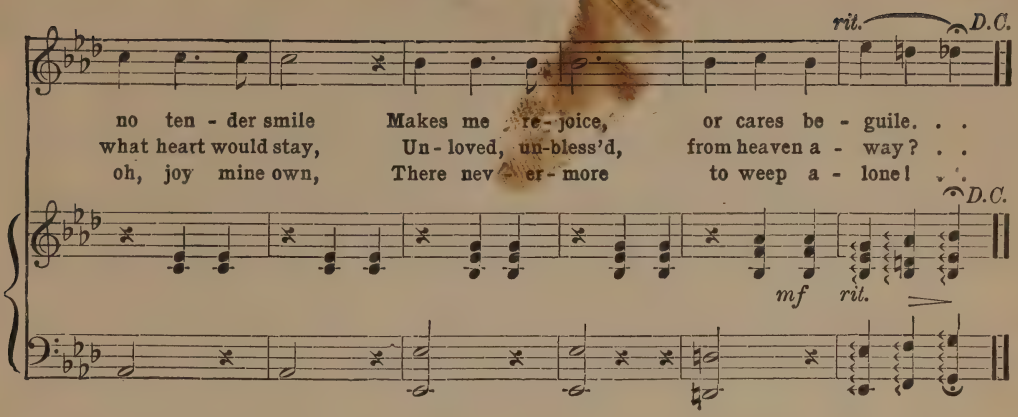
world's wil - der - ness; Sad is my heart, joy is un-known,
whis - per to me; Sigh - ing I wake, wak - ing I weep;
heart's ten - der - ness! Trust - ing I wait; God in His love

dim.

cres. — *f* — *dim.* — Fine *p*

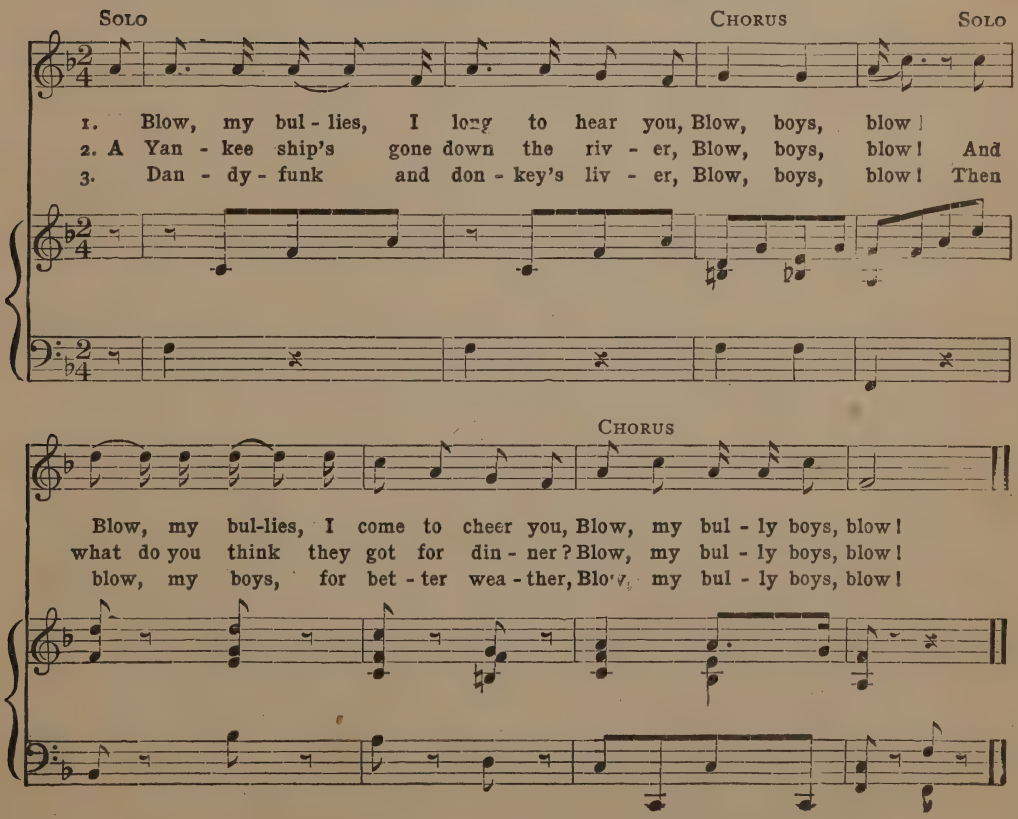
For in my sor - row I'm weep - ing a - lone; No gen - tle voice,
Soon with the loved and the lost I shall sleep. Oh, bliss - ful rest!
Prom - is - es rest in His man - sions a - bove; Oh, bliss in store,

cres. — *f* — *dim.* — *p*



Blow, Boys, Blow

(A HOISTING CHANTEY-SONG)



A Soldier and a Man

FRANK PIERI — W. GARLAND

Maestoso moderato

f — *cres.*

1. A sol - dier stood on the bat - tle - field, His wea - ry watch to . .
2. The night watch o'er the . moon has dawned, Her light on earth to . .

mf

keep, . . . While the pale moon cov - ered her man - tle o'er . The
show; . . . And the sol - dier, true to his coun - try's call, Ad -

souls that 'neath her sleep; . . "Ah, me!" he sighed, with tear - ful eye, And
van-ces to meet the foe! . . A - mid the din of shot and shell, He

called on Him a - bove . . . . "I'm far a - way from my
fought with heart so . brave, . . . Till, reel - ing from his . .

chil - dren dear, And all on earth I . love." At the
faith - ful steed, He found a sol - dier's grave! O . .

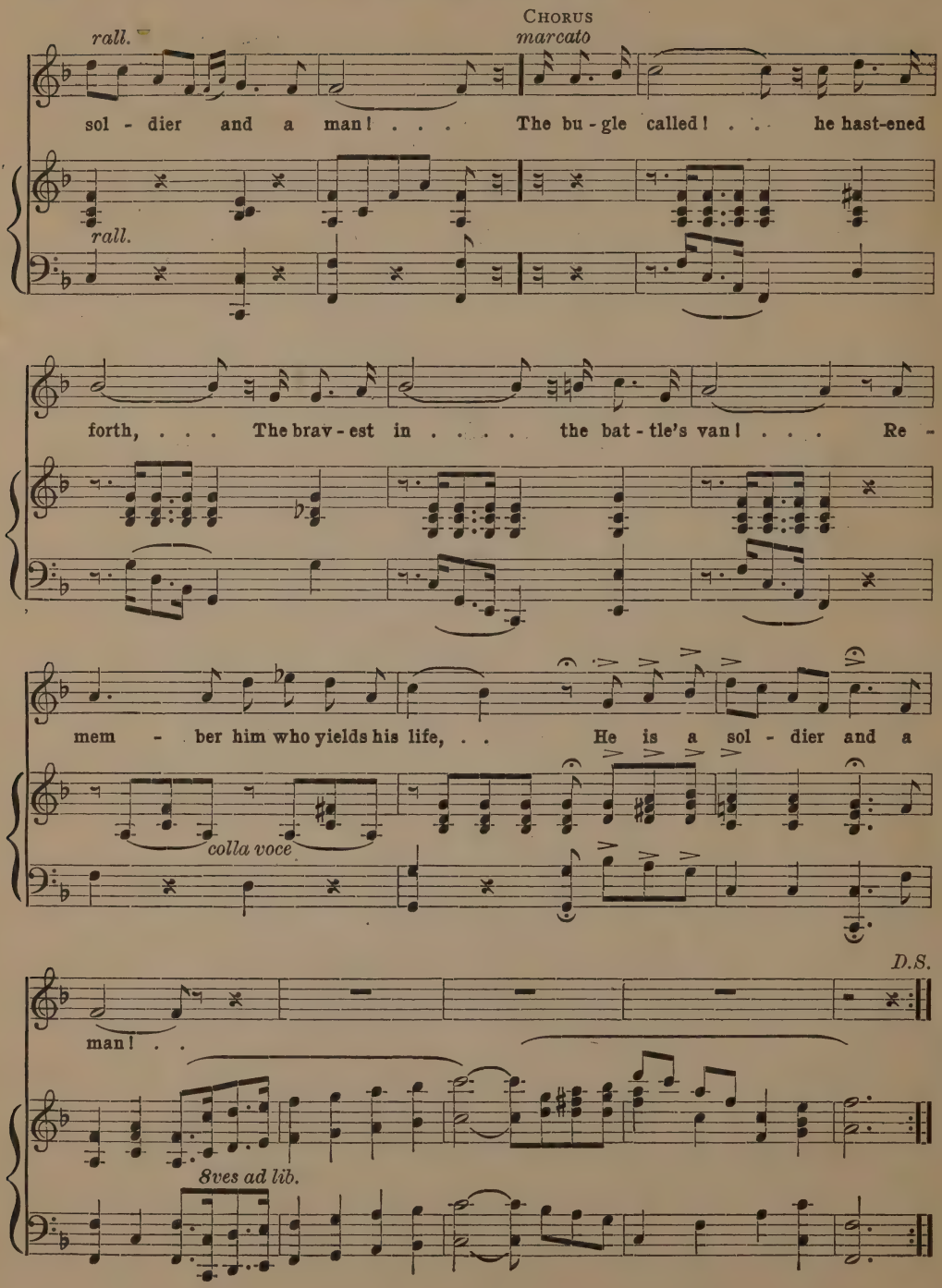
f

bu - gle sound he turned once more, The bat - tle field to
Bri - tain, who, on sea and land, Im - per - ial power doth

dim.

scan; And said, "I am, what - e'er my fate, A
span, Re - mem - ber him who yields his life! A

ff *f*


Chorus
rall.
marcato
sol - dier and a man! . . . The bu - gle called! . . . he hast-ened
rall.
forth, . . . The brav - est in . . . . . the bat - tle's van! . . . Re -
mem - ber him who yields his life, . . He is a sol - dier and a
colla voce
man! . .
D.S.
8ves ad lib.

The Red, White and Blue

D. T. Shaw — Thomas a Becket

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee; Thy man-dates make he-roes as-sem-ble, When lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue,

2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threat-en'd the land to de-form, The ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With the gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue,

3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won nev-er with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave; May the ser-vice u-nit-ed ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true; The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue,

:S: Fine

When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The

D.S.

Nora O'Neal

WILL S. HAYS

1. Oh! I'm lone - ly to - night, love, with - out you, And I sigh for one glance of your eye; For sure there's a charm, love, a - bout you, When ev - er I know you are nigh. Like the beam of the star when 'tis
2. Oh! the night - in-gale sings in the wild-wood, As if ev - er - y note that he knew Was learned from your sweet voice in child-hood, To re - mind me, sweet No - ra, of you. But I think, love, so of - ten a -
3. Oh! why should I weep tears of sor - row? Or why does my hope lose its place? Won't I meet you, my dar - ling, to - mor - row, And smile on your beau - ti - ful face? Will you meet me? Oh, say, will you

p

smil - ing, Is the glance which your eye can't con - ceal, And your
bout you, And you don't know how hap - py I feel, But I'm
meet me With a kiss, at the foot of the lane? And I'll

voice is so sweet and be - guil-ing That I love you, sweet No - ra O'-Neal. Oh!
lone - ly to-night, love, without you, My dar - ling, sweet No - ra O'-Neal. Oh!
prom-ise when-ev - er you greet me, That I'll nev - er be lone - ly a - gain. Oh!

don't think that ev - er I'll doubt you, My love I will nev - er con-ceal; Oh! I'm

lone - ly to-night, love, with-out you, My dar-ling, sweet No - ra O' Neal.

Kind Words are Dear to All

NELLY E. ELWELL

P. E. VAN NOORDEN

Andante con moto

1. Speak gen - tly, there's e-nough of care! Be-neath the bright-est smile, . . . The
2. Speak gen - tly, kind words bless the lips From whence they sweet-ly fall . . . . Like

p

lips may ut - ter mer - ry words, The heart be sad the while, ... The
dew - drops to the droop-ing flow'rs, Kind words are dear to all, ... Kind

heart be sad the while. A kind word is a lit - tle thing, But
words are dear to all. The heart grows strong be - neath their light, Dark

p

colla voce.

f

oh! how great its pow'r To light us on to no - ble deeds, In
vis - ions fade a - way, We wake as from a trou - bled dream, To

colla voce.

p

f

some sad, si - lent hour, In some sad, si - lent hour, To
wel - come hope's bright ray, To wel - come hope's bright ray, We

pp

rall.

light us on to no - ble deeds, In some sad, si - lent hour.
wake as from a trou - bled dream, To wel - come hope's bright ray.

rall.

The Promised Land

1. I have a Fa-ther in the prom-ised land, I have a Fa-ther in the prom-ised land,
2. I have a Sav-iour in the prom-ised land, I have a Sav-iour in the prom-ised land,
3. I have a crown in the prom-ised land, I have a crown in the prom-ised land,
4. I hope to meet you in the prom-ised land, I hope to meet you in the prom-ised land,

D.C. *I'll a-way, I'll a - way to the prom-ised land, I'll a-way, I'll a - way to the prom-ised land,*

D.C.

My Fa - ther calls me, I must go To meet Him in the prom-ised land.
My Sav-iour calls me, I must go To meet Him in the prom-ised land.
When Je - sus calls me, I must go To wear it in the prom-ised land.
At Je - sus' feet a joy - ous band; We'll praise Him in the prom-ised land.
My Fa - ther calls me I must go To meet Him in the prom - ised land.

The Soldier's Tear

ALEXANDER LEE — T. H. BAYLY

Larghetto

1. Up - on the hill he turned To take a last fond look Of the val - ley and the
2. Be - side that cot-tage porch A girl had knelt in pray'r; She held a - loft a
3. He turn'd and left the spot, Oh, do not think him weak, For dauntless was the

village church, And the cot-tage by the brook. He list-ened to the sounds so fa-
snow - y scarf Which flut-tered in the air; She breathed a sigh for him, A
sol-dier's heart, Tho' tears were on his cheek. Go watch the foremost ranks In

mil - iar to his ear, And the sol - dier leant up - on his sword, And
pray'r he could not hear, But he paused to bless her as she knelt, And
dan - ger's dark ca - reer, Be sure the hand most dar - ing there Has

mf

wiped . . a - way a tear.

f

When to Thy Vision

From GOUNOD'S "Faust"

1. When to thy vis - ion life ap - pears sweet - ly smil - ing, Then all a -
2. As two fond flow'r - ets on one stem u - nit - ed, So link'd by

bout me seems to smile on me, But if sad tears come and naught seems life be -
des - ti - ny our hearts are bound, Should ev - er sor - rows come, or hopes be

guil - ing, Then, O my lov'd one, then, O my lov'd one, then I will weep for thee, will weep for thee.
blight-ed, Then ev-er faith-ful, then ev- er faith-ful, I shall be faithful, ev - er faithful found.

Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer

LURLINE

WM. VINCENT WALLACE

Largamente

1. Oh! Thou, to whom this heart ne'er yet Turned in an-guish or re - gret, The past for-give, the fu-ture spare; Sweet Spir - it, hear my pray'r! Oh!

2. Oh! Thou, to whom my thot's are known, Calm, oh! calm these trembling fears; Ah! turn a-way the world's cold frown, And dry my fall - ing tears! Oh!

pp

dolente

leave me not a-lone in grief, Send this blight-ed heart re - lief! Send this blight - ed heart re - lief! . . . Make Thou my life thy fu-ture care, Sweet

dolcissimo

dolcissimo

con espressione

Spir - it, hear my pray'r! Ah! make my life thy fu - ture care, Sweet

p

rall.

Spir - it, hear my pray'r! Hear, oh! hear my pray'r! Ah! hear my pray'r!

pp

Softly Now the Light of Day

G. W. Doane — C. M. von Weber

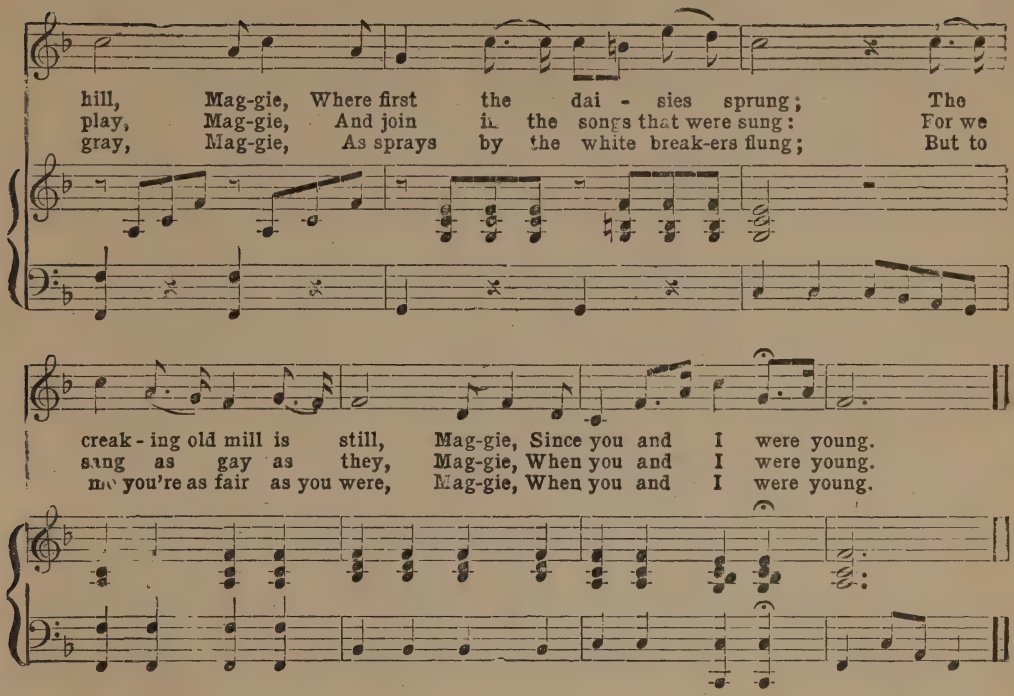
1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye.

When You and I Were Young

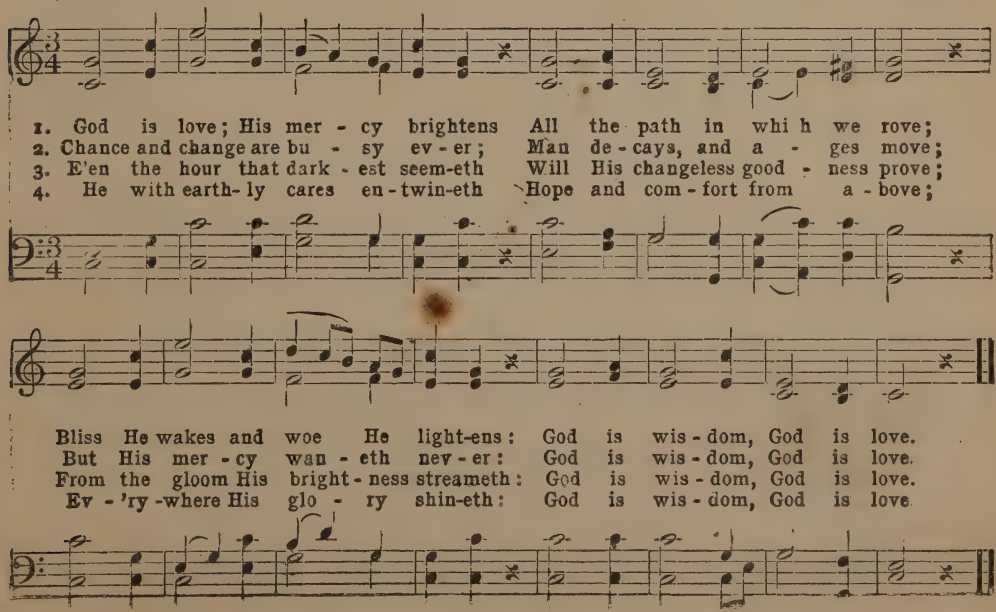
Geo. W. Johnson — J. A. Butterfield

1. I wan - dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be - low; The creek and the creak - ing old mill, Mag-gie, As we used to long a - go. The green grove is gone from the
2. A ci - ty so si - lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the best, In pol - ished white man - sions of stone, Mag-gie, Have each found a place of rest, Is built where the birds used to
3. They say I am fee - ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less spright-ly than then, My face is a well - writ - ten page, Mag-gie, But time a - lone was the pen. They say we are a - ged and



God is Love, His Mercy Brightens

JOHN BOWRING — ITHAMAR CONKEY



Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby

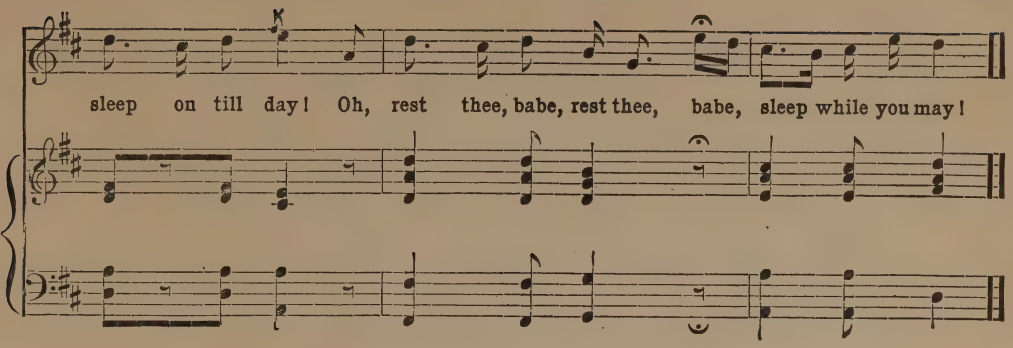
Andantino

1. Oh, hush thee, my ba-by! thy sire was a knight, Thy moth - er a la - dy so
2. Oh, rest thee, my dar-ling, the time soon will come, When sleep shall be brok-en by
3. Oh, fear not the bu-gle tho' loud - ly it blows, It calls but the ward-ers that

love - ly and bright; The woods and the glens from these tow'rs which we see, They
trum - pet and drum; Then rest thee, my dar - ling, oh sleep while you may, For
guard thy re - pose; Their bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the

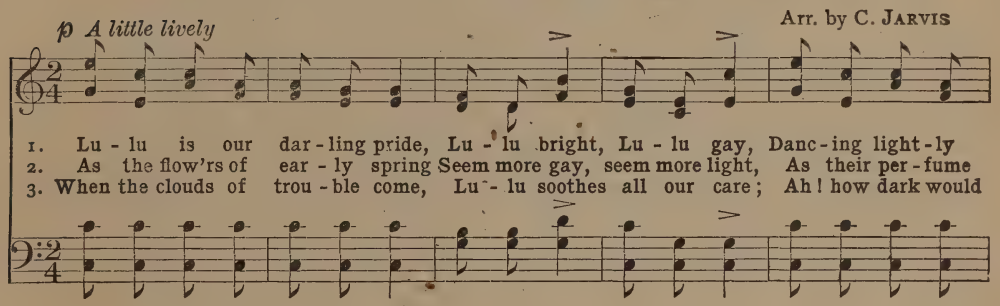
lento a tempo

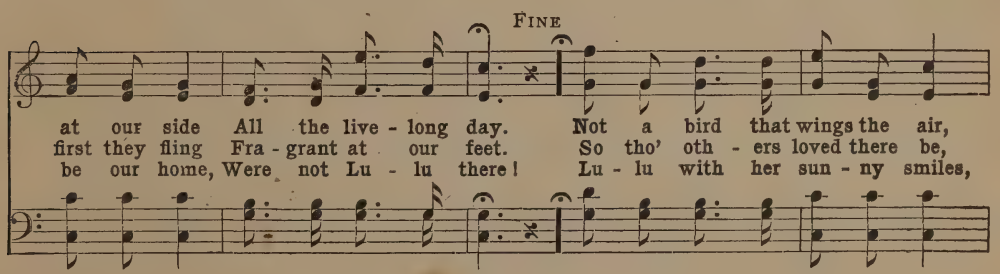
all are be - long - ing, dear ba - by, to thee. Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,
strife comes with man-hood, as light comes with day. Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,
step of a foe - man drew near to thy bed. Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,

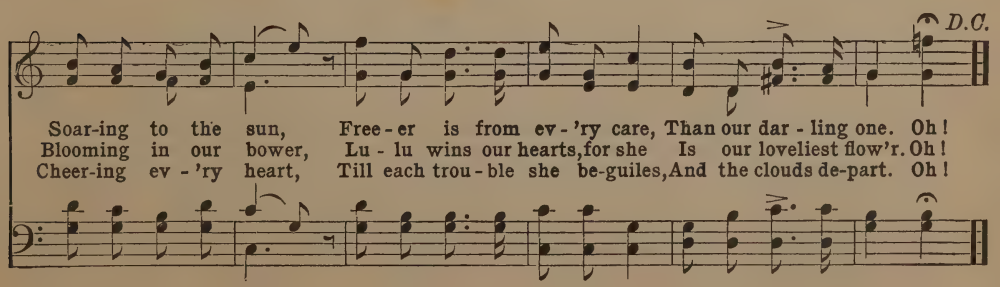


Lulu is Our Darling Pride

Arr. by C. Jarvis







Mary of Argyle

Allegretto con delicatezza

1. I have heard the ma - vis sing-ing His love song to the morn, I have
2. Though thy voice may lose its sweet-ness, And thine eye its bright-ness too, Though thy

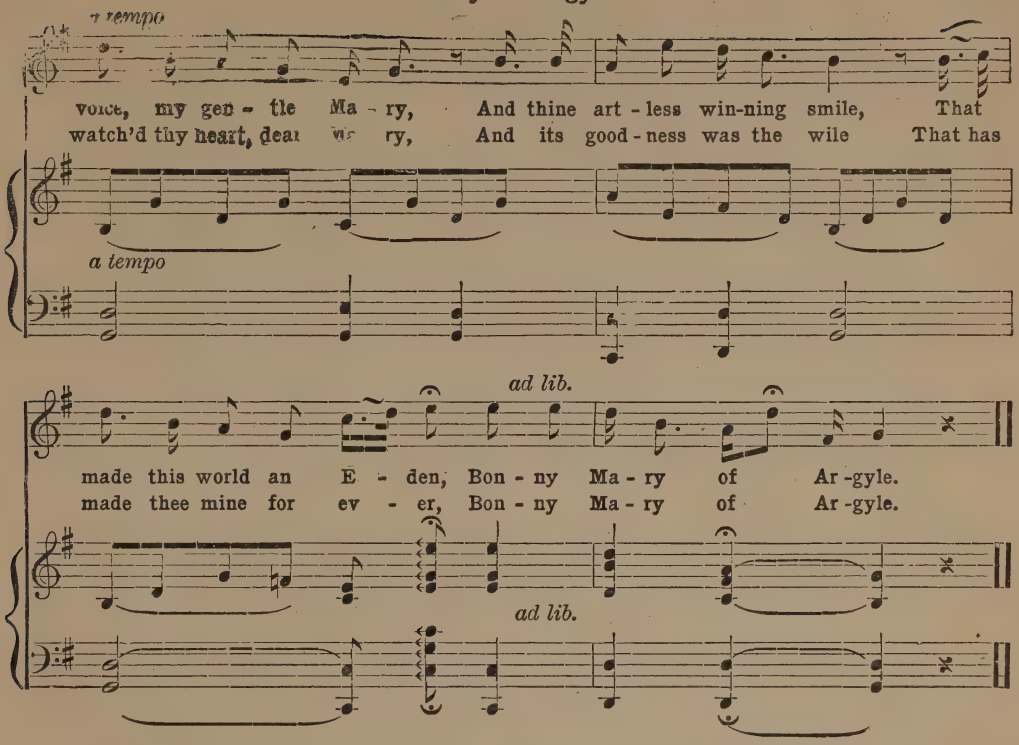
seen the dew - drop cling - ing, To the rose just new - ly born; But a
step may lack its fleet- ness, And thy hair its sun - ny hue, Still to

sweet - er song has cheer'd me At the eve - ning's gen - tle close, And I've
me wilt thou be dear - er Than all the world shall own; I have

cres.

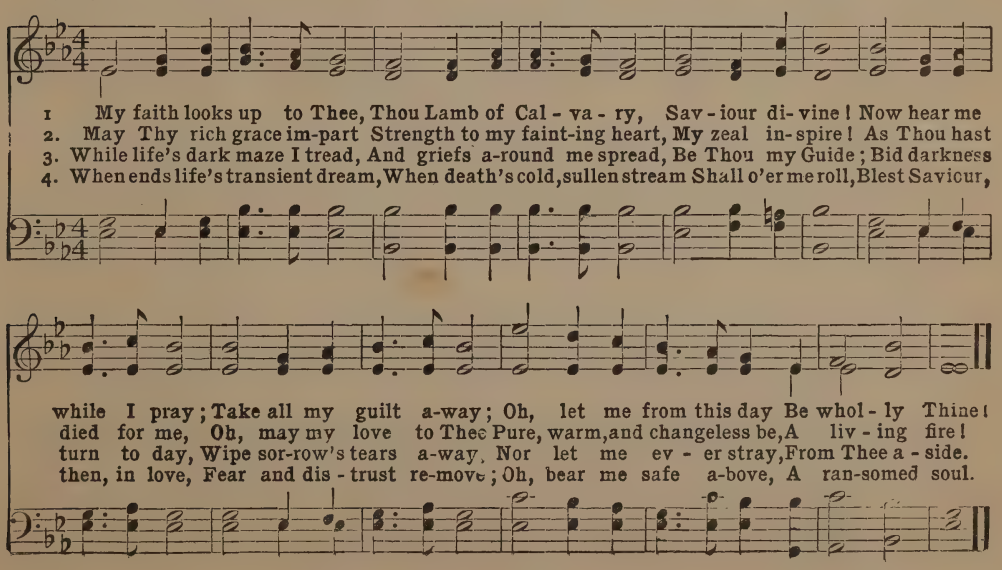
seen an eye still bright - er Than the dew-drop on the rose; 'Twas thy
loved thee for thy beau - ty, But not for that a - lone; I have

mf



My Faith Looks Up to Thee

Rev. Ray Palmer — Lowell Mason



When Johnny Comes Marching Home

With spirit — LOUIS LAMBERT

SOLO — CHORUS — SOLO

1. When Johnny comes marching home a-gain, Hur-rah, hur - rah! We'll give him a heart-y
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur-rah, hur - rah! To wel - come home our
3. Get rea - dy for the Ju - bi - lee, Hur-rah, hur - rah! We'll give the he - ro

ff *p*

CHORUS — SOLO

wel-come then, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
dar - ling boy, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With
three times three; Hur - rah, hur - rah! The lau - rel wreath is rea - dy now To

ff *p*

CHORUS *Repeat ad lib.*

la -dies, they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
ro - ses they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
place up-on his loy-al brow; And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.

There Were Three Crows

(TUNE: "WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME")

1 ‖: There were three crows sat on a tree,
O Billy McGee, McGaw :‖
There were three crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as crows could be,
Ref. And they all flapped their wings and cried
(*Spoken*: Caw! Caw! Caw!) Billy McGee, McGaw.
(*Repeat last two lines without "Caw."*)

2 ‖:Said one old crow unto his mate, etc :‖
"What shall we do for grub to eat?" Ref

3 ‖:"There lies a horse on yonder plain, etc.:‖
Who's by some cruel butcher slain. Ref.

4 ‖:We'll perch upon his bare back-bone, etc.:‖
And pick his eyes out, one by one." Ref.

Sweet By-and-By

JOSEPH P. WEBSTER

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far;
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me-lo-di-ous songs of the blest,
3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our trib-ute of praise,

For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwell-ing-place there.
And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest.
For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that hal-low our days.

CHORUS

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore,

In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.

by-and-by, by-and-by, by-and-by,

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The Carrier Dove

DANIEL JOHNSON

Slowly and with much expression

1. Fly a-way to my na - tive land, sweet dove, Fly a-way to my na - tive
2. Oh! fly to her bower, and say, the chain Of the ty - rant is o'er me
3. I shall miss thy vis - it at dawn, sweet dove, I shall miss thy vis - it at

legato

land, . . . And bear these lines to my la - dy love, That I've
now, . . . That I nev - er shall mount my steed a - gain, With
eve, . . . But bring me a line from my la - dy love, And

trac'd with a fee - ble hand. . . . She mar-vels much at my long de-lay, A
hel - met up - on my brow. . . . No friend to my lat - tice a sol - ace brings, Ex-
then I shall cease to grieve! . . . I can bear in a dun-geon to waste away youth, I can

ru - mor of death she has heard, Or she thinks per-haps I
cept when your voice is heard, When you be t the bars with your
fall by the con-quer - or's sword, But I can- not en - dure she shou d

ad lib.

false - ly stray,— Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.
snow - y wings,— Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.
doubt my truth,— Then fly to her bower, sweet dove.

Sun of My Soul

J. Keble W. H. Monk

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast!
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home

ISAAC B. WOODBURY

Andante espressivo

1. Be kind to thy fa-ther, for when thou wert young, Who lov'd thee so fond - ly as he? He caught the first ac-cents that fell from thy tongue, And joined in thy in - no-cent glee Be kind to thy fa-ther, for
2. Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow May tra - ces of sor - row be seen; Oh, well may'st thou cherish and com - fort her now, For lov - ing and kind hath she been. Re-mem - ber thy mother, for
3. Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth, If the smile of thy joy be with- drawn; The flow - ers of feel-ing will fade at their birth, If the dew of af - fec - tion be gone. Be kind to thy brother wher- sur - face that spark - les above.
4. Be kind to thy sis-ter, not man - y may know The depth of true sis - ter -ly love; The wealth of the o - ceans lies fa - thoms be - low The Be kind to thy fa-ther, once

now he is old, His locks in - ter-min - gled with gray; His
thee will she pray, As long as God giv - eth her breath; With
ev - er you are, The love of a broth - er shall be An
fear - less and bold, Be kind to thy moth - er so near; Be

foot - steps are fee-ble, once fear - less and bold, Thy fa- ther is pass-ing a - way.
ac - cents of kindness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val-ley of death.
or - na-ment purer and rich - er by far Than pearls from the depth of the sea.
kind to thy broth-er, nor show thy heart cold, Be kind to thy sis - ter so dear.

Holy Ghost, with Light Divine

ANDREW REED L. M. GOTTSCHALK

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spit - it all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme and reign a - lone.

By the Sad Sea Waves

J. Benedict

Andante

1. By the sad sea waves I lis - ten while they moan A la-ment o'er graves of
2. From my care last night, by ho - ly sleep be-guil'd, In the fair dream-light, my

hope and pleas - ure gone; I was young, I was fair, I had
home up - on me smil'd. O how sweet 'mid the dew, Ev - 'ry

cres.

f

once not a care, From the ris - ing of the morn to the set - ting of the sun; Yet I
flow'r that I knew Breath'd a gen-tle wel-come back to the worn and wea- ry child. I a-

f

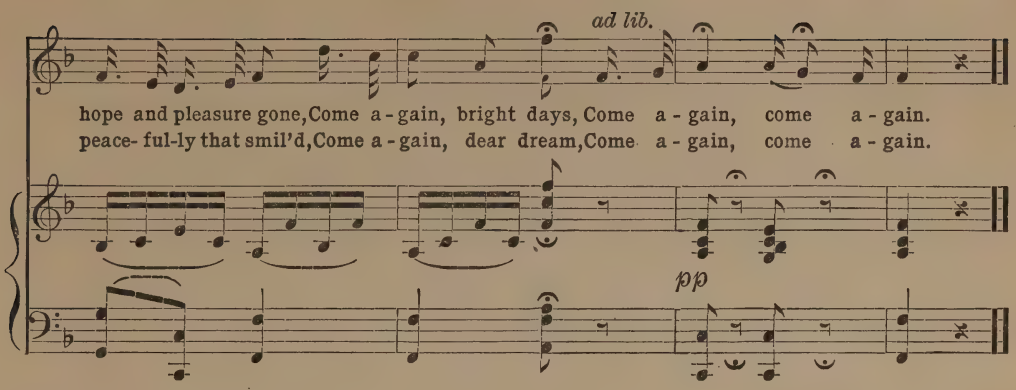
dim.

pine like a slave, by the sad sea wave. Come a - gain, bright days of
wake in my grave by the sad sea wave. Come a - gain, dear dream, so

fz

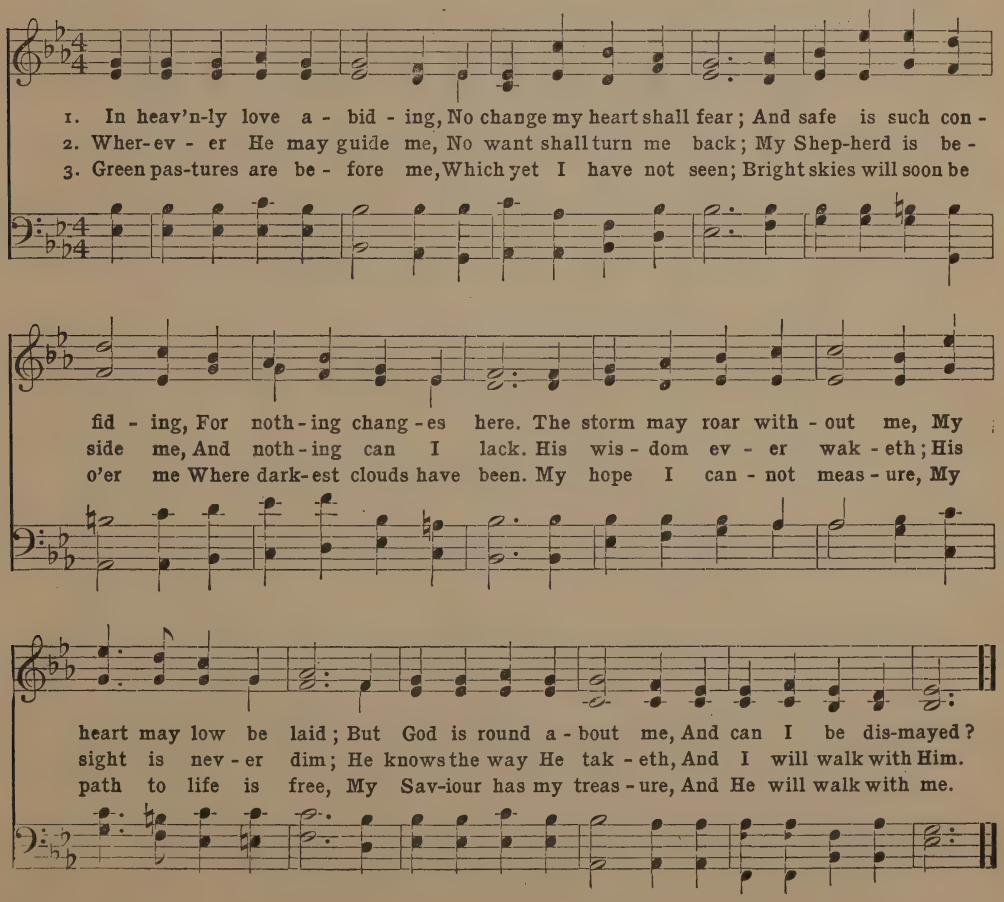
pp

espress.



In Heavenly Love Abiding

ANNA L. WARING — S. S. WESLEY



The Good Rhein Wine

JAMES REED — JOHN GRAY

f

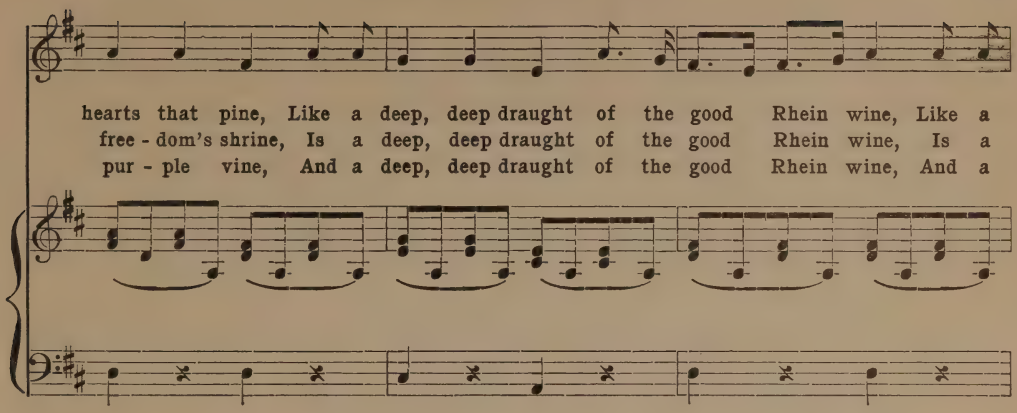
1. Pour out the Rhein wine, let it flow Like a free and bound - ing
2. Pour out the Rhein wine ev - er - more, Let the gob - let ne'er be
3. Pour out the Rhein wine, when each hand Doth grasp a brim - ming

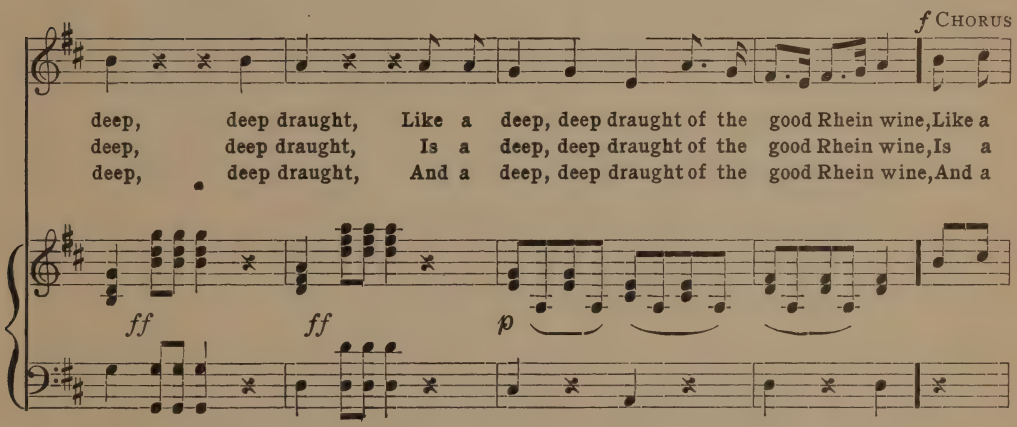
f

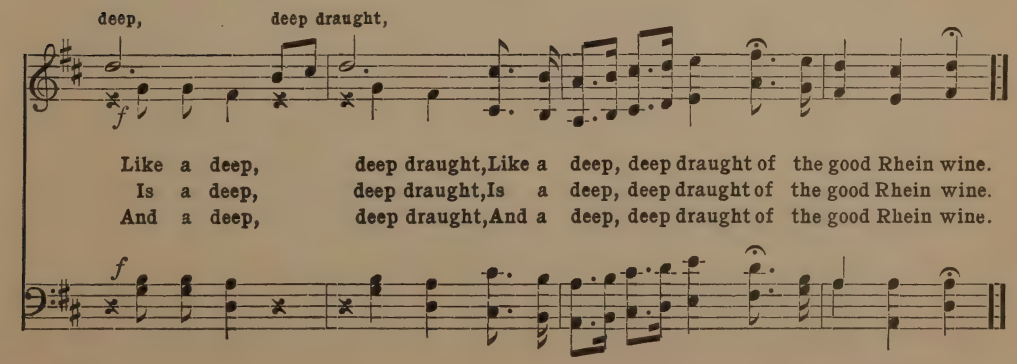
riv - er; Till sad - ness sinks and ev - 'ry woe Lies.
tir - ing; The po - et's song, and the sa - ge's lore, And the
meas - ure; The pledge shall be "Our Fa - ther - land," And

ff *p*

drown'd be - neath its waves for - ev - er. For naught can cheer the..
pa - triot's loft - y soul in - spir - ing. For an off - 'ring meet at...
free - dom, friend-ship, love and pleas - ure. Then Hur-rah for the land of the


hearts that pine, Like a deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine, Like a
free - dom's shrine, Is a deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine, Is a
pur - ple vine, And a deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine, And a


f CHORUS
deep, deep draught, Like a deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine, Like a
deep, deep draught, Is a deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine, Is a
deep, deep draught, And a deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine, And a
ff
ff
p


deep, deep draught,
f
Like a deep, deep draught, Like a deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine.
Is a deep, deep draught, Is a deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine.
And a deep, deep draught, And a deep, deep draught of the good Rhein wine.
f

Marseillaise Hymn

ROUGET DE LISLE

Con spirito

f

1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what myr-iads bid you
2. O, lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once nav - ing felt thy gen - 'rous

f

mf *p*

rise! Your chil-dren, wives, and grand-sires hoa - ry: Be - hold their tears, and hear their
flame? Can dun-geons, bolts, and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it

mf *p*

f

cries, Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty - rants, mis - chief
tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept be -

f

mf

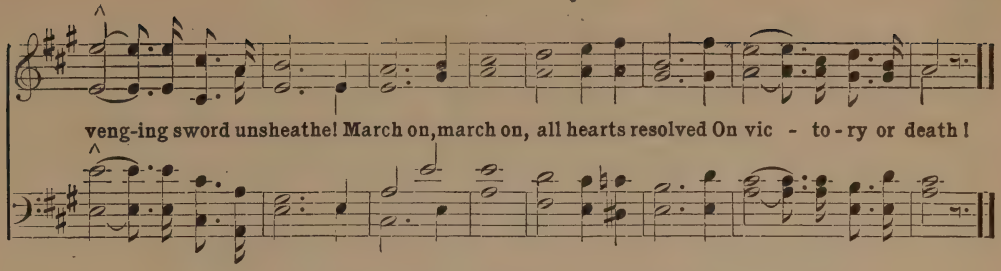
breed - ing, With hire-ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af - fright and des - o - late the
wail - ing That falsehood's dag-ger ty - rants wield; But free - dom is our sword and

mf

ff

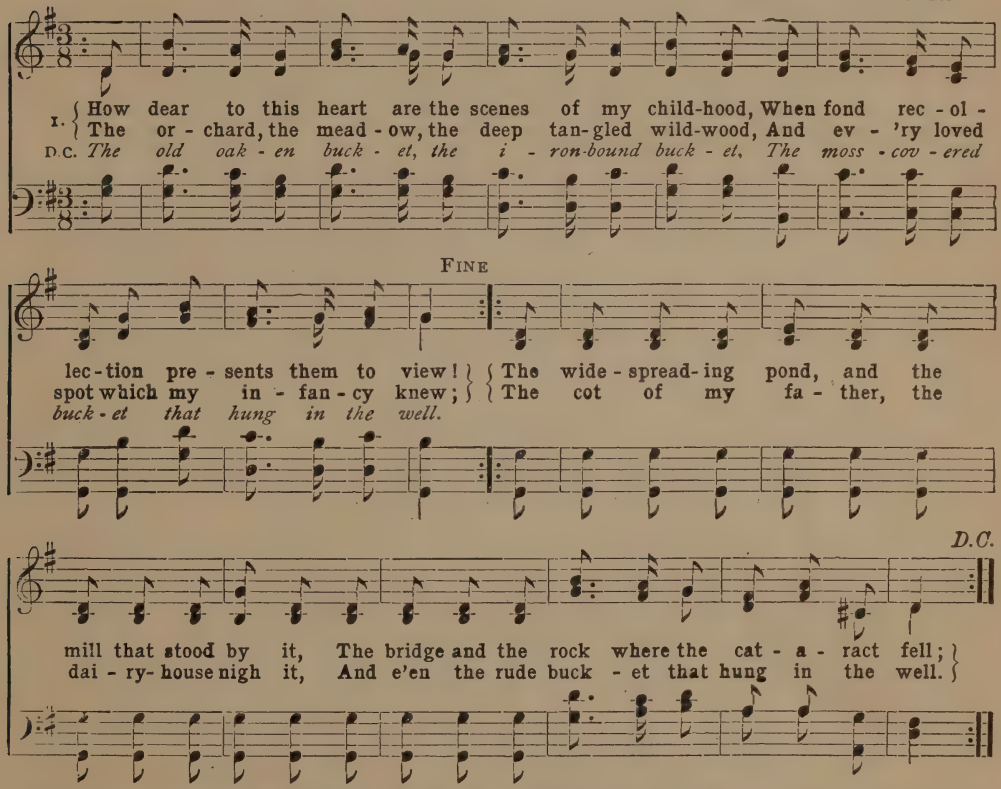
land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th 'a-
shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail-ing; To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th 'a-

ff



The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH



2 The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well

Toyland

GLEN MACDONOUGH — VICTOR HERBERT

Very slow and dreamily

1. When you've grown up, my dears, And are as old as I, . . . You'll oft-en pon-der
2. When you've grown up, my dears, There comes a drear-y day . . When 'mid the locks of

legato

on the years That roll so swift-ly by, My dears, that roll so swift-ly
black ap-pears The first pale gleam of gray. My dears, the first pale gleam of

poco animato

by. . . . And of the man-y lands You will have jour-neyed through, You'll
gray. . . Then of the past you'll dream As gray-haired grown-ups do, . . And

p animato e cres.

molto rit. *pp*

oft re-call The best of all The land your child-hood knew! Your
seek once more Its phan-tom shore, The land your child-hood knew! Your

molto rit. *mf*

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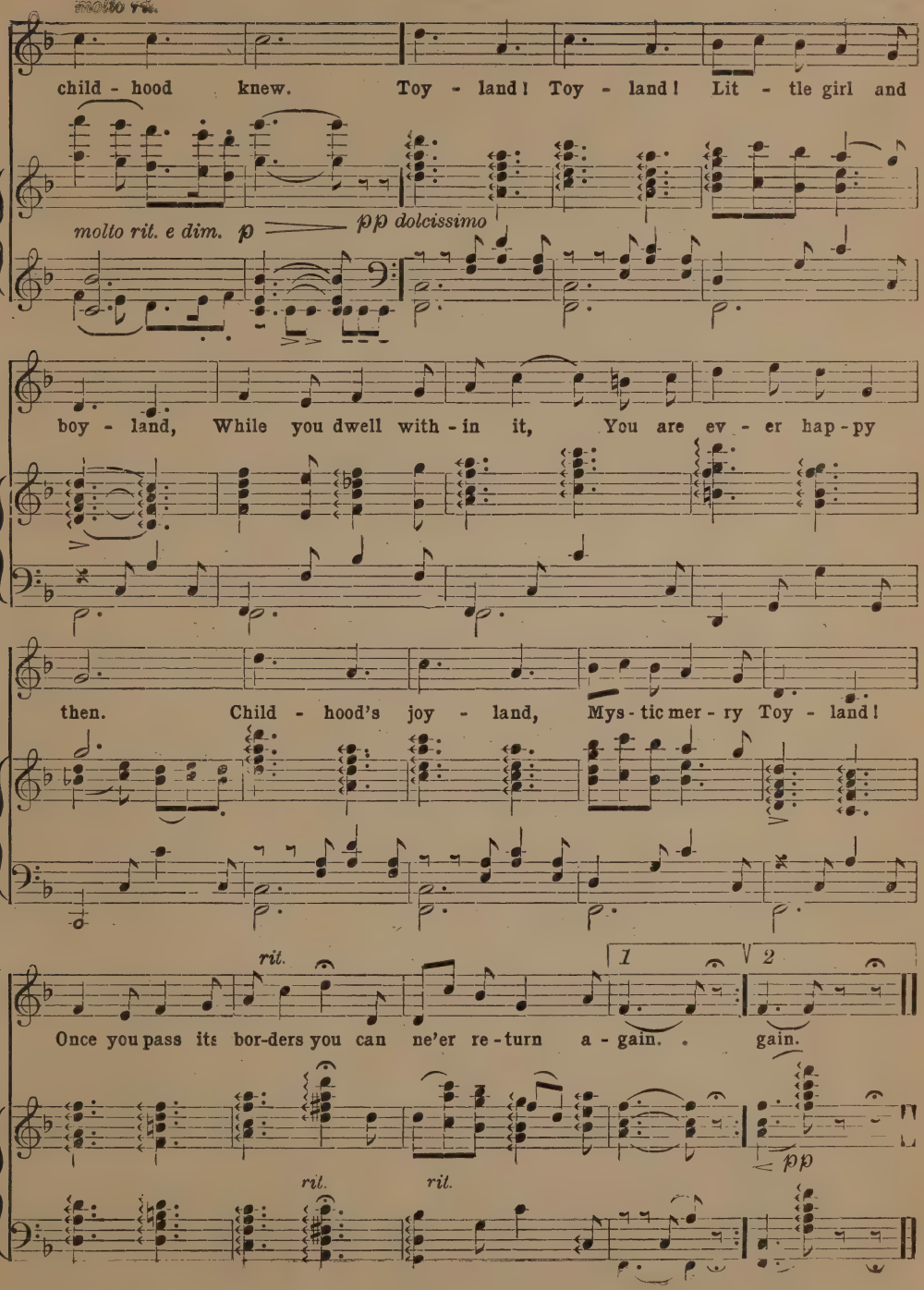
molto rit.
child - hood knew. Toy - land! Toy - land! Lit - tle girl and
molto rit. e dim. p
pp dolcissimo
boy - land, While you dwell with - in it, You are ev - er hap - py
then. Child - hood's joy - land, Mys - tic mer - ry Toy - land!
rit.
1
2
Once you pass its bor-ders you can ne'er re - turn a - gain. gain.
pp
rit.
rit.

Because You're You

HENRY BLOSSOM

VICTOR HERBERT

Molto moderato

BERTHA

GOVERNOR

Love is a queer lit-tle el-fin sprite, Blest with the dead-li-est aim!

p

BERTHA

Shooting his ar-rows to left and right, Bagging the rar-est game.

BERTHA

GOVERNOR

BERTHA

Fill-ing our hearts with a glad sur-prise, Al-most too good to be true! And

GOVERNOR

rit.

still can you tell me why do you love me? On-ly be-cause you are you, dear!

poco rit.

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REFRAIN.

Not that you are fair, dear, Not that you are true. Not your gold-en

GOVERNOR.

Not that I am fair, dear, Not that I am true.

Slower.

hair, dear, Not your eyes of blue. When we ask the rea - son,

Not my gold-en hair dear, Not my eyes of blue. . . . When we ask the

Words are all too few! So I know I love you, dear, be - cause you're you.

rea - son, Words are all too few! I love you, dear, because you're you.

rit.

All is Quiet

Andante

VIOLIN

A. H. ROSEWIG

tr

1. All is qui - et, all is still, Sleep, my child, and fear not ill,
2. Let thy lit - tle eye - lids close, Like the pet - als of the rose;

tr *tr*

Win - try winds blow chill and drear, Lul - la - by, my ba - by dear,
When the morn - ing sun shall glow, They shall in - to blos - som blow,

rit.

Win - try winds blow chill and drear, Lul - la - by, my ba - by dear.
They shall in - to blos - som blow, When the morn - ing sun shall glow.

colla voce.

Con spirito

3. Then the lit - tle flow'rs I'll prize, Then I'll kiss those lit - tle eyes,

And thy moth - er will not care, If 'tis spring or win - ter drear,

rall. *dim.*

And thy moth - er will not care, If 'tis spring or win - ter drear.

The Long, Long, Weary Day

Allegro moderato

1. The long, long, wea - ry day Is pass'd in tears a-way, The long, long,
2. When I, his truth to prove, Would tri - fle with my love, When I, his
3. A - las! if land or sea Had part - ed him from me, A - las! if
4. But he is dead and gone! Whose heart was mine a-lone, But he is

mf

wea - ry day Is pass'd in tears a - way, And still at eve - ning, I am
truth to prove, Would tri - fle with my love, He'd say, "For me thou shalt be
land or sea Had part - ed him from me, I would not these sad tears be
dead and gone! Whose heart was mine a - lone, And now for him I'm ev - er

p legato

weep - ing, When from my win-dow's height, I look out on the night, I still am
weep - ing, When at some fu - ture day, I shall be far a - way, Thou shalt be
weep - ing, But hope he'd come once more, And love me as be - fore, And say, "Cease
weep - ing. His face I ne'er shall see, And nought is left to me But bit - ter

cres.

weep - ing, My lone watch keep-ing. When from my win-dow's height, I look out
weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing. When at some fu - ture day, I shall be
weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep-ing." But hope he'd come once more, And love me
weep - ing, My lone watch keep-ing! His face I ne'er shall see, And naught is

cres.

decres. *rit.*

on the night, I still am weep - ing, My lone wa'ch keep - ing.
far a - way, Thou shalt be weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep- ing."
as be - fore And say "Cease weep - ing, Thy lone watch keep- ing."
left to me, But bit - ter weep - ing, My lone watch keep- ing!

decres. *dim.*

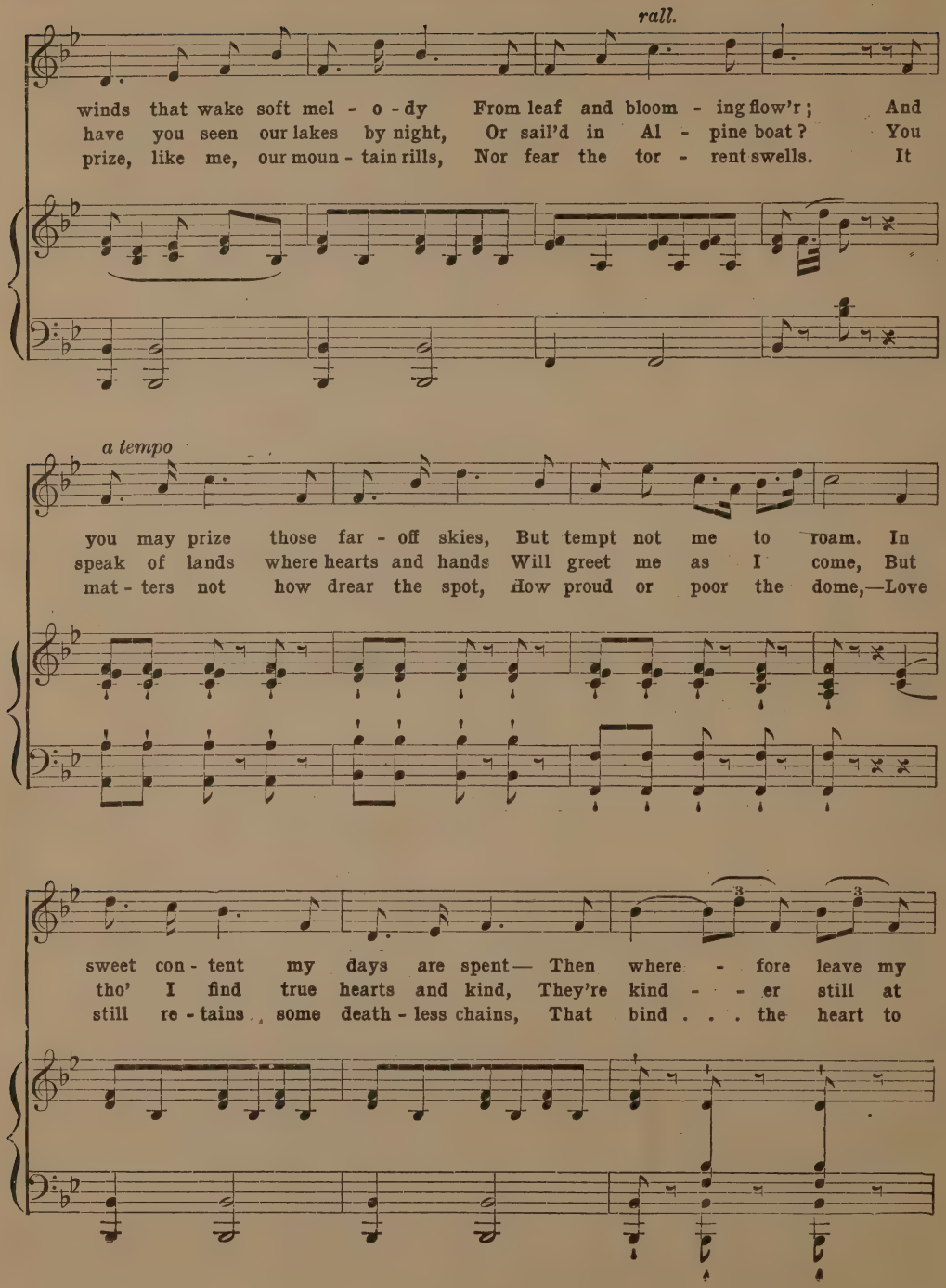
Blanche Alpen

CHARLES JEFFERYS STEPHEN GLOVER

mederato

1. You speak of sun - ny skies to me, Of or-ange grove and bower; Of
2. You tell me oft of riv - ers bright, Where gold-en gal - leys float, But
3. Had you been rear'd by Al-pine hills, Or lov'd in Al - pine dells, You'd

p


rall.
winds that wake soft mel - o - dy From leaf and bloom - ing flow'r; And
have you seen our lakes by night, Or sail'd in Al - pine boat? You
prize, like me, our moun - tain rills, Nor fear the tor - rent swells. It
a tempo
you may prize those far - off skies, But tempt not me to roam. In
speak of lands where hearts and hands Will greet me as I come, But
mat - ters not how drear the spot, How proud or poor the dome,—Love
sweet con - tent my days are spent— Then where - fore leave my
tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kind - - er still at
still re - tains some death - less chains, That bind . . . the heart to

home? In sweet con-tent my days are spent—Then wherefore leave my home?
home. But tho' I find true hearts and kind, They're kind-er still at home.
home. Love still re-tains some death-less chains, That bind the heart to home.

Faith of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER, D. D. Arranged by J. G. WALTON

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still, In spite of dun - geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and con - science free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

O, how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word:
How sweet would be their chil - dren's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir - t'ous life:

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

ROBERT ROBINSON — JOHN WYETH

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of
2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come; And I
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be! Let Thy

mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net,
hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger,
good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee: Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it,

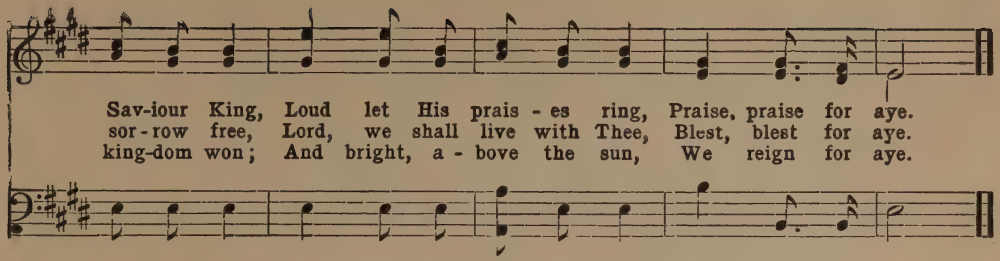
Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount (I'm fixed upon it) Mount of Thy redeeming love.
Wan-d'ring from the fold of God; He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, Interposed His precious blood.
Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

Happy Land

Hindoostan Air

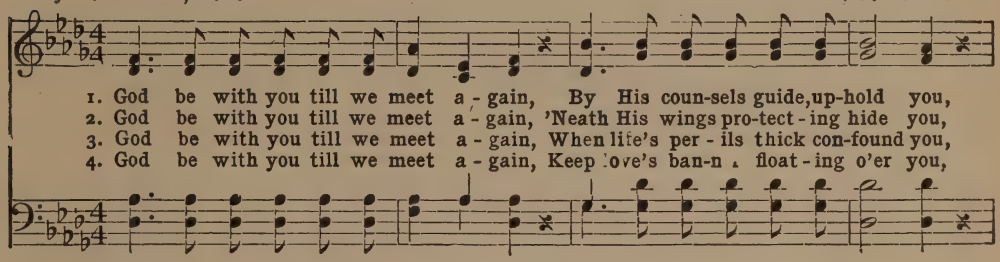
1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubt-ing stand,
3. Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Fa-ther's hand,

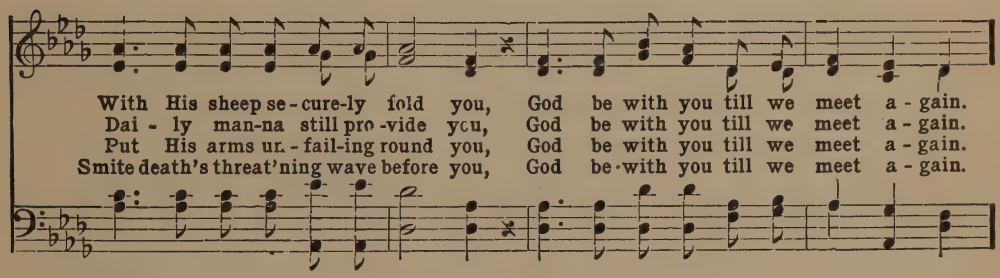
Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our
Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and
Love can - not die. Oh, then, to glo - ry run; Be a crown and

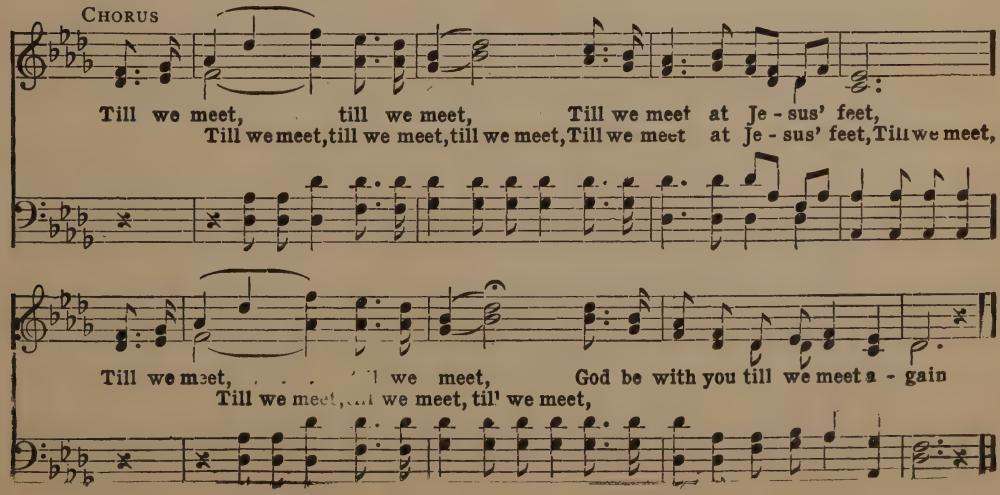


God Be with You

J. E. Rankin, D.D. W. G. Tomer







Come, Oh! Come with Me, the Moon is Beaming

B. S. Barclay — Italian Melody

1. Oh! come, oh! come with me, the moon is beam - ing; Come, oh! come with me, the stars are gleam - ing; All a-round, a-bove with beau - ty teem - ing, Moon - light hours are meet for love. Tra la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la la.

2. My skiff is by the shore; she's light and free: To ply the feath-er'd oar is joy to me; And while we glide a-long, my song shall be: My dear - est maid, I love but thee. Tra la la la la la la la la la la.

Fine

D. C. al fine

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DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS

A

A Ballata. In ballad style.
A Battuta. In exact beat; true time.
A Cappella. In church or chapel style; for chorus, without accompaniment.
A Capriccio. As you please.
A Deux Temps. Two crotchets or beats in a bar
A Due. For two voices or instruments; separately or in unison.
A Piacere. At the performer's pleasure as to time.
A Quatre Mains. For four hands, as a pianoforte duet.
A Tempo. In regular time.
A Tre. For three voices or instruments.
Accelerando. Gradually quickening the movement.
Acciacatura. A species of grace-note.
Accolade. The brace that binds all parts of a score.
Accoppiate. Parts joined by a brace.
Adagio. Slow and sustained.
Adagio Assai. Very slow and sustained.
Affetto. Emotion, feeling.
Afflizione. Sorrow, mournfulness.
Air Ecossais. A Scotch air.
Alla Polacca. In style of a Polish dance.
Alla Siciliana. In style of Sicilian shepherd's dance.
Alla Zoppa. In constrained, halting, syncopated style.
Allegro. Quick, lively.
Allegro Assai. Very quick.
Allegro ma non Troppo. Quick, but not too much so.
Allegretto. Cheerful, but not so quick as Allegro.
Allegretto Scherzando. Moderately vivacious, playfully but without haste.
Al Segno, dal Segno. To return to the similar preceding sign and play thence to the word *Fine*.
Alternativo. Proceeding alternately from one to another movement.
Andante. Slow, gentle, soothing.
Andante con Moto. Slow, but with movement, not dragging.
Aria Buffa. Comic song.
Aria d'Abilita. Song of difficult execution.
Arpeggio. Passages formed of the notes of regular chords, played in succession.

B

Ben Marcato. Render passage or air in a clear, distinct and strongly accented manner.
Bis. Twice. Passage marked by a curved line under or over it to be played or sung twice.
Bravura. Boldness, spirit, dash, brilliancy.
Brillante. Brilliant, showy, sparkling.
Brio. Brilliancy, spirit.
Brise. Split into arpeggios; in violin playing, short, detached strokes of the bow.
Buffo, Buffa. Humorous, comic, especially as applied to an air or a singer.
Burden. A return of the theme of a song at the end of each verse.
Burletta. A musical farce

C

Calore. Warmth, animation.
Cantabile. In singing style.
Cantando, Cantante. In singing style, smooth and flowing.
Cantata. A vocal composition consisting of an intermixture of recitative, air and chorus.
Capriccio. Fanciful, irregular composition; caprice.
Che. Than, that.
Coda. A "tail-piece," or concluding passage
Col Arco. With the bow.
Colla Parte. Accompanist must accommodate his temps to the leading part.
Colla piu gran Forza e Prestezza. As loud and quick as possible.
Come. As, like.
Come Primo. As at first.
Come Tempo del Tema. Same movement as the theme.
Commodo, Comodo. Quietly, with composure.
Con Amore. Tenderly, with affection.
Con Brio ed Animato. Brilliant and animated.
Con Diligenza. In studied manner.
Con Espressione. With expression.
Con Fuoco. With fire, with intense animation.
Con Gusto. With taste.
Con Impetuosita. With impetuosity.
Con Energia. With much energy.
Con Moto. With motion, actively, not dragging.
Con Spirito. With quickness, with spirit.
Con Variazioni. With variations.
Con Velocita. In swift time.
Con Vivacita. With animation.
Contrapuntal. In the style of counterpoint, fugal, with rich and varied parts or voices.
Counterpoint. The science of writing parts or melodies in combination.
Crescendo. Gradually increasing the tone-volume.

D

Da Capo. From the beginning, repeat from the beginning.
Dal Segno. From the sign, or mark of repetition.
Decrescendo. Gradual decreasing the tone-volume.
Delicato, Delicatamente. Delicately.
Destra. Right, right hand.
Dito. The finger
Divertissement. Short, light composition; also airs introduced between the acts of Italian opera.
Divoto. In solemn style.
Dolente. Pathetically.
Doloroso. In a soft, sorrowful style.

E

Energico. With energy, force.
Espressivo. With expression.

F

Fine. End.
Flebile. In mournful style, weepingly.
Forte. Loud.
Fortissimo. Very loud.
Forza. With force, energy.
Fresco. Fresh, quick, lively.
Furioso. Furiously, with fire, energy, intense animation.

G

Giusto. Exact, precise.
Glissando. In gliding manner, sweeping across the keys.
Grazioso. Gracefully.
Gregorian Music. Sacred compositions, after the style introduced into the Roman Catholic Service by Pope Gregory (about 600 A.D.).
Gusto. Taste.

H

Harmonic Triad. A common chord, like C-E-G, F-A-C, G-B-D
Hauptsatz. The principal section of an extended movement.
Hauptstimme. The most prominent voice, or part; the voice or part which has the theme.
Haut-contre. Counter-tenor, high tenor, alto.
Haut-dessus. First treble, high soprano.
Hinstrich. An up-bow.
Holding-note. A note that is sustained or continued, while others are in motion.

I

Ponticello. In singing, where the natural tone forms a junction with the falsetto; the "break" in a voice.
Impetuoso. With impetuosity.
Impromptu. Without study or preparation.
Innocente. Innocent, natural, unaffected, ingenuous.
Instrumentation. The art of arranging music for the various instruments of an orchestra or band.

L

L. H. The left hand.
Largamente. Sustaining or broadening the chords or tones, ponderously, with breadth.
Larghetto. Time less slow than Largo.
Larghissimo. Very slowly and broadly.
Largo. A very slow, stately movement.
Legato. Smooth, connected, the opposite of *staccato.*
Leggiero. With lightness.
Lento. Slow.
Lentando. With increasing slowness.

M

Main Droit. The right hand.
Main Gauche. The left hand.
Meno Mosso. Slower movement.
Mesto. Pensive, sad, melancholy.
Mezza Voce. With moderate strength of tone.
Mezzo. Half, middle.
Mezzo Forte. Moderately loud.
Mezzo Piano. Moderately soft.
Mit Begleitung. With accompaniment.
Moderato. With moderation, as *Allegro Moderato,* moderately fast, not too fast.
Molto Adagio. Very slow.
Molto Allegro. Very fast.
Mordent. A quick trill, with but a single stroke of the grace-note (side-note).
Morendo. Dying away, gradually growing softer.
Mormorando. With a gentle, murmuring sound.
Motet. Composition of a sacred character in several parts: an unaccompanied anthem.
Motive, Motivo. Leading theme of a composition; a brief and characteristic theme.
Musica di Camera. Chamber-music; music in serious style, intended for performance in a house or small hall—such as string-quartets, violin sonatas, piano trios, etc.

N

Nachspiel. A postlude.
Non Troppo Presto. Not too fast.

O

Obbligato. Voices or instruments indispensable to the proper performance of a piece; also a part added for ornament or display.
Opera Buffa. A comic opera.
Ottava. An octave.
Ottava Alta. An octave higher.
Ottava Bassa. An octave lower.

P

Parte Cantante. The singing part, the voice or part which has the sustained melody.
Pastorale. In rustic or pastoral style.
Perdendo or Perdendosi. Gradually decreasing in speed and volume to the last note, which is nearly, if not quite, lost on the ear.
Piu Forte. Louder
Piu Lento. Slower
Piu Mosso. With more movement.
Piu Piano. Softer.
Piu Presto. Quicker
Pizzicato. Plucked played with the finger, not with the bow
Poco a Poco. Gradually By degrees.
Poco Meno. Somewhat less.
Poco Piano. Rather soft.
Poco Piu. Somewhat more.
Poco Presto. Rather quick.
Portamento. Gliding from one to another note.
Premiere. A first performance.
Prestissimo. The most rapid possible movement.
Primo. The first.

R

Rallentando, Ritardando, Ritenente. Slackening the speed.
Rondino, Rondiletta, Rondinetto, or Rondoletto. A short *Rondo.*
Rondo. A composition of several strains, with frequent return to first theme.

S

Scherzando. In a light, breezy manner.
Scherzo. A joke or jest; the quick movement of a sonata or symphony.
Seconda Volta Molto Crescendo. Much louder the second time.
Segue il Coro. Here follows the chorus.
Segue la Finale. Here follows the Finale.
Segue Senza Interruzione. Go on; do not stop.
Sempre Forte. Continuing loud, without decreasing the force.
Sempre Piu Forte. Steadily increasing in force.
Senza Replica. Without repetition. *Da capo senza replica,* play from the beginning, but disregard repeat-marks.
Sin' al Fine. To the end.
Slentando. Reducing the speed.
Sostenuto. Sustained.
Sotto Voce. In an undertone.
Spiritoso. With spirit, animation, energy.
Staccato. Short, pointed, detached; the opposite of *Legato.*
Stark. Loud.
Syncopation. A displacement of accent, either by having a rest on a strong beat, or by tying a strongly accented tone to a weaker.

T

Tasto Solo. Played without chords.
Tempo Giusto. In exact time.
Tempo Primo. In the first or original time.
Tenete Sino Alla Fin del Suono. Keep keys down as long as sound lasts.
Tenuto. Sustained; held for the full time-value.
Tutti. All voices or instruments, or both.

V

Variazioni. Variations of an air or theme.
Veloce. In rapid time.
Vivace. With animation.
Volta. Time, turn; as *prima volta,* the first time; *una volta,* once.
Volti Subito. Turn the leaf quickly.

CLASSIFIED INDEX

Under this head will be found the songs in the alphabetical index, which precedes this. In this index the same song will often appear in two or more classes; because in its history it has been found popular under circumstances not originally contemplated by its composer. Thus Dixie appeared originally as a negro minstrel song, became popular as dance music, and eventually was played by military bands North and South during the great Civil War. Bonny Eloise, a sweet little ballad, mingled its strains with the rhythm of dancing feet all through the winter of 1860-61, and then (like "The Girl I Left Behind Me" in the English Army) became the last greeting of hundreds of volunteers to the loving hearts they left forever. Other compositions have been accepted by fraternal and collegiate singers for so long that they are also a part of the recognized melodies, sung at fraternal and collegiate gatherings.

It has been also considered best to recognize this fact, because some have sent songs in in one class and others the same in another, in either of which its popularity has been recognized.

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